Collier's

JUNE 6, 1942 TEN CENTS

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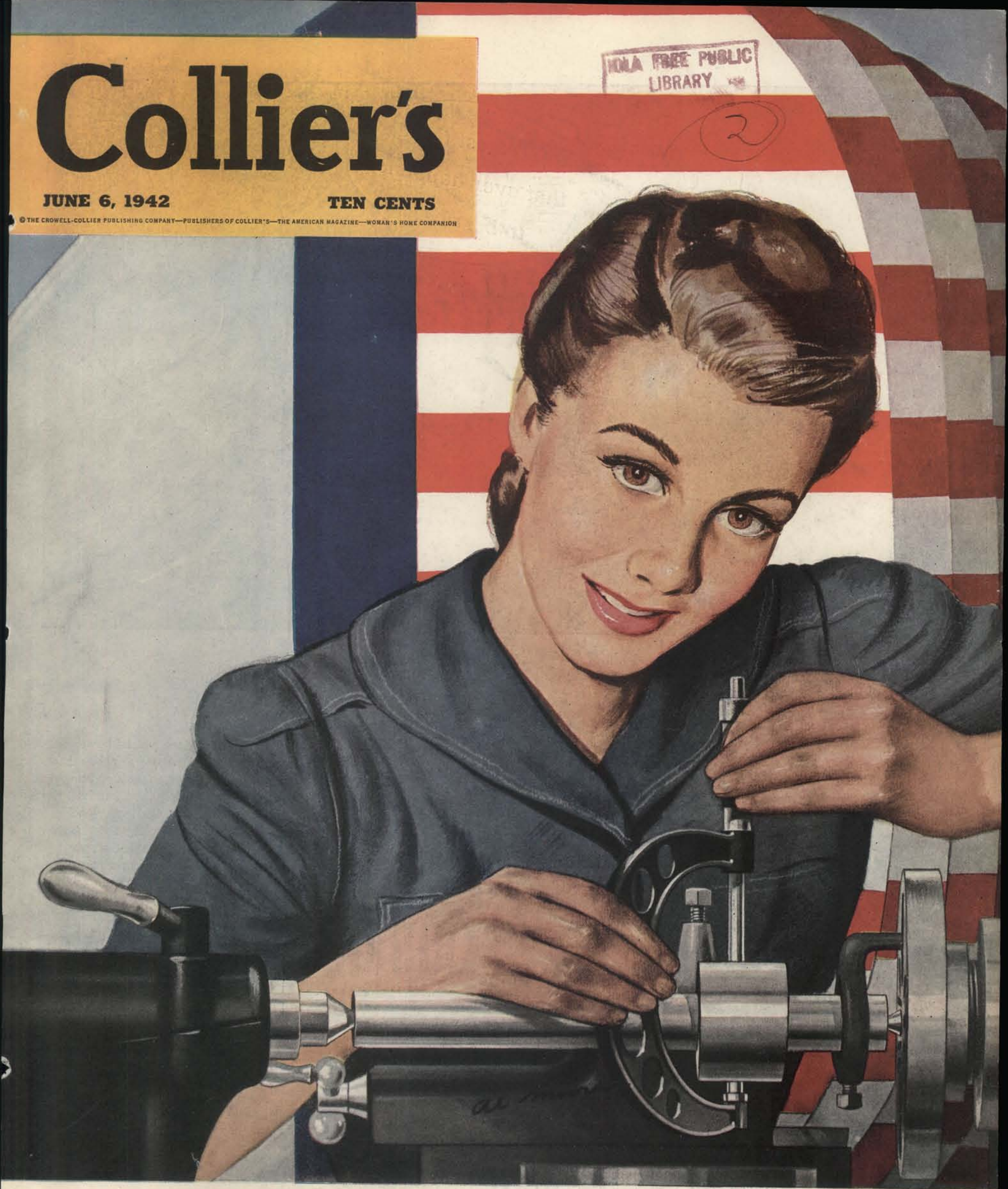

MAPS FOR A NEW WO

By Dr. George T. Renn

June 6 '42

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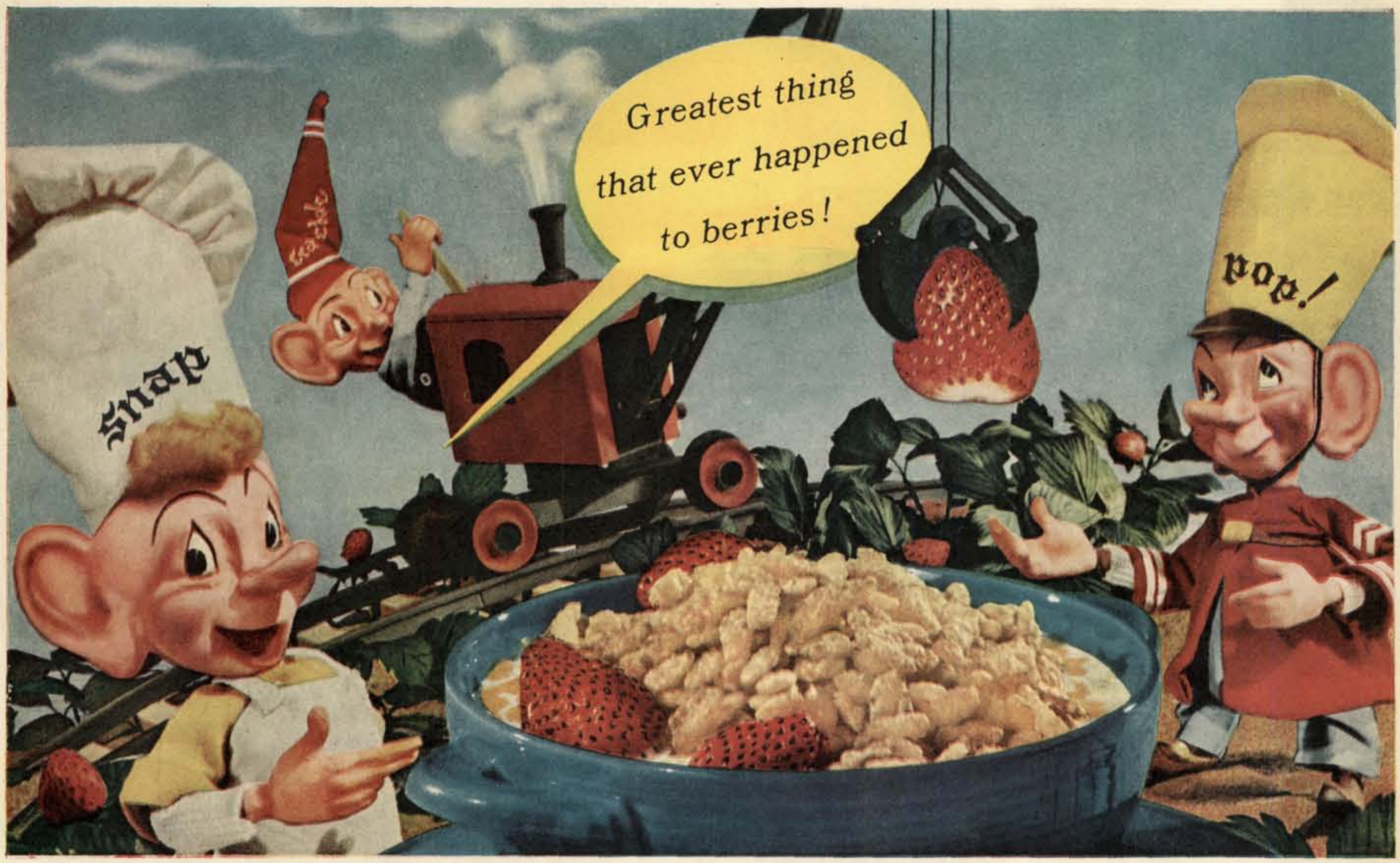
Greatest thing that ever happened to berries!
Snap
Crackle
Pop!

Crisp

Delicious, crunchy . . . every spoonful!

Kellogg's
RICE
KRISPIES

double dare you! Shower Rice Krispies into your breakfast bowl. Crown the golden tempters with sun-drenched berries—rich and luscious. Add frosty-cool milk or cream. Then try to keep from pitching in. Double dare you!

This dish offers the natural vitamins and minerals of milk and fruit—the food energy of rice. Plus a lively, can't-be-copied flavor—a crispness that puts a satisfying crunch in every spoonful. Rice Krispies actually snap! crackle! pop! You can *hear* how crisp they are!

Oven-popping, gentle toasting, and a famous Kellogg recipe—these turn the trick. For brighter breakfasts at your house, order Kellogg's Rice Krispies today!

"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of Kellogg Co. for its oven-popped rice.

Copr. 1942 by Kellogg Company

Now 6 CEREALS IN 1 PACKAGE!

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES
Kellogg's RICE KRISPIES
Kellogg's PEP
Kellogg's SHREDDED WHEAT
Kellogg's KRUMBLES
10 PACKAGES
Kellogg's VARIETY
6 CEREALS

Look for Kellogg's the Greatest Name in Cereals!

In these busy times
DON'T NEGLECT YOUR "CROWNING GLORY"

Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" regarded by many leading authorities as a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

EVERY WEEK WHEN YOU WASH YOUR HAIR,

Listerine *to guard against* **Infectious Dandruff!**

When defense work takes so much of your time you're likely to side-track some important things. Well—don't side-track your hair and scalp.

Remember that neglect can help bring about a case of the infectious type of dandruff, with the ugly flakes and scales, the irritated, itchy scalp that so often accompany it. Fortunately there's a simple, delightful precaution against this condition, which takes only a few minutes at home—Listerine Antiseptic and massage, as part of your regular hair wash. While there's no assurance, of course, that this guarantees perfect protection, thousands find it very effective.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Listerine Antiseptic kills millions of germs on your scalp and hair, including Pityrosporum ovale, the strange "bottle bacillus" that many authorities consider a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

At the same time it gives your scalp a feeling of freshness and invigoration.

76% Got Improvement In Tests

If you already have infectious dandruff, use Listerine Antiseptic and massage twice a day. See how quickly it helps remove distressing flakes and scales, how quickly it helps relieve that miserable itching and inflammation. This is the treatment that has helped so many.

Remember—in clinical tests, 76% of the dandruff sufferers who used Listerine and massage twice a day showed complete disappearance of, or marked improvement in, the symptoms within a month.

Keep on doing your "bit" but don't neglect hair and scalp. Don't wait for infectious dandruff to get started. The Listerine Antiseptic precaution is as delightful as it is easy. Buy the large economy bottle today. Bear in mind that Listerine is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 50 years as a mouth wash and gargle. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

A CHALLENGE

We'll make a little wager with you that if you try one tube of the new Listerine Tooth Paste, you'll come back for more.

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

the Plain
TRUTH
about
AUTO
RADIOS

YOU
CAN STILL GET
A GENUINE
Motorola
AUTO RADIO
TO
FIT and MATCH
Your Car, *OLD* or *NEW*

There are lots of things you *can't* get but we want you to know that Motorola Auto Radios are not yet in this bracket. With careful attention to the rules of sane driving you can enjoy the convenience and economy of automobile transportation for months to come *and* double this enjoyment by installing a Motorola Radio custom designed to Fit and Match your car *Exactly!*

Get News, Fun, Music As You Drive

Radio is *not* a luxury. It's the cheapest, most satisfying, morale-building instrument in our American way of life. Don't *waste* the hours you spend in your car. Listen to headline news as it happens. Keep posted with a Motorola.

DON'T WAIT
Soon it will be too late!
See a Nearby Motorola Dealer
NOW... TODAY!

Motorola
AMERICA'S FINEST *Radio*
FOR CAR AND HOME

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AIMEE LARKIN	Distaff	DENVER LINDLEY	Articles
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KYLE CRICHTON	Screen and Theater	W. B. COURTNEY	U. S. Army in Far East
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JAMES N. YOUNG	Fiction	MARTHA GELLHORN	Articles
WM. O. CHESSMAN	Art	JIM MARSHALL	West Coast
HENRY L. JACKSON	Fine Feathers	ROBERT McCORMICK	Washington
GURNEY WILLIAMS	Humor	IFOR THOMAS	Photographs

Collier's

WILLIAM L. CHENERY Editor
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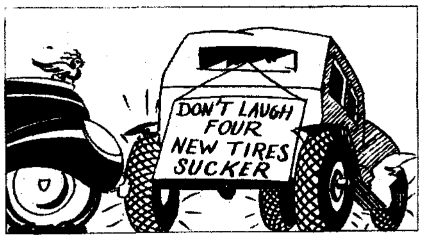
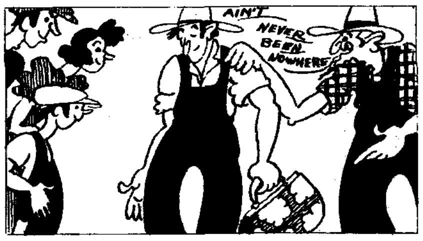
ANY WEEK

WE ARRIVED in Los Angeles just in time to take a purely observer part in the Sand Can Save Us campaign. It is working nicely now, but there were a few deplorable incidents at the beginning. A policeman with ambitions to write was telling us. Los Angeles had discovered that the citizenry lacked sand in quantities sufficient to fight possible incendiary bombs—a visitation which is not impossible. Therefore, a large number of volunteers chugged away in trucks to the beaches, returning with sand enough to suit almost everybody. This happened just as sugar rationing set in. The council became aggressively efficient, announcing that the sand should be dumped in the immediate vicinity of the sugar ration card depots, which, in turn, were near grocery stores where rationed sugar would be doled out. All this would save tires by clustering the places tires would have to roll to. The efficiency almost got out of hand. To get your sand you had to bring rubber or metal junk, which would be swapped for sand and turned over to the government. It was at that time, while a considerable number of housewives were swapping junk for sand, getting their cards and buying sugar—all in the area of a block—that two ladies began to exchange pleasantries. One of the ladies was the wife of a grocer. To her the other lady said: "Please don't take all that nice white sand. You need only a little to put out incendiary bombs. I suppose, though, that most of the sand you're taking will soon be sugar in your husband's store." The grocer's wife kept calm long enough to reply: "No, I was thinking of taking a little extra in case you were too busy gossiping to come over, and that you'd need a few pounds to feed to that husband of yours. Heaven knows he needs a little sand." The two ladies moved toward each other but our policeman interfered. He said: "Just a little misunderstanding. Just a little misunderstanding."



HOWEVER, it was just east of Albuquerque that we saw a most venerable motorcar trying to catch its breath at a filling station. What held it together we don't know. All we know is that across its rear it had a large sign reading: "Don't laugh—four new tires, sucker."

GETTING around the country is less simple than it used to be. We got the heave-ho out of two planes, the Army deciding with some justification that it was more important to get soldiers to the West Coast than that we should be filling valuable plane space. But there was one gentleman on our plane who declared that it was more important that he should get to California in the morning and that he'd be hanged if he was going to surrender his seat to a corporal. It was while he was explaining this to a pleasant young man in the air terminal that a porter appeared lugging two huge bags—the gentleman's. "Where you want these bags, suh?" asked the porter. "You want them checked or will you take them to the hotel for the night, suh?" Seldom have we seen one of our fellow citizens so angry. The plane had taken off. He demanded to know the name of the person he could complain to—and he wanted no words with understrappers either. "Well, suh," sighed the porter, while holding the bags, "I dunno that you could do any better than to go straight to President Roosevelt. So where do you want these bags while you're gettin' him on the phone, suh?"



WE DON'T know how it came out. We caught a train and ran into a lot of flood trouble. We debouched, bypassed and detoured Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico floods, stopping frequently at lonely little waif stations to look around. It was at one of these little farm-bound prairie towns that we saw a crowd at the station seeing off a large, awkward, red-faced youth who had been inducted into the Army. He was still in overalls. He carried a little old satchel. He was terribly embarrassed, completely wordless, probably a little scared by the thought of what life beyond the farm had in store for him. They told us that he'd never been away from home before. But hopping around him, his hands clenched, too excited to know what he was saying, was the big kid's cricket of a father. "He ain't never been nowhere; he ain't never been nowhere, he ain't," Paw was repeating over and over as he danced. "He ain't never seen nothin'; he ain't never seen nothin', he ain't."

BUT he will. W. D.

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JUNE 6, 1942

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COVER AL MOOR

"Bet she married him for his Silvertowns!"

IT'S TRUE that people look at their tires in a new light today. A few months ago they were just tires. Today they're *treasures*—to you, and to your country.

If you are lucky enough to have Silvertowns, you have a right to be glad. But you have an obligation, too—to keep them rolling as long as possible.

When your tires are gone, you'll have to walk. That may not seem so bad, until you consider this: if more and more tires wear out and cannot be replaced, our whole war effort will be greatly handicapped.

If you are permitted to buy new tires for your car or truck, your obligation is *doubled.* For you can do much more than the average driver to conserve America's rubber.

And remember—this is no time to put up with inferior tires that waste rubber. If you can buy new tires for your truck or car, your best buy is Silvertowns.

All Silvertowns—including the famous Speedliner truck tire—are still made with Duramin. That's the B. F. Goodrich discovery that keeps rubber young and lively, makes tires wear longer.

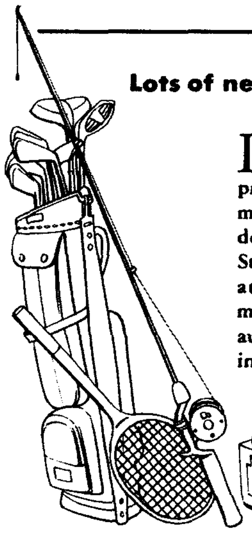
And—if you can't buy tires? Then we'd like to have you keep Silvertowns in mind until you can. We can't tell, today, whether they'll be made of natural rubber or synthetic. We can't even guess *when* you can buy them. But we do promise this—there won't be a better tire on the road when that time comes!

TIRE INFORMATION HEADQUARTERS

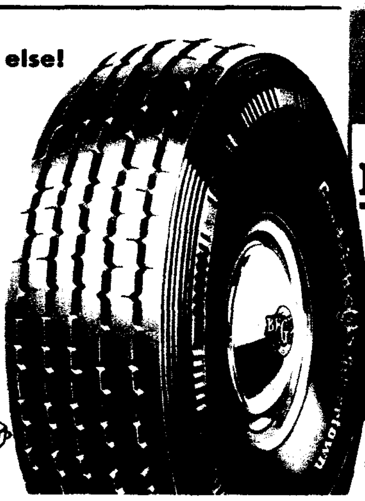
The enemy smiles when you waste miles! And we've got a new booklet for you that tells how to avoid being a rubber-waster. Ask for "Will America Have to Jack Up Its 29,000,000 Automobiles?" See your B. F. Goodrich Dealer or Silvertown Store—or write direct to B. F. Goodrich, Dept. C, Akron, Ohio.

BFG

Lots of new things for newlyweds—and everyone else!



IN ORDER to serve you better, even though you probably can't buy tires, many B. F. Goodrich dealers and Silvertown Stores are now displaying attractive new lines of merchandise for home and auto. All types of sporting goods, bicycle and auto accessories, batteries, radios, garden tools, luggage and even kitchen equipment! All high in quality—all low in price. Come in today and look around. We don't think you can find better bargains anywhere!

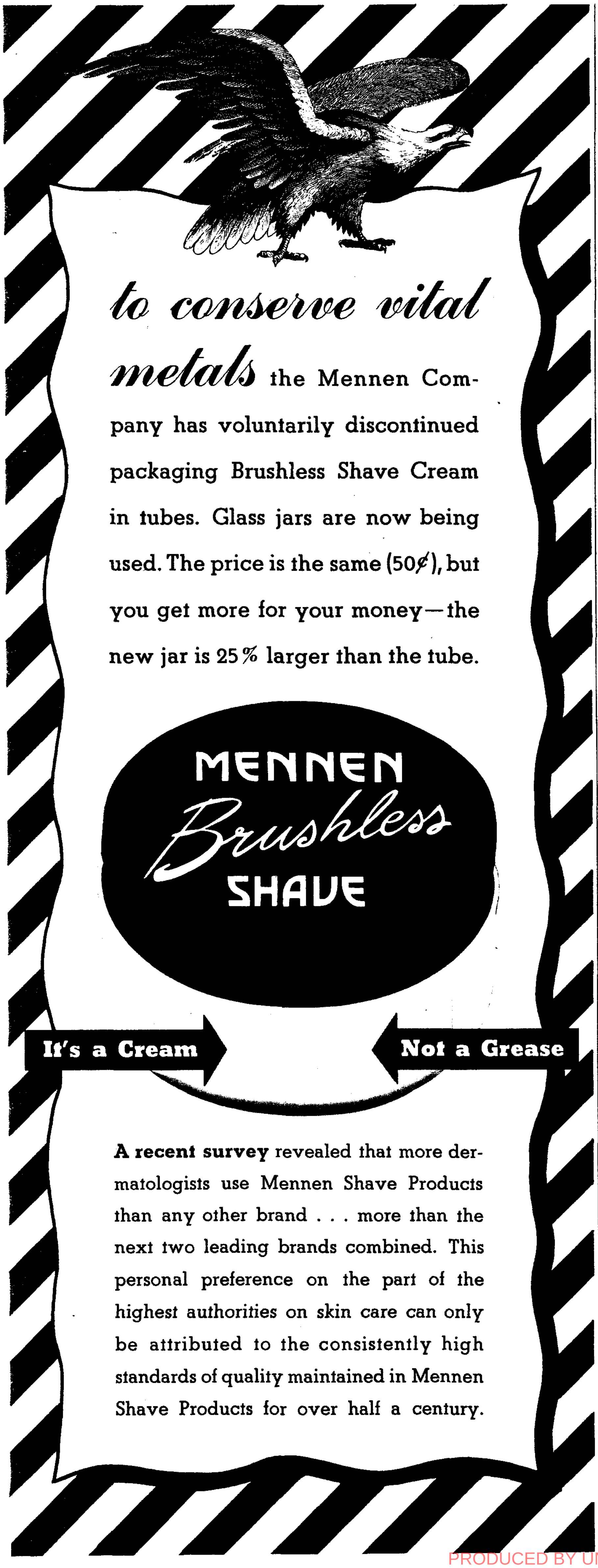


In war or peace

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST* IN RUBBER

**And first to offer American car owners tires made with synthetic rubber.*

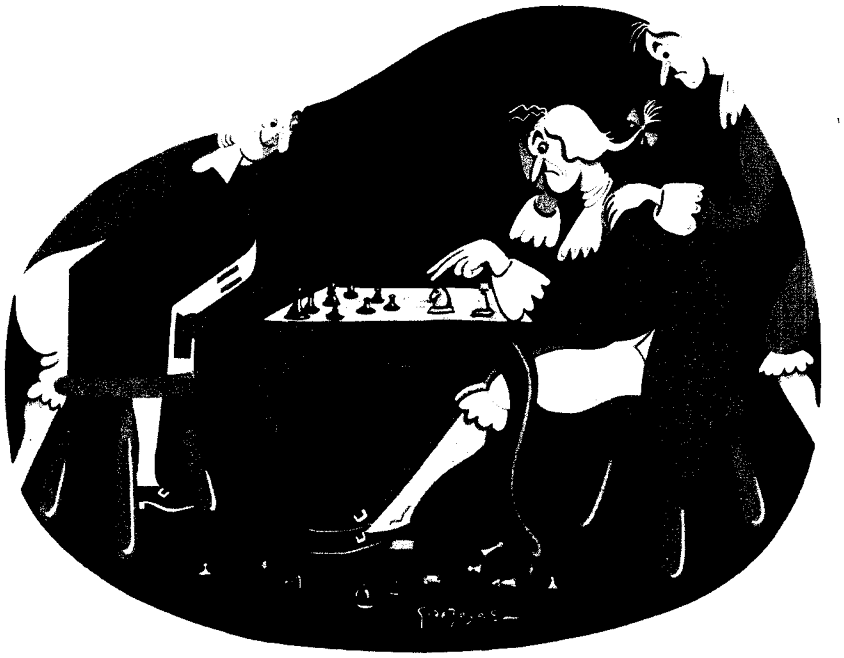


to conserve vital metals the Mennen Company has voluntarily discontinued packaging Brushless Shave Cream in tubes. Glass jars are now being used. The price is the same (50¢), but you get more for your money—the new jar is 25% larger than the tube.

MENNEN *Brushless* SHAVE

It's a Cream — Not a Grease

A recent survey revealed that more dermatologists use Mennen Shave Products than any other brand . . . more than the next two leading brands combined. This personal preference on the part of the highest authorities on skin care can only be attributed to the consistently high standards of quality maintained in Mennen Shave Products for over half a century.



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

Freling Foster

One of the greatest chess players was Kempelen's Mechanical Man, a midget who, disguised as an automaton, toured Europe during the late 18th century and defeated all leading players of the time. He and his partner Kempelen were able to fool the public because he was very small and legless, played with mechanical movements and wore a costume having little doors that, when opened, revealed only turning wheels.

Studies made by the War Office in London have shown that an adult human being will not be killed by the force of a bomb explosion that will demolish a brick wall 13½ inches thick.—*By Adalin Padway, New York, New York.*

One of the largest single moving jobs on record was the transfer of an artificial silk factory from Hopewell, Virginia, to São Paulo, Brazil, in 1934. There were seven shiploads of equipment and machinery, and some of the pieces were so large that the railroad hauling them from Santos had to move one of its stations out of the way.

The America's Cup, the yachting trophy, did not get its name from this country because our vessels have won all of the seventeen international races. It was named in honor of the schooner America which won the first race in England in 1851.

The world's largest flowering plant, the Amorphophallus titanum of Sumatra, which sometimes reaches a height of more than eight feet, has blossomed, while under cultivation, in only eight known cases, the last two being in the New York Botanical Garden in 1937 and 1939.

During complete blackouts in England, many deaf persons, when away from home, now wear a luminous badge bearing the word "Deaf" so strangers will know that they cannot hear signals and warnings or carry on a conversation in the dark.—*By J. L. Ladd, Danville, Kentucky.*

Many natives in the West Indies still bury their severed hair after a haircut in the belief that it is part of themselves and should therefore be returned to the earth, as their entire bodies will be one day.

The most isolated spot in the world is Bouvet Island, a small, uninhabited Norwegian possession in the South Atlantic. Within a radius of one thousand miles, or an area containing 3,146,000 square miles, there is no other land.

Once every fifteen years, more than 500,000 members of the Jain sect in India gather in the city of Sravana Belgona for the bath and ceremonial worship of the fifty-seven-foot statue of their god Gomateshvara. From various stations on the scaffolding on three sides, scores of Jain priests pour milk, ghee and water over the colossal figure and then shower it with such offerings as dates, poppy seeds, sugar, coins and gems.

Many members of the New York Stock Exchange have unusual occupational backgrounds. For example, the roster today includes a former undertaker, jockey, explorer, magician, prize fighter, army general, baseball player, vaudeville dancer, and a night-club singer. There is also an ordained minister, the Reverend Chester Apy, who bought his seat in 1929 and still preaches every Sunday in the Church of the Second Advent in Eatontown, New Jersey.

The bloodhound did not derive its name from the bloodthirsty nature that is implied by the animal's ability to track down fugitives. It was the first breed of dog to have a pedigree and the term "bloodhound" was used originally simply to indicate that the animal was purebred, or had come from "blood" or "blooded" stock.

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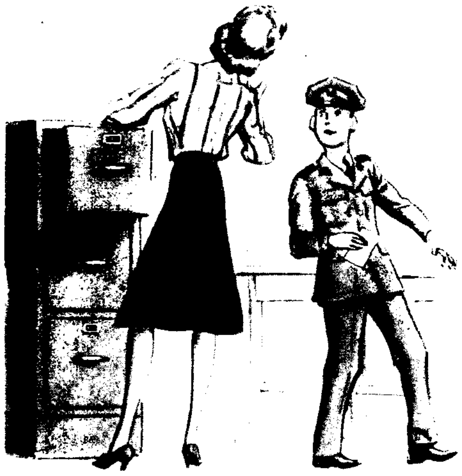
Please don't keep this confidential—

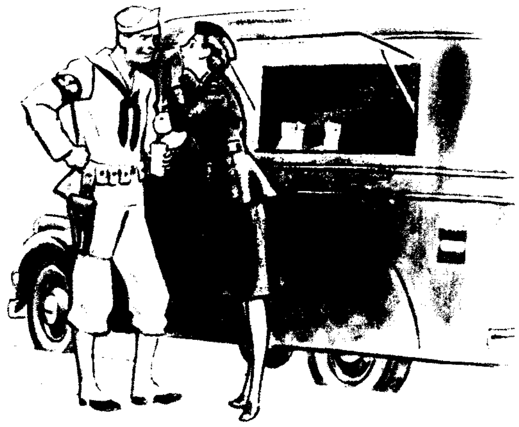
1. “I have it from an absolutely reliable source that this country . . .

2. has plenty of all *three* of the things needed to produce large quantities of . . .



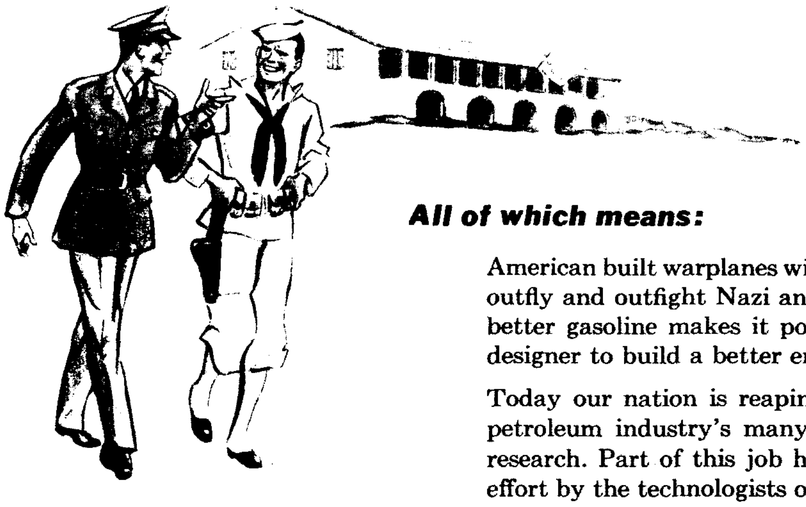
3. high-octane gasoline for warplanes and other mechanized equipment.

4. We have adequate resources of high quality crude oil and . . .



5. superior refining processes that were developed by America's petroleum industry and . . .

6. adequate production of antiknock fluid containing tetraethyl lead.



7. Put those three things together and you know why we and our Allies have the best fighting fuels.”

All of which means:

American built warplanes will—plane for plane—outfly and outfight Nazi and Jap machines. For better gasoline makes it possible for the engine designer to build a better engine.

Today our nation is reaping the benefit of the petroleum industry's many years of peacetime research. Part of this job has been the years of effort by the technologists of the Ethyl Corporation in helping to develop better fuels and engines. It is our privilege today to offer our product, our technical experience and our research laboratories to the cause of American victory.

ETHYL BRAND OF ANTIKNOCK FLUID
IS MADE BY THE ETHYL CORPORATION

HERE'S A QUICK NOURISHING MEAL WITH NO WASTE!
I KNOW! Wieners with NO SKINS!

Serve It Tonight!
• SKINLESS wieners, spaghetti with tomato sauce and cauliflower.

• Reliable manufacturers are proud of the name and quality of their products and glad to identify them ... *Be sure* to look for and buy SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners that are
BANDED • BOXED • BRANDED

VITAMINS FOR HEALTH
Children and adults need plenty of them. SKINLESS frankfurters and wieners are an excellent source of Vitamin B_1, B_2 and the anti-Pellagra vitamin. Good reason why SKINLESS are served regularly to men in the Army, Navy and Marine Corps. Send for free booklet of tempting SKINLESS recipes. Box 437, Chicago.

DEMAND YOUR FAVORITE BRAND

MADE THE Skinless WAY
TRADE MARK

"First, I'm given a sparkling 'VISKING' casing for a coat."
"After I'm smoked my 'VISKING' coat is removed, like this."
"Here I am, with a tender, digestible surface I made myself."

BUY U. S. DEFENSE BONDS AND SAVINGS STAMPS

WILLIAM T. HOFF

Pan American's 82,000-pound American Clipper comes into port. Beaching Chief Lee Tyler has taken the "bridge"

WING TALK

FOR recreation, our aircraft manufacturers, engineers and air transport operators putter around with ideas about the kind of flying and the size of aircraft to come after the war. But they don't want the erroneous impression to get out that they are tying up valuable technicians, floor space and man hours building airplanes for use after a war that has not yet been won or for use in a world that may be vastly different from the one they left on the afternoon of December 7, 1941, Eastern Standard Time.

Here are some random thoughts you can pick up from these people:

It has taken two world wars to make the airplane what it is today. The enthusiastic universal support for aviation now, with unrestricted use of funds, plants and people everywhere to create more and better aircraft, has given the airplane a rapid thrust forward that will never slow down to the dogtrot of midsummer 1939. (The airplane is here to stay!)

Two major peacetime activities have already been assured: World-wide passenger air service and freight-hauling by air.

The present daily use of four-engined flying boats by Pan American Airways and the Navy, and Boeing B-17 Flying Fortresses and Consolidated B-24 land bombers by the Army, for dependable and quick ocean crossings, has established these types as proven vehicles of inter-continent travel.

The future role of air freight likewise is not founded on expectations, the Army Air Forces having settled everything by carrying more air freight to its widely scattered bases in the past two years than all the airlines in the country combined. The Navy, with less dispersal of aircraft and bases, has also set up a long-distance heavy-hauling air system under its own operation.

We were just getting going with big four-engined landplanes for domestic passenger service when the government called a halt. There was the Boeing Stratoliner (now in Army air ferry service), the new Douglas DC-4 (now a troop transport) and the forthcoming Lockheed Constellation which doubtless also will go to the wars. These huge airliners are capable of carrying from 30 to 50 passengers plus crew, baggage, mail and express. The size of these ships was dictated by the airlines as being what they could profitably and efficiently operate, and TWA was acquiring some valuable and encouraging experience with their Stratoliners when the Army called them to active duty.

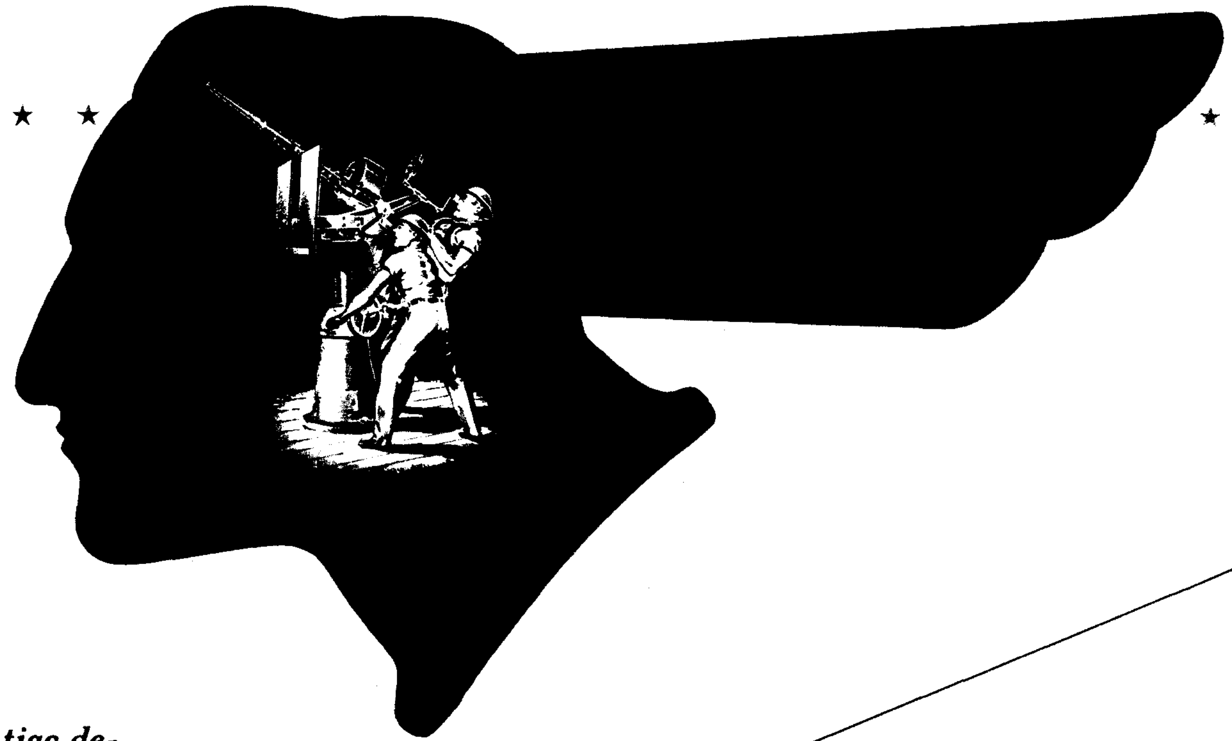
For over-ocean travel, a very good start has been made in large flying boats, the largest of the crop being the 82,000-pound four-engined Boeing 314, used regularly across the Atlantic by Pan American Airways. This type followed the highly successful Martin China-Clipper type, which is still very much in operation in the Pacific, and the rugged Sikorsky S-42 four-engined flying boat of smaller size on the South American run. A newcomer on the Atlantic is the Vought-Sikorsky S-44, a 60,000 pound four-engined boat acquired by American Export Lines.

In the largest of all current flying boats, the Mars, Glenn L. Martin has a 140,000 pound air vessel for the Navy which is a good guinea pig for the enormous ones he has projected for commercial use in better days. In the Douglas B-19, largest landplane, the Army also has a laboratory in which to explore the further development of mighty bombers.

The largest Navy flying boat in production and war service is the Consolidated four-engined PB2Y-3 patrol

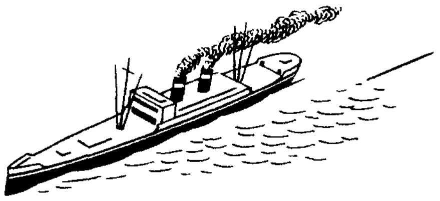
(Continued on page 39)

Pontiac Reports to the Nation on Arms Production!



On April 30th, at 11:50 P.M., Pontiac delivered its [redacted]th automatic anti-aircraft cannon to the United States Navy.

The contract covering this important war assignment called for the production of only [redacted] guns up to that date.



Thus, Pontiac deliveries of these vitally-needed weapons have exceeded the rate of production specified in the contract by 12 times and the time specification by 7 months.

ABLE TO disintegrate dive bombers with a spray of explosive shells, the [redacted] cannon was once the handmade dream of a [redacted] ordnance wizard. Today, guns of the same type—*but officially recognized as better built and less expensive*—are being pressed into immediate service on the fighting ships of the U. S. Navy, the [redacted] Navy and on [redacted] that sail the seven seas.

The attainment of volume production on this desperately wanted weapon is but one salient in Pontiac's production of arms. Concurrently, Pontiac men are at work on six *additional* assignments involving the elements of victory on land, afloat and in the air.

Assignment No. 2 calls for the production of a total of [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] mm. anti-aircraft guns for the U. S. Army. In a [redacted]-acre plant, tooling is proceeding, *ahead of schedule,* which calls for the delivery of the first gun before [redacted] 1st. [redacted]

Far exceeding in complexity either of the foregoing is Pontiac assignment No. 3—one of the most complicated instruments of attack developed in the history of warfare. Comprising over 4300 separate parts, its production in quantity is a challenge which we at Pontiac have eagerly accepted. Previously, its maximum total production in this country was at a rate of only [redacted] a month. According to schedule, we will be producing [redacted] a day before [redacted] 1st, 194[redacted].

Supplementing these major activities are 3 others, widely different in character—each calling for special organization, facilities and personnel.

They involve respectively: the current production of [redacted] heavy-duty [redacted] engine inter-assemblies a month—which will be *quadrupled* in [redacted] months; the manufacture of vital transport mechanisms at a rate of [redacted] a day; the production of [redacted] large tank unit-assemblies a week in an especially tooled [redacted]-acre plant; and, finally, the crating each 24-hours for overseas shipment of [redacted] heavy-duty military vehicles being produced by an allied member of the General Motors family.

This is Pontiac's first report to the Nation on its progress to date in the production of arms for victory. In making it, we wish to point out that long since we all pledged ourselves: that brave men shall go well armed; that victory shall not be over long in waiting. In this, we *can* not . . . *must* not fail!

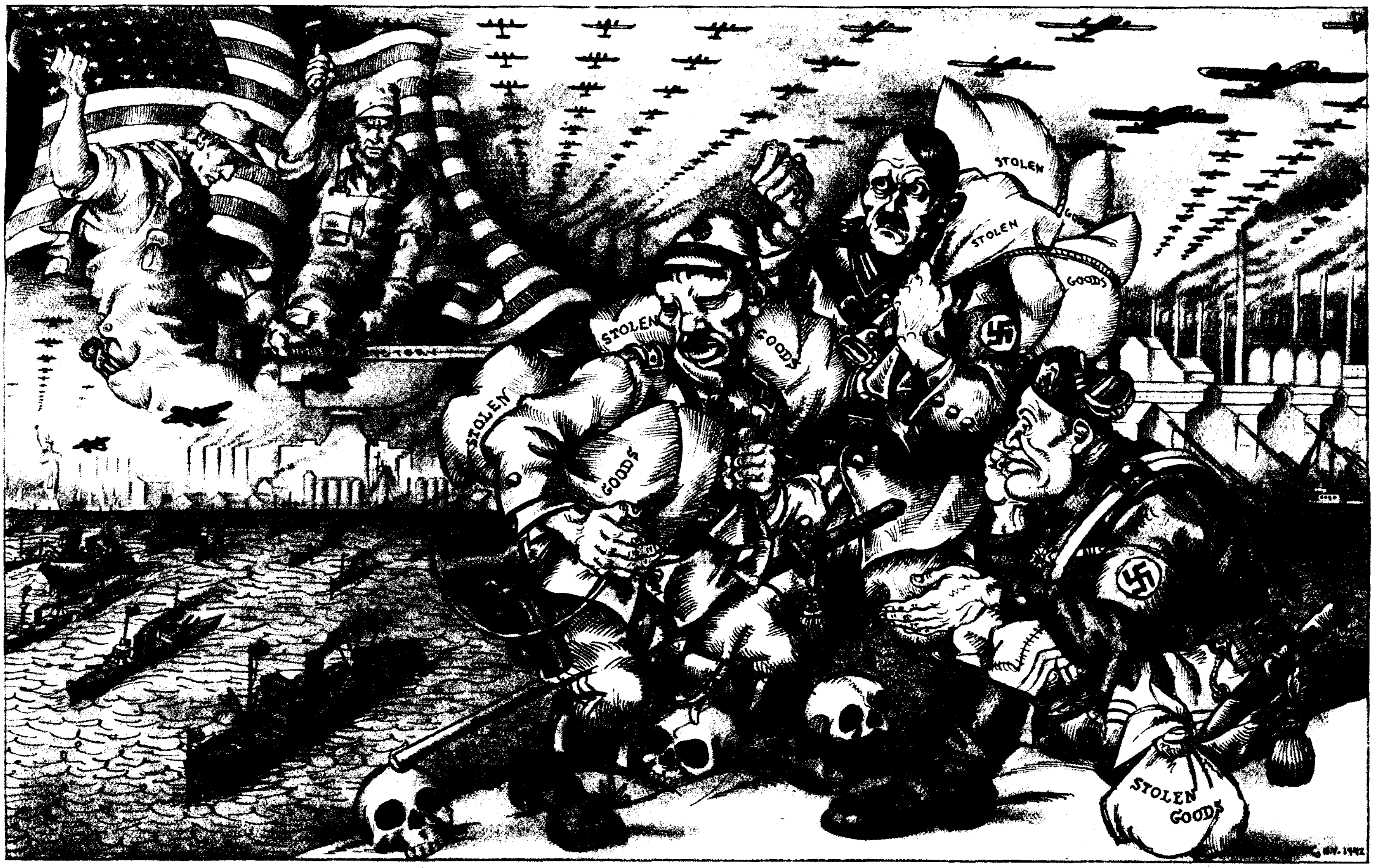
Awarded on January 20th, 1942, to PONTIAC for outstanding production of Navy ordnance.

Seeking to cooperate fully in the war effort, Pontiac has voluntarily censored this advertisement.

WE'RE BUILDING ARMS FOR VICTORY

Pontiac DIVISION OF
General Motors

The Beginning of the End



Drawn for Philco by Arthur Szyk. Copyright 1942—Philco Corporation

Arthur Szyk gives us this interpretation of America's will to win. His cartoon is one of a series being drawn for Philco by America's leading editorial cartoonists. They are being posted before Philco's soldiers of industry . . . the men and women who are engaged in the production of the weapons of victory . . . as an expression of their spirit and a reminder of the glorious purpose of their work.

* * *

THE industrial might of America is at war. Its hands and brains have given America more motor cars, more radios, more refrigerators than *all the rest of the world combined.* Now they have turned with avenging fury to the task of giving the cause of Democracy that same overwhelming superiority in the weapons of victory. What they have done to make America great, they will do to keep America free.

Here at Philco our share of the task is to produce radios for tanks and airplanes, communications equipment, industrial storage batteries, fuzes and shells. Our incentive and inspiration are faith in Victory and *a more abundant future.* We know it is not all waste, this horrible emphasis on the engines of destruction! There is some salvage for mankind from the ruins of war. We see our part of it taking shape today in the Philco laboratories. In a few short months, grim necessity has achieved *years of progress* in electronic research, holding untold promise for the days of peace.

Looking to the future with faith and determination, Philco's soldiers of industry have made their pledge . . . *"More! Better! Sooner!"*

Free Limited Offer . . . While available, a full size reproduction of the original drawing by Arthur Szyk will be furnished gladly upon request. Simply address Philco Corporation, Philadelphia, Penna., and ask for Cartoon Number 6C.

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Through its national service organizations, Philco offers to its millions of owners throughout the land, at uniform and reasonable charges, the means of conserving and prolonging the use and enjoyment of Philco Products.

RADIOS, PHONOGRAPHS, REFRIGERATORS, AIR CONDITIONERS, RADIO TUBES, PARTS ★ ★ ★ INDUSTRIAL STORAGE BATTERIES FOR MOTIVE POWER, SIGNAL SYSTEMS, CONTROL AND AUXILIARY POWER

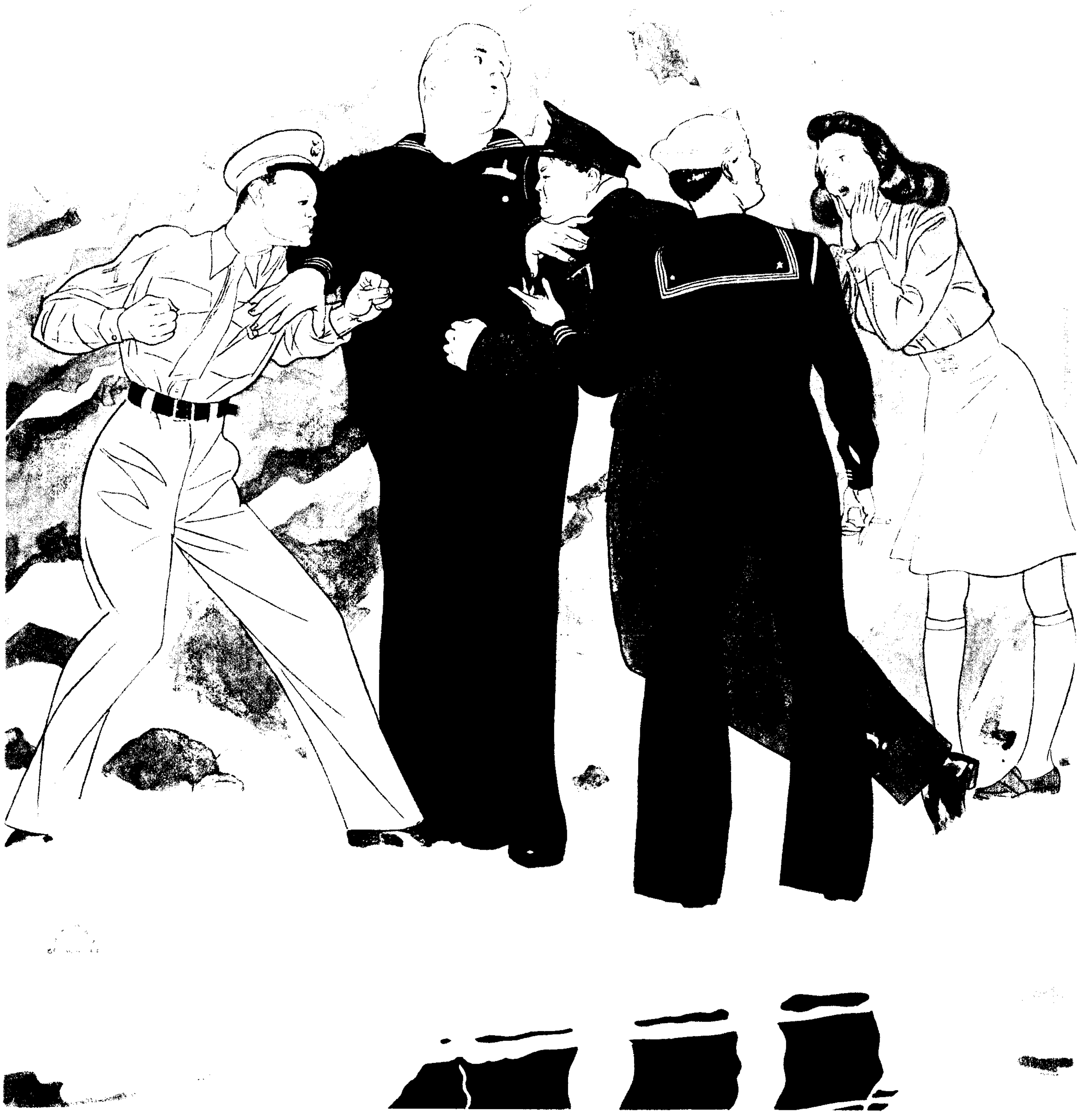
COLLIER'S
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
FOR JUNE 6, 1942

UNITY OR ELSE

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

A nice demonstration of patriotism shows a neat profit for Linn and Dunnevan—the brains and the force behind the scandalous riot at Miss Widdicomb's College for Women



Tim Dunnevan stepped between the Marine Corps and the Army. "You want me to stop 'em, Miss?" he asked

I LIKE marines . . . I like marines . . . I like marines . . . I like . . . agh—Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Yeah—I like marines, I like marines, I like—ner! It ain't no use, Benny. I dern't like marines even if them sods did fight good at Wake Island. Ner!"

Fireman Dunnevan halted on the seashore, in the midst of a placid twilight, and snorted violently. Strong emotion raged like captive steam in Fireman Dunnevan's brawny bosom. But Seaman Linn, the brain of Force *and* Brains, Inc., listened to these snorts and wheezes with steadily increasing calmness. He spat lackadaisically through his teeth.

"All branches of the armed services has got to like each other an' work together to lick Hitler an' the Japs, Tim," he remarked. "You heard what the President said. We gotta have unity in the U. S.—or elst!"

"Or else whut?"

"We can't lick them skibbies an' krauts, for one thing. An' for another thing the U. S. Navy has gotta co-operate a hunderd per cent with the Army an' the Marine Corps. We're jest one big team now, get it?"

"Yerse, but Benny—"

"Hunh?"

"I agree to sacrifice my personal pleasure an' not start no fightin' with marines—but not if they blame the U. S. Navy for Pearl Harbor. Ner!"

Seaman Linn shrugged grimly. "Marines an' soldiers was there, too," he said. "It's best to let bygones be bygones—until we get to Tokyo. Keep on sayin' you like marines."

"Agh—them pigeon-chested braggers—I like marines, I like marines—"

Fireman Dunnevan's deep voice rumbled in an insincere monotone as he followed Seaman Linn along the beach toward the Casa de Mañana Hotel at La Jolla. Tim and Benny, on a forty-eight-hour liberty, had come to La Jolla from San Diego to complete an involved rental deal for a motorcycle and sidecar. Their ship, the U. S. Destroyer Trimble, was refitting after a solid month of submarine patrol between Hawaii and the mainland.

"—like marines, like marines, like marines—"

"Pssst . . . pipe down, Tim!"

Seaman Linn motioned for a quick halt and silence. Voices could be heard from the other side of a big, black rock.

"First to fight . . . always bragging!"

"Strikes you funny, eh?"

"Very unfunny—"

Then, a girl's voice broke in, pleading: "Jeep . . . Chubby . . . please—"

"Who you shoving?"

"I'm shoving you, soldier—"

"Oh, stop them! Somebody come and stop them . . . isn't there somebody to stop them?"

"Yerse!" said Fireman Dunnevan.

"No, Tim—wait—"

But Fireman Dunnevan, lumbering through the sand like a battlewagon in heavy weather, moved into a tense, dramatic scene:

Item One: A small, thin youth wearing a marine private's uniform and a ferocious scowl, with his fists cocked.

Item Two: A small, pudgy young man in the uniform of a coast artillery private, with his fists cocked.

Item Three: A beautiful, starry-eyed maiden wearing an ethereal topknot of sun-burnished hair—burnt-chestnut color, to be precise—and dressed in collegiate sports clothes. Her fists were not cocked. She stood wringing her hands and looking right and left for help.

Tim Dunnevan stepped between the Marine Corps and the Army.

"You want me to stop 'em, Miss?" he asked politely.

"I definitely do!"

"No fight, you guys," said Fireman Dunnevan.

It was said with authority. Marine and soldier staggered back.

"Why, you—"

"What right have you—"

"The Navy! Butting in again!"

"So you're her hero, huh, sailor?"

These ripostes came so fast that Fireman Dunnevan blinked. The girl sprang to his rescue.

"Thank you, Mr. Sailor!" she said. "I'm just livid with shame. If Jeep and Chubby weren't such unutterable drips, they'd be ashamed, too. The idea of a soldier and a marine fighting each other. Isn't that simply putrid in the extreme?"

"Now, Polly—"

"You shut up, Jeep Saunders! And that goes for you, too, Chubby. Just look at them, Mr. Sailor. If they act this way, fighting among themselves, who's going to defend us?"

Fireman Dunnevan had the answer to that one. *(Continued on page 57)*

"To Tokyo, Dammit!"

—MAJ. GEN. BRERETON

By John R. Morris

FAR EASTERN MANAGER, UNITED PRESS

CABLED FROM NEW DELHI, INDIA

Major General Lewis Brereton is commander of the United States Air Force in India

THIS boy with the pale eyes and stiff blond hair stood in the shimmering sunlight of India and listened to the hum of a Flying Fortress over America's principal air base, somewhere east of Suez and west of the bomb-splintered pagodas of Moulmein.

There was a streak of grease across his tanned cheek, and his fingers still were tight around a wrench that he had used efficiently on the big bomber a few minutes earlier. He turned to answer my question.

"Me? I'm from Missouri. And let me tell you, mister, a year and a half ago I thought that Indians lived in Oklahoma and that bombers were something you read about in the newspapers. Now I'm nursemaid to a Flying Fortress—and here we are in India!"

A hot cloud of dust swept across the airdrome—hotter than either of us had ever seen arise from the cornfields of Missouri—and he raised a brown arm to shield his eyes.

"I've learned plenty since then," he went on, squinting again at the bright wings overhead. "But there's one thing I want to know, mister: Where do we go from here?"

Standing there on the scorched airdrome with the temperature at 102 degrees, I realized that I had come a long way—Tokyo, Shanghai, Manila and Java—without hearing anybody put the question more concisely or dramatically than this tough young grease monkey from my own home state; this guy from Missouri whose job it was to keep 'em flying 10,000 miles from home.

There were various answers to his question, but the best one was in the words of his own chief, Maj. Gen. Lewis H. Brereton, commander of the United States Air Forces in India, whom I had seen in action in Java before I flew with his staff and Gen. Sir Archibald Wavell to India. Brereton's answer really is in two parts that illustrate the swift change in America's fighting forces in the Far East within a few weeks' time.

"The retreat stops here," Lew Brereton said, soon after he climbed from the LB-30 (Liberator bomber) that carried us to our new address at New Delhi. And he has been busy proving it ever since by offensive counterblows, including hard-hitting raids on the Japanese at Rangoon and the Andaman Islands, where the general himself handled the controls of his aerial flagship as high explosives were dumped on an enemy cruiser. The second part of his answer came weeks later as I was finishing this dispatch for Collier's.

"Where do we go from here?" is no thoughtless question. With our strength in Australia increasing and the Japanese flood surging over Burma, the United Nations began preparing early this spring to fight one of the great battles of the war in defense of India. India's defense against the Japanese now concerns our political and economic interests and our opportunities for winning this war against the Axis plunderers to a degree that may be difficult for Americans to realize. These interests were symbolized this spring, however, by the presence here not only of the United States Air Forces but of high American officials.

Col. Louis A. Johnson who, as the personal representative of President Roosevelt, carried authority transcending that of an ambassador, said that "we consider this a world war, not a European war with an Oriental sideshow. We are going to resist the enemy wherever he attacks and attack him wherever he is found vulnerable."

Ambassador Clarence Gauss, our envoy at Chungking, made a hazardous flight here to New Delhi late in April to confer with Johnson on military relations with India and our aid to China. "You may be sure that Chiang Kai-shek will continue the war against the Japanese aggressors," he said. "In this we are assisting and will continue to assist."

These men made clear the attitude of our government. But it remained for Brereton and his bombers to back up their words with high explosives.

So let me tell you something—as much as military regulations permit—about the men of the American Air Forces in India, what they did over Bataan, Macassar, Malang and Jokyakarta and what they are going to do now.

To understand their mettle, it is necessary to go back a little. Anybody who has seen what our fighters have done against impossible odds can begin to understand what they are going to do when the odds are more nearly equal.

It was only the remnant of our Air Force in the Philippines that remained after the first Japanese raids. It was a fighting remnant, and Capt. Grant Mahony of Vallejo, California, who was then a lieutenant and is now aide to Brig. Gen. Francis M. Brady in India, was one of them. Mahony's good friend, Lieut. Robert Hansen of Oakland, California, had been killed during the bombing of Manila airdrome, and the Vallejo pilot was tight-lipped and sore when he took his reconnaissance plane up on the day before Christmas. He did his reconnaissance job and then decided, for luck, to take a whack at a number of enemy planes on the ground near Legaspi.

"They were sweet targets," he said later. But as he approached, nine Japanese fighters dived on him from 15,000 feet. Mahony pounced on the grounded planes, while bullets from the enemy fighters whizzed around him so thickly that they damaged their own craft on the ground perhaps as much as he did. Then Mahony streaked for the near-by peak of Mount Mayan. The Japanese roared after him. As he came around the peak again, Mahony discovered that he had some ammunition left, so he dived again on the grounded planes and swept on to the peak. There, he found that the Japanese had divided forces to break up his game, so he brought his plane down to a low level and got it back to Manila. Mahony is at a base in India now, available for teaching young fliers the fine points of confusing the Japanese.

About the time Mahony was over Legaspi, Gen. Douglas MacArthur decided that Brereton should withdraw from the Philippines to the Dutch East Indies, with most of the Air Force remaining at his disposal. In Java, it was believed then, the outfit could be reorganized and get reinforcements and return for more effective operations. That was the beginning of a long retreat that imposed heavy tasks on Brereton, Brady, Col. Eugene Eubank and other officers.

The three of them, with the late Maj. Norman

Lewellyn, who was then Brereton's aide, left Manila on Christmas Eve. They had to hunt all night for the seaplane that was to take them to Java. When they finally found it, the plane was wrecked as they took off, and it was not until the following day that they got away in another seaplane and flew to Surabaya, the Java naval base.

Back at Clark Field near Manila, Col. Emmett "Rosie" O'Donnell, Jr., of New York, succeeded Eubank as commander of the bombardment group, which included the first squadron of Flying Fortresses to reach the Philippines in September of 1941. On MacArthur's orders, Rosie O'Donnell moved his group to Bataan peninsula because Clark Field was no longer tenable, but there were no adequate fields on Bataan, and his show was over almost as soon as it began, although the late Brig. Gen. Harold George carried on with a few patched-up pursuit ships on which crude bomb cradles were built.

When the Air Force in the Philippines literally was almost without a plane, men who had been trained at great expense to handle pursuit ships and bombers shouldered rifles to aid in the defense of Bataan until the day when most of the personnel was ordered to Mindanao. The transfer was made at night under the noses of Japanese dive bombers, which sank the first evacuation ship as it lay at anchor in a cove between Bataan and Mindanao. The second ship was attacked but got through with the loss of two men. In Mindanao, the airmen fell in alongside American and Filipino soldiers fighting a kind of guerrilla war against the Japanese, until O'Donnell was ordered to salvage his skilled specialists and move them to Australia and Java. The order was simple to give but not so easy to execute. There were thousands of miles of ocean to cross, and the best plane available was an old two-engined Douglas B-18, with fuel capacity far too small to reach the nearest safe airdrome.

At that point, they called in Captain Brodine, a Curtiss-Wright engineer who was later killed in a crash in Australia, and he went to work to make something out of nothing. Six gasoline drums were rigged in the cabin as reserve tanks. Somebody mysteriously produced a pump, and an enterprising Filipino turned up with a piece of garden hose. When Brodine had it all patched together with the Filipino equivalent of baling wire and chewing gum, it looked as if it might work, except for the fact that there were two fuel tanks to be supplied and only one piece of garden hose. Nothing so trivial as that was going to stop them. They hacked a hole through the floor of the plane's cabin and looked around for their man. They found him in Lieutenant McLaughlin, who weighed just 120 pounds and was built on the lines of Whirlaway's jockey. They lowered him through the hole and into the belly of the plane and gave him the business end of the hose. From the hills of Mindanao to the desolate coast at Port Darwin, McLaughlin transferred the fuel hose as needed from one tank to another.

McLaughlin played a weird role in a goofy flight on which Maj. Clyde Box of Nevada, Texas, was O'Donnell's co-pilot, and Capt. Edward Green, now in Australia, was navigator. (Box later came to India as aide to Brig. Gen Earl Naiden, the chief of staff of our Air Force here.) The B-18 missed Japanese squadrons raiding the Dutch naval base of Amboina by a few minutes. Then a Dutch fighter pilot mistook them for Japanese and was about to dive on them when they fired an identity flare.

A West Pointer in 1928 and later on the school's football coaching staff, O'Donnell at 35 is now in G-3 at Brereton's headquarters where he lives for the big bombers and gripes loudly against flying a desk.

Brereton furnished the only heavy bombers—Fortresses and a few Liberators originally built to British specifications—in the Dutch East Indies area. The Liberators lacked the superchargers built into this type of bomber for the United States Army in order to make them suitable for daylight raids, and their fighter protection was always inadequate, compared to what the enemy soon had within striking distance.

With small Dutch bombers, they scattered the Japanese invasion fleet in Macassar Strait, but two of five Fortresses operating in the same area later were destroyed by enemy naval Zero fighters. The Japanese descended suddenly from three directions, concentrating first on one and then on another big bomber. Two went down but the other three jettisoned their bombs and escaped.

Protection for Bombers Lacking

The most disheartening losses were planes destroyed on the ground in Java and Bali because of lack of fighter-plane and antiaircraft gun protection. Sometimes it seemed that our big bombers which might have struck many more heavy blows at the enemy were merely pot shots for Japanese attack craft. But the American Air Force was always trying, regardless of the odds. And when the fate of Java appeared already sealed, the United States Navy dispatched the aircraft carrier Langley to Chilachap, on the southern coast of Java, on the obviously slight chance that she might deliver a cargo of pursuit planes. The Langley and her desperately needed fighter craft went to the bottom of the Indian Ocean under a rain of enemy bombs.

It may be revealed now that in the last days of the battle of Java, the decision to move the American Air Forces to India was made and almost completed before Washington knew about it.

Lieut. Gen. George Brett, now head of the United Nations Air Forces in Australia, and Brereton made the decision at Bandoeng and submitted it by wireless for approval by the War Department at Washington. Before they could get a reply, the situation became such that they had to act, and Brett told Brereton: "Move to India." The War Department's approval of the move was handed to Brereton later as he stepped from his plane at Dum Dum airdrome at Calcutta. The same message appointed him commander in India.

I came out of Java with the remaining Air Force that retreated to India. Two LB-30's carried most of us and General Wavell, too, landing at Colombo on the island of Ceylon, after we had made the acquaintance of Charlotte the Harlot. We had been scheduled to take a Flying Fortress from Bandoeng, in the Java mountains, to Jokyakarta on the south coast, but just before we went to the airfield a Japanese plane dropped a bomb squarely on our plane and blew it sky high. Unfortunately, that was the last plane at the airdrome at the time, and it looked as if we might wait there for the Japanese. But Brereton ordered a second Fortress in from Jokyakarta, and that turned out to be Charlotte, with her name emblazoned across her nose and a cocky, daredevil pilot at the controls.

Charlotte the Harlot came into Bandoeng in a hurry and paused only long enough for us to clamber aboard before whizzing away again down valleys and through narrow passes to the one remaining American air base in the East Indies. There were too many enemy planes around for time-wasting. Twenty-seven of us, including Brereton, boarded a Liberator at Jokyakarta for the flight to Ceylon. My seat was wedged in between the pilot and co-pilot, but we were so crowded that the only way I could get into it was to face aft. So by force of circumstance, I faced in the general direction of the enemy during the 2,300-mile retreat from Java.

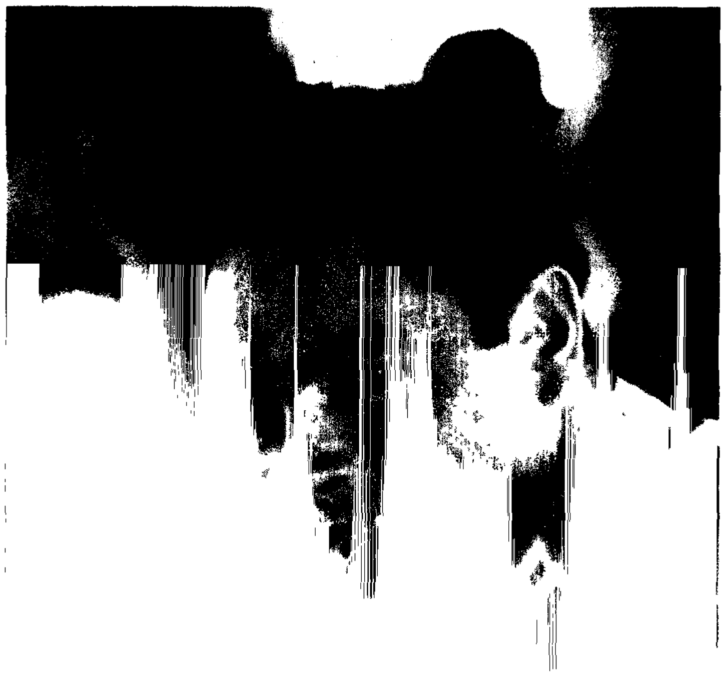
There was nothing very exciting about facing the enemy at 200-miles per hour in reverse, and most of the exhausted passengers slept. But as we approached Ceylon, I lay down in the transparent nose of the bomber for a bird's-eye view of India. The co-pilot, his eyes red with lack of sleep, stretched out beside me, and we watched the shoreline of a great continent emerge in gentle splendor from the sea.

The man beside me didn't say much, and what he did say concerned the futility of hoping to hold back the Japanese with inadequate equipment, but what impressed me most was his willingness to keep on trying when his expert knowledge and experience told him it wouldn't work. I knew that, only three days before, this same ship and crew had dumped bombs on the enemy off Bali and that, after they landed us at Ceylon, they were going back to Java to do it again. These men, given such forces as we peace-loving Americans were willing to provide before Pearl Harbor, had done all that any men could have done and often more.

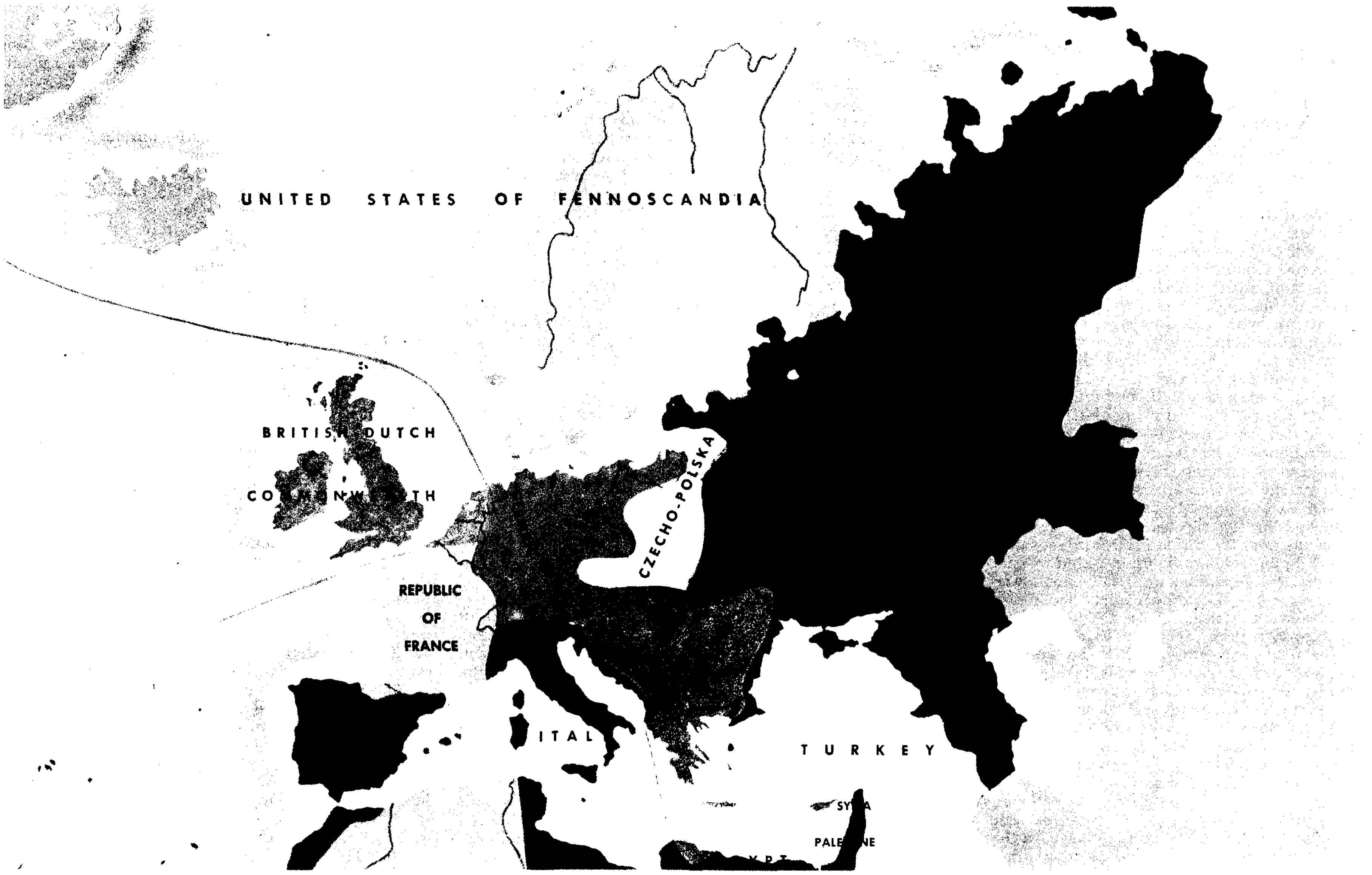
But here was India, a vast, restless, divided land of 350,000,000 rich and poor, potentially as great a bulwark against the enemy as the Chinese or as easy a victim as the Burmese. Could the young flier peering through the nose of a bomber and the half dozen generals dozing behind us find here the means of meeting the enemy on something like equal terms? Where do we go from here?

In the next few weeks, we began to get the answer. Scholarly Sir Stafford Cripps flew out from London to offer an independence plan for the greatest possible Indian war aid. But (*Continued on page 61*)

At the U. S. Air Force base in Colombo, Ceylon: Air Commodore Williams (with jacket over shoulder), General Wavell (back to camera), the author, John R. Morris, Major General Brereton is talking with Brigadier General Earl Naiden, who brought Wavell out of Java in an American bombing plane



Captain Grant Mahony, who played hide-and-seek with Jap fliers around a Philippine peak while destroying grounded Jap planes



MAP I. Europe divided into nine strong nations without disruption of cultural lines, achieving stability where political union is impossible—a long geographical step forward for this historically bloody continent. Text below explains logic of these redivisions

MAPS FOR A NEW WORLD

By George T. Renner

PROFESSOR OF GEOGRAPHY,
TEACHERS COLLEGE, COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY

Here's a brave new world redesigned for lasting peace—a world from which war-breeding frictions are gone, where all nations live secure and unafraid, thanks to the new science of political geography

THE democracies are almost certain to win the present war but it is an unpleasant fact that they may lose the peace that will follow. Whether they win or lose the peace will depend largely upon what kind of new map of Europe they are prepared to draw at the peace table.

It is possible, of course, that through some stroke of fate, the Axis might win this war. In that event no one would pay any attention to our plans, and the German blueprints would be followed instead. What these German plans are like is no secret; they were shown specifically on a proposed map of Europe which was published and discussed recently in Collier's. They were also outlined in general terms in Hitler's book Mein Kampf. The German-made map of a future Europe is to the democratic mind both nasty and unreasonable, for it is full of hates which would gnaw at the entrails of human society for centuries to come.

Any draftsman can draw a map if he be given an original to follow. But to construct an original which expresses the things we really want is a difficult scientific task. It requires an intimate knowledge of peoples, languages, cultures, resources, business, transportation facilities, and historical claims and priorities. It is certainly a task not to be entrusted to amateurs—not even to the amateurs of the state departments of the various nations of the world. Yet every map or blueprint for peace so far has been drawn by self-appointed amateurs. Even when the intentions in the minds of the statesmen are good, there are always huge differences between the things in their heads as they sit at a peace conference and the lines which are finally drawn on the map. Such discrepancies may be the seeds of the next war.

So far, the only official statement about what kind of postwar plan the United Democratic Nations would want has been the Atlantic Charter—the eight points outlined at the Roosevelt-Churchill meeting. The Atlantic Charter is a noble statement but it is and will remain only an idea in a vacuum until it is translated into the form of a map. The process of translation from idea to map is a difficult problem in human geography.

The Germans take this problem seriously. Years ago they began the systematic study of the science of Geopolitik or—to use an American term—political geography. Germany has produced a whole line of able political geographers—Kant, Humboldt, Ritter, Maull, Sölch, Banse, Haushofer, and so forth. The Germans have left nothing to chance. It was the geographer Herr Doktor Professor Haushofer who drew the blueprint for Hitler's New Order as set forth in Mein Kampf. Moreover, he helped to draw up the maps of military strategy by which this New Order was to be achieved.

The result of using this scientific geography has been morally bad but it has been so good strategically that it has enabled an otherwise hopeless scheme to succeed pretty well so far. This does not prove that political geography is wicked; it merely indicates in one more way that the German state has used most forms of science for ignoble purposes. The strategy behind German successes has mystified and terrified some Europeans and Americans. Yet to the American political geographers, the strategy is easy to see through because it is based upon fairly simple geographical principles and relationships.

American political geographers—Hartshorne at Wisconsin, Whittlesey at Harvard, Bowman at Johns Hopkins, Tuthill at Columbia, and some of the rest of us, began studying Geopolitik seriously as long ago as the Germans did. Obviously, if a German Geopolitiker can draw up a map for an Axis-dominated Europe we should at once set our geographers to work designing a new world map to meet democratic specifications. This should then be published throughout the world and be discussed from every possible angle by the people of the United Nations. From such publicity and discussion should come a mandate from the people of the United Nations to the treaty-makers at the end of this war.

The map of Europe must receive special attention because this continent has long been both the nerve center and the trouble center of the world. But Europe is not and cannot ever be self-sufficing; it requires Africa to supplement it. Consequently a new map of Africa must be drawn. The Orient is a second trouble center as well as a source of materials and markets for Europe. Consequently a new map of that area must also be drawn. The Pacific basin is a third trouble center and it too must be remapped.

Presented with this article are four maps. One of these shows prewar Europe. One of them shows a possible new map of Europe. The others deal with Africa and the Pacific basin.

EUROPE AFTER THE FIRST WORLD WAR—MAP II

Hitler has squealed loudly, and Mussolini has tub-thumped deafeningly that Europe owes its present miseries to the Treaty of Versailles. This is ninety per cent rubbish, of course, but there is about ten per cent of irritating truth in their clamor. In defense of Versailles it may be said that never before was a peace treaty written which came as close to expressing the natural map of European peoples in the form of an official political map as did this one. Despite this, there were features of the post-Versailles map which made lasting peace impossible in Europe.

Before 1914, about two thirds of Europe was occupied by Slavic peoples, and about one third by Germanic and Latinized Mediterranean peoples. Peace depended upon a ramshackle empire in Central Europe known as Austria-Hungary and upon an alliance of Britain, France and Russia, organized to keep an eye on Germany. The first World War reduced this scheme to a pile of blasted hopes.

The Treaty of Versailles did two things: A line was drawn from Petsamo on the Arctic to the mouth of the Danube—roughly the longitude line of 30 degrees East. Russia was shoved east of this line and isolated from European affairs, while west of it were all those European peoples—including millions of Slavs—who were more or less Romanized in their culture. Then, west of that line, political boundaries were redrawn to conform more or less to language boundaries.

Some glaring weaknesses existed in this map: The Finns (Karelians) east of the line were left out of Finland. Millions of White and Little Russians west of the line were included in other countries. Millions of French and German-speaking peoples were left out of France and Germany. The Austrian Germans were denied *Anschluss* with Germany, and Austria was artificially maintained as a puppet state. An insulting Polish Corridor was cut through Germany to the Baltic, although a much more reasonable corridor could have been cut around the eastern edge of Germany, via Memel.

The synthetic country of Belgium, comprising French, Dutch, and German peoples, was maintained in order to provide a pad or buffer in the west. France held the Italian island of Corsica, and Yugoslavia the Dalmatian Coast, rendering Italy totally insecure on either flank. Britain held the geographically French Channel Islands, the Norse Shetlands and Greek Cyprus. Italy held Greek Rhodes, and France held what should have been Italian Tunisia. Sweden had no northern outlet, and Russia was denied access to the Dardanelles by the device of maintaining a small piece of Turkey in Europe. The Basques were split between Spain and France, while many Spanish Catalans were included inside France. A more or less artificial Portugal, a vast Dutch colonial empire and Greece were maintained solely by British naval power. A whole flock of small new countries was created and released in the political and economic world, without even feathers of experience in political intrigue to protect them.

Post-Versailles Europe contained no less than 35 independent countries and five colonial dependencies—40 political units in all. The dependencies included one Italian and four British possessions.

For a time, it included three other artificial states—the Saar, the Zone of the Straits, and the city of Fiume—but these three died violent deaths along the way. Obviously, 43 political units (or 44 if we include the Vatican State) in a continent the size of Europe, with no regulated relations among them, was a fertile breeding ground for war. And, sure enough, it did breed war.

A EUROPE OF LARGE BLOCS—MAP I

About one fourth of all Europeans are Russians. Aside from them, the Germans are the strongest ethnic bloc in Europe. The nub of most of the continent's troubles hinges on trying to ignore that fact. All European politics since the day of Napoleon have been based upon keeping these two strongest groups of people weak. This cannot be kept up any longer. Europe can go on warring interminably, but Germans and Russians will continue to breed their kind. An alternative is to form a United States of Europe but, in any such union, the Germans and the Russians and their allies would dominate it. Consequently France, Britain, Holland and the Scandinavian countries will have none of it.

Nevertheless, Europe as it has been during the last twenty-five years is so suicidal as to be almost unbearable. Recently it has become completely impossible. There have been two strong nations and many weak ones in western Europe to oppose Germany. The weak ones cannot be kept in line and are a constant bait for aggression. The two strong nations, Britain and France, have recently discovered that they are no longer strong enough to checkmate an aggressive Germany.

Twenty-five years ago, the British Overseas Dominions and the United States intervened to preserve western civilization in Europe. Today they are again compelled to intervene. Fortunately, a German error in timing involved Russia in the struggle, and hence the world's political structure may again be preserved. But the next time, nothing on earth is likely to save European civilization as we now know it, unless a new type of political organization is set up after the present war is finished.

Europe, however, is not ready for political union. For one thing, England could no more afford to participate than we could. It would cause her to lose her overseas dominions if she were to join any such union. Without England, such a union undoubtedly would be dominated by the totalitarian countries and, consequently, might easily be led into a long world struggle with the Anglo-Saxon powers.

Fortunately, such a continental union is not at all necessary to achieve the desired goal. It is entirely possible to have a strong united Germany surrounded by eight other strong European nations, any one of which would be tough enough to discourage aggression. A Europe consisting of nine strong nations would constitute its own framework for achieving stability.

The first of these would be the Fennoscandic Union consisting of Iceland, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Finland and Esthonia. All of these are culturally similar and have at times enjoyed union with one another.

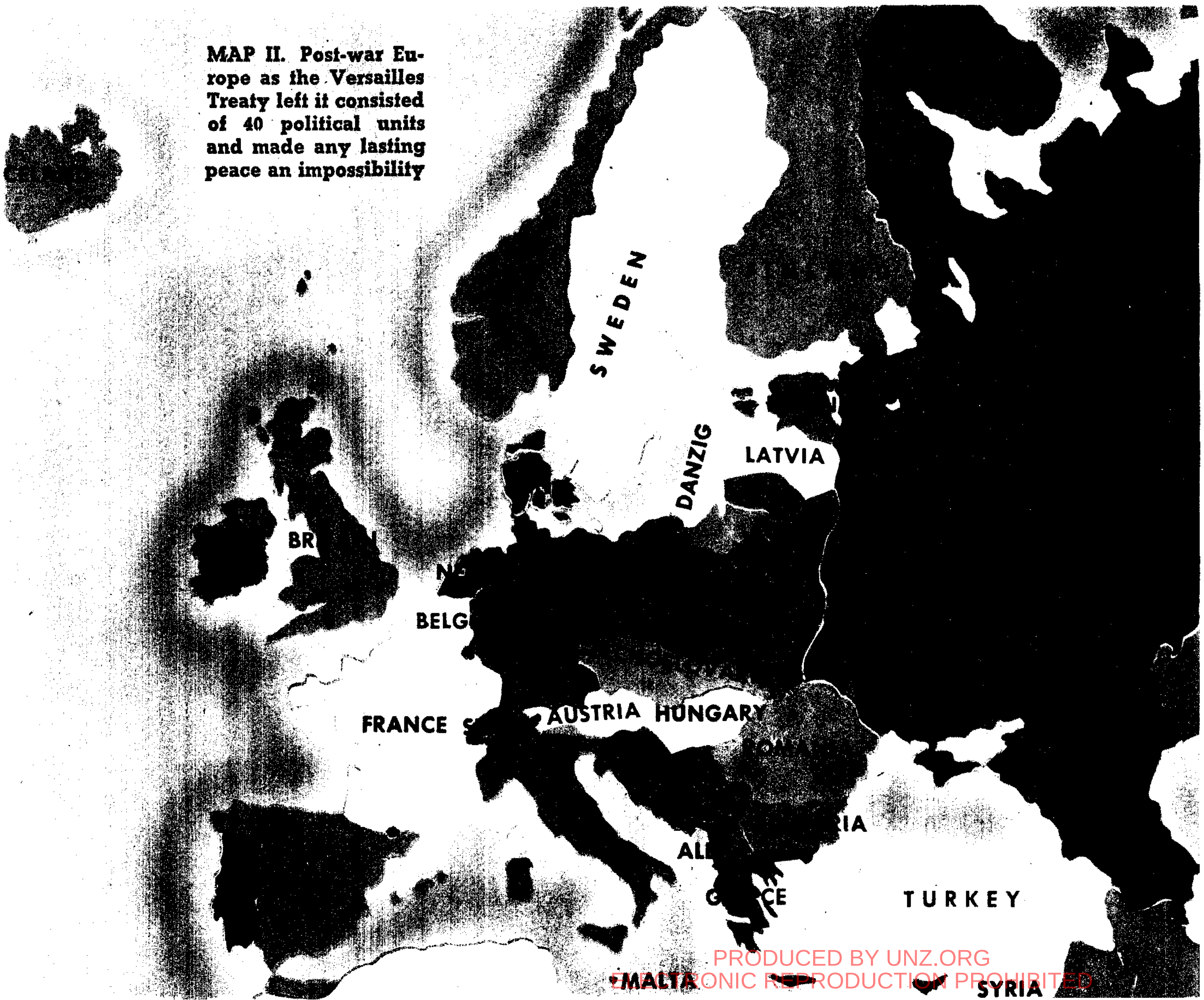
A second bloc, a West Slavic or Czecho-Polska state, is already being planned by the Czech and Polish governments-in-exile. If this be expanded to include Lithuania, with which Poland has been associated in the past, a fairly compact state with ocean frontage would result.

In the southeast, the thoroughly chastened Balkan states are now more nearly ripe for a federal union than ever before in history. Such a state would unite the South Slavs, the partially Latinized Slavs of Rumania, the Albanians and the Greeks. Some trouble may be expected from the Bulgars but even they can be expected to fall in line if proper territorial redistribution is made and cultural autonomy is assured them.

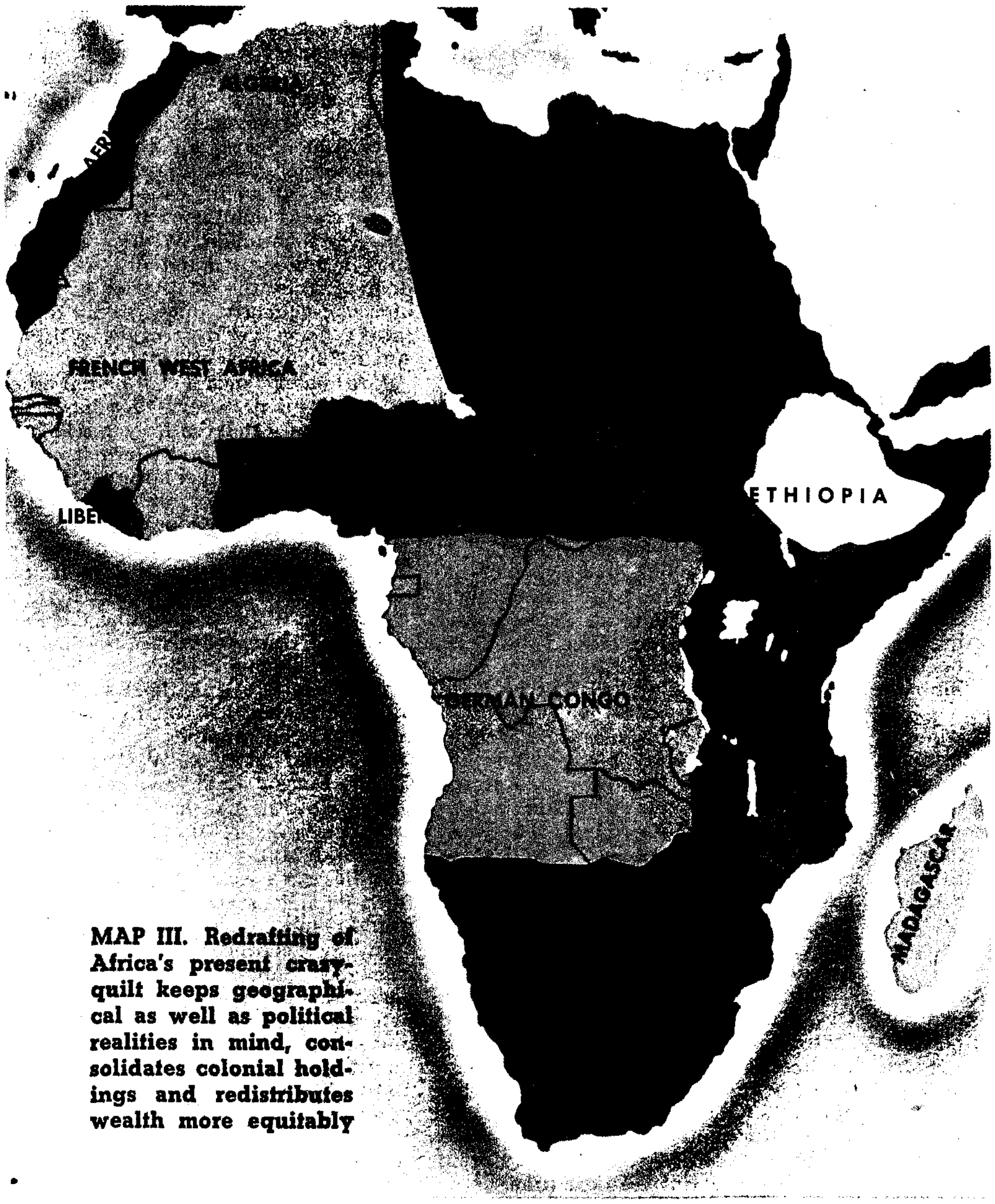
Italy should be given Dalmatia, Tunis, Corsica and Nice, so that she would be made secure from attack within the Adriatic and Tyrrhenian seas. A strengthened French Republic should include all French-speaking peoples of Europe. An Iberian Union should be set up on republican principles. Russia should be compensated for losses of territory to Finland by an outlet to the Gulf of Riga on the Baltic and to the Dardanelles in the south. Germany should include all the German-speaking peoples of Europe, and its perennial ally Hungary should be attached to it. Hungary, however, should be accorded full cultural autonomy.

The new Dutch-Flemish state should be invited to full dominion status in the British Commonwealth of Nations. This would accomplish two ends: It would protect England's continental flank and would save Holland from German aggression. It is not at all incompatible with facts, either. For more than a century the British Empire has protected Holland's vast colonial holdings. Politically, religiously, racially and commercially, the Dutch are closer to the British than any other European peoples. Moreover, the Dutch have no close affinities with any other peoples except the Germans and do not want union with them.

A Europe of this kind would thwart no one, not even the Germans. It cuts across no major cultural lines. It would be a long step geographically toward peace on the world's bloodiest continent. It would be doubly successful if it were preceded by a redrawing of provincial or state boundaries and a transfer of minority populations. It would also provide the needed background for the settlement of the problem of colonies which is discussed on the following page.



MAP II. Post-war Europe as the Versailles Treaty left it consisted of 40 political units and made any lasting peace an impossibility



MAP III. Redrafting of Africa's present crazy-quilt keeps geographical as well as political realities in mind, consolidates colonial holdings and redistributes wealth more equitably

EUROPE'S AFRICAN COLONIES—MAP III

A glance at any political map of Africa should completely muddle the average reader. It is a bigger mess even than the present map of Europe. Grandmother's crazy quilt was simplicity in comparison to the results of Europe's scramble for colonies in Africa. This patchwork system has four general faults: The small broken fragments have been the cause of rivalries and frictions. They have been hard and expensive to administer, so that the natives' welfare has been neglected. Some weak nations, such as Portugal and Belgium, have immense and potentially productive colonies, while Italy has only deserts, and Germany has nothing. Lastly, Britain's security on the Red Sea route has been constantly threatened by French and Italian holdings along the coast of that sea.

In drawing a new map of Africa, there are at least four geographic realities to be kept in mind: First, there is the reality of four independent African nations. Liberia, traditionally the ward of the United States, should continue in that status; Ethiopia should be protected by being completely surrounded by British territory; Egypt should be recognized as a sphere of British interest; the Union of South Africa should be extended northward to the Cunene, Cubango and Zambezi rivers.

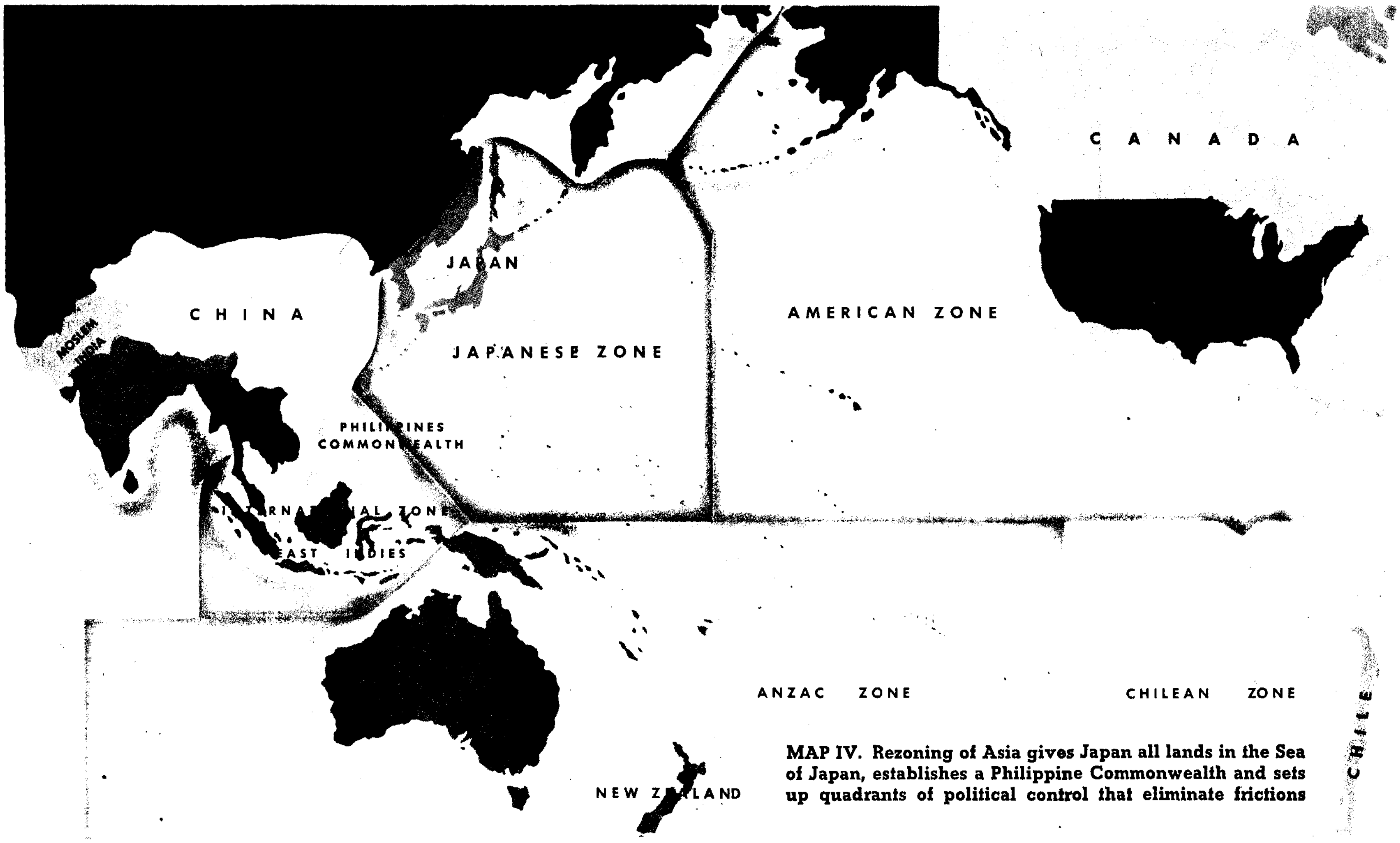
The second reality is that Germany should receive a large block of territory in central Africa to include what is at present French Gabon, Belgian Congo, Portuguese Angola, and western British Northern Rhodesia. This would yield her an immense amount of tropical raw material, and the temperate highlands of Angola are suitable for white colonization.

The third reality is that all colonial holdings should be consolidated into large units. Those of France should be grouped into Algeria, French West Africa and Madagascar. Those of Britain should be consolidated into British West Africa, British East Africa, Somaliland, and Anglo-Egyptian Sudan.

The fourth reality is that the Mediterranean powers should have colonial control over the opposite sections of African coast and of all Mediterranean islands lying between. Spain should receive the northwest African coast south to the Senegal River and all Atlantic islands offshore; France's domain should extend from Algeria across Africa to Dakar and the Guinea Coast; Italy's holdings should extend from Bizerte to Bengasi and sweep southward to the Congo. This would render her secure in the middle Mediterranean and employ her urge for empire-building in constructing a trans-Sahara railway and developing the rich Shari basin. Greece should be given Barca (the Cyrenaican coast) opposite Crete. Britain might retain Gibraltar, Malta and Alexandria as fueling stations, for in the very near future they will have no value as naval fortresses.

A NEW ORDER IN ASIA—MAP IV

The need for a new order in Asia is apparent to anyone who is willing to look. But the Japanese prescription written in blood and gunpowder is no acceptable answer. Here again *(Continued on page 28)*



MAP IV. Rezoning of Asia gives Japan all lands in the Sea of Japan, establishes a Philippine Commonwealth and sets up quadrants of political control that eliminate frictions

The Sweet Indulgence

By Mona Gardner

ILLUSTRATED BY MARTHA SAWYERS

In which the prayers of a brave girl are bountifully rewarded. Her relatives were furious

NIA folded one hot hand over the other and sat waiting for Cousin Gedog to speak. She could tell by the quick impatient way he was sucking his coconut juice that he was displeased. She bowed her small black head meekly. It was better not to look at him. Cousin Gedog wasn't always careful: sometimes he let what he was feeling show on his face.

"*Eh to!*" Cousin Gedog cleared his throat.

It was coming now. He was going to say it.

"The weeding!" he accused. "The weeding!"

Nia swallowed respectfully before she ventured: "I do what I can, Cousin. I—"

"You are late with it!"

Nia looked for help in the sky, in the yard, in the hibiscus hedge beyond. "Yes," she confessed.

"Bird weed stands hand-high in the lower paddy!" Cousin Gedog's uncouth voice hammered these facts like a mallet.

"Yes," Nia nodded, and held her breath.

"Green mantle covers the dyke water!"

"Yes, yes." Nia nodded, and then offered: "I am ashamed to say it, but I am clumsy now. I do not move quickly, you see, or bend so well—with the child in me."

"Weeds are weeds," Cousin Gedog stuck to the point.

"You are right!" Nia was softly sure, softly placating to this man who was the only man in her family now. "I will rise earlier yet, and work farther into the night."

IF ONLY he would drink his second drink of juice and end his visit. If only he would not stand here looking at the house beams, looking at the floor cushions, looking at the growing rice beyond, with bare greed in his eyes. If only his bird-faced wife would not start jaying in that sharp high voice of hers. But no, there she was now, opening her peaked lips. . . .

"You are in the paddy early, Nia," she cawed. "You work late. For with these eyes I have seen you. Yes, truly. And you are strong, Nia, strong in the back, strong in the arm. You work well in the paddy *when* you are there. . . . But all this going to shrines is not work, is it?"

"Shrine-going eats time!" Cousin Gedog bit into the words as though they were smelly *durian* fruit.

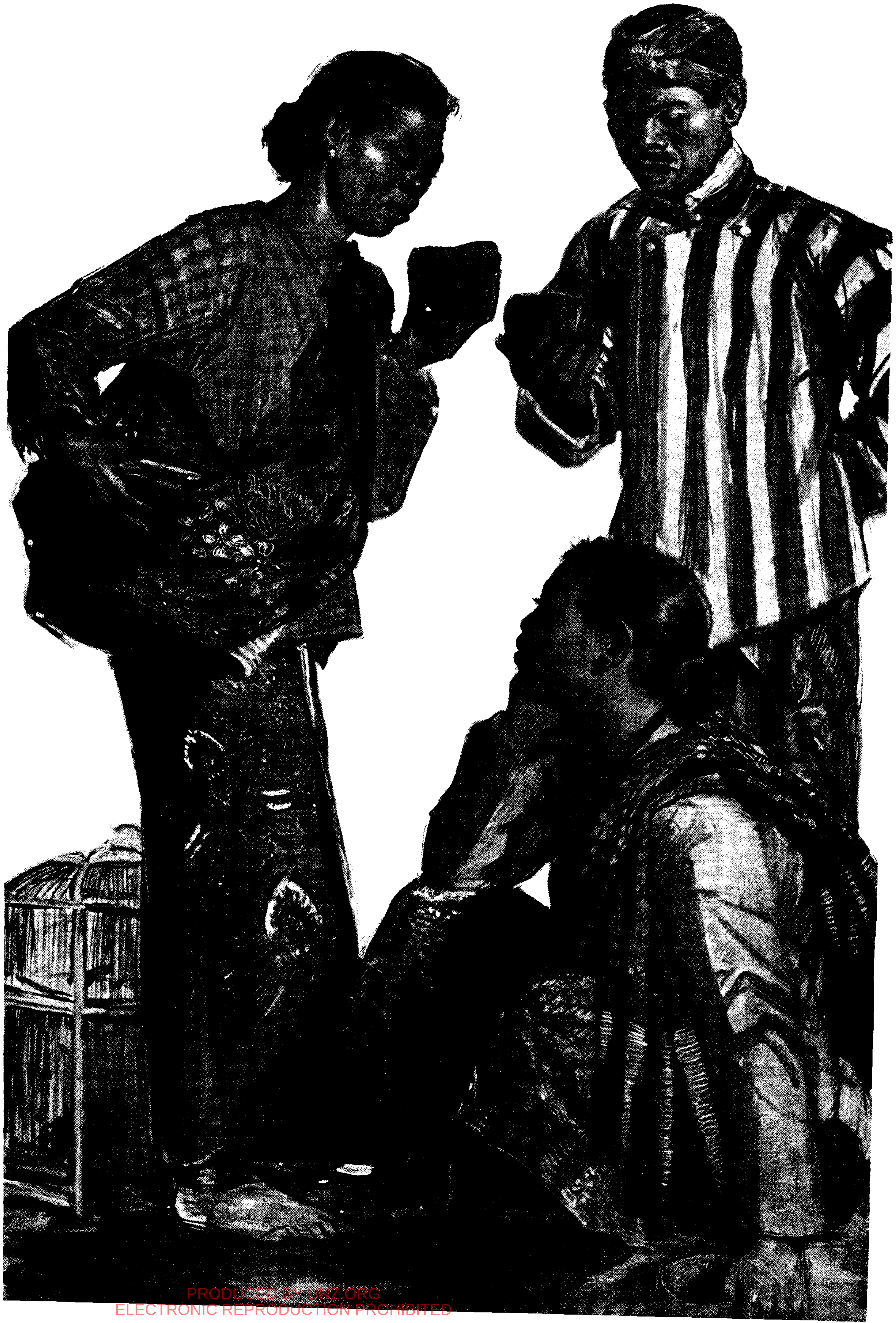
Nia spread her hands, hoping they would not flutter, hoping they would not tremble as her heart was trembling. "I am only trying for a son," she said.

Cousin Gedog and his wife looked in their coconut shell cups.

"With my husband dead," Nia reasoned, "I must do everything I can, mustn't I, to make a man-child of this his only child? Else whose prayers will keep his spirit alive? Else where would his spirit visit on its trip to earth each year?"

Cousin Gedog couldn't argue against

(*Continued on page 64*)



"You are right!" Nia was softly sure, softly placating to this man who was the only man in her family now. "I will rise earlier"

Eat and Look Young

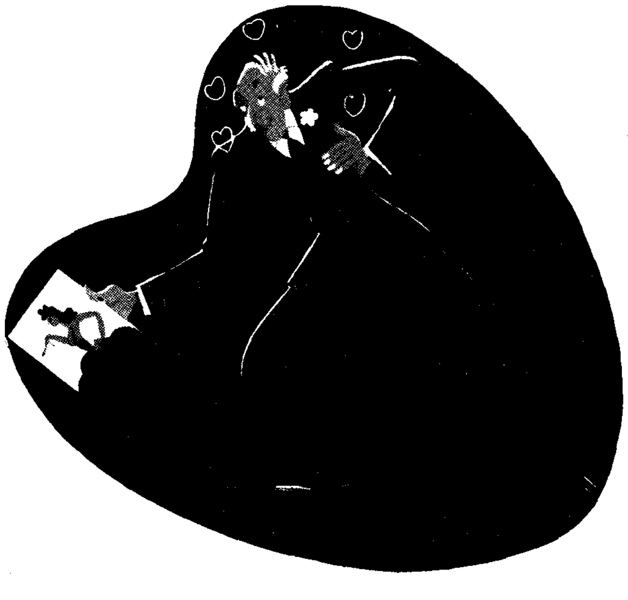
By Henry Schacht

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

"What should I include in my diet to keep my hair from turning gray?" That's what people asked Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan. Here are the answers

Many nationalities are curious about the antigray vitamin. Queries come from Latin America, England, Africa and other lands

Doctors are sampling the new vitamin themselves—to improve their bedside appearance



One man asked if the vitamin would make his head look as young as his heart felt

WHEN gray hairs show up among the blond or dark ones, most people think nothing can be done about it. So it may surprise you to know that by choosing certain foods you have a good chance of preventing gray hair just as you can reduce your weight by cutting down on certain foods. Scores of people will testify that they've tried it and obtained surprisingly good results.

They trace their success to daily doses of a new vitamin. If your hair is gray or graying you'll certainly want to know about it. The story of its discovery starts quite by accident back in 1930. Dynamic, red-haired Dr. Agnes Fay Morgan, head of the home-economics division at the University of California College of Agriculture, had obtained permission from the parents of 80 junior high school children to use them in a test of the value of wheat germ in child diets. She divided them into two groups of forty. Both received the same diet with the one exception that half of them also got daily doses of wheat germ. In six months they gained twice as much height and three times as much weight as the others.

Looking over these results, Dr. Morgan decided that if wheat germ was that good, more children should be eating it. Officials of a large commercial company heard of her test and agreed. They set about producing a wheat-germ cereal. Today that cereal is one of our best-known breakfast foods. Yet at first it caused trouble and more trouble. Three years were spent in preparing it for market. Then grocers complained that it spoiled in the packages. Company technicians went back to work and finally decided they'd have to toast the cereal. Then it occurred to them that heating might lower the food value of the wheat germ. They wrote Dr. Morgan for the answer to that one. She admitted she didn't know but promised to find out.

This was 1935. She put two groups of glossy jet-black rats on a delectable diet of washed casein, salt mixture, fat, sucrose, and cod-liver oil plus a daily dessert of wheat germ, heated for one group, unheated for the other. It was a simple experiment. Compare the growth of the two groups and you'd know how heat affected the germ. But after two weeks had passed, Dr. Morgan noticed a peculiar and unexpected development.

Patches of hair on rats in both lots were turning a mousy brown. Soon they took on a metallic coloring. In another month they were completely gray. Dr. Morgan was frankly puzzled. Nothing like this had ever been reported. Heating the wheat germ couldn't be the cause since all the rats showed the same symptoms. The only thing to do was go back over the experiment, step by step, looking for the clue that might break the case of the gray-haired rats.

Finally the chase narrowed down to lack of vitamins. The rats were getting all the fat-soluble ones in the basic diet. The only others they needed were the B vitamins. At that time only B-1 and B-2 had been discovered and they were both in wheat germ. "All right," said Dr. Morgan, "there must be another B vitamin we don't know about."

To prove this theory she cut wheat germ out of the rat diet and substituted an extract of rice polishings. She had used it before as a source of B vitamins and the rats had never turned gray. That gave her a hunch that it contained the missing vitamin. If it did, she should be able to bring the rats back to their original color. Sure enough, within eight weeks they were their normal glossy black selves. The proof was positive. Dr. Morgan had discovered a new factor in the B-vitamin group that in rats at least prevented hair from losing its natural color. That was thrill enough for a scientist and for a time she let her thinking go no further. Some day this vitamin which she called the antigray factor might do the same thing for humans. Just now there was other work to be done.

A Rats' Fountain of Youth

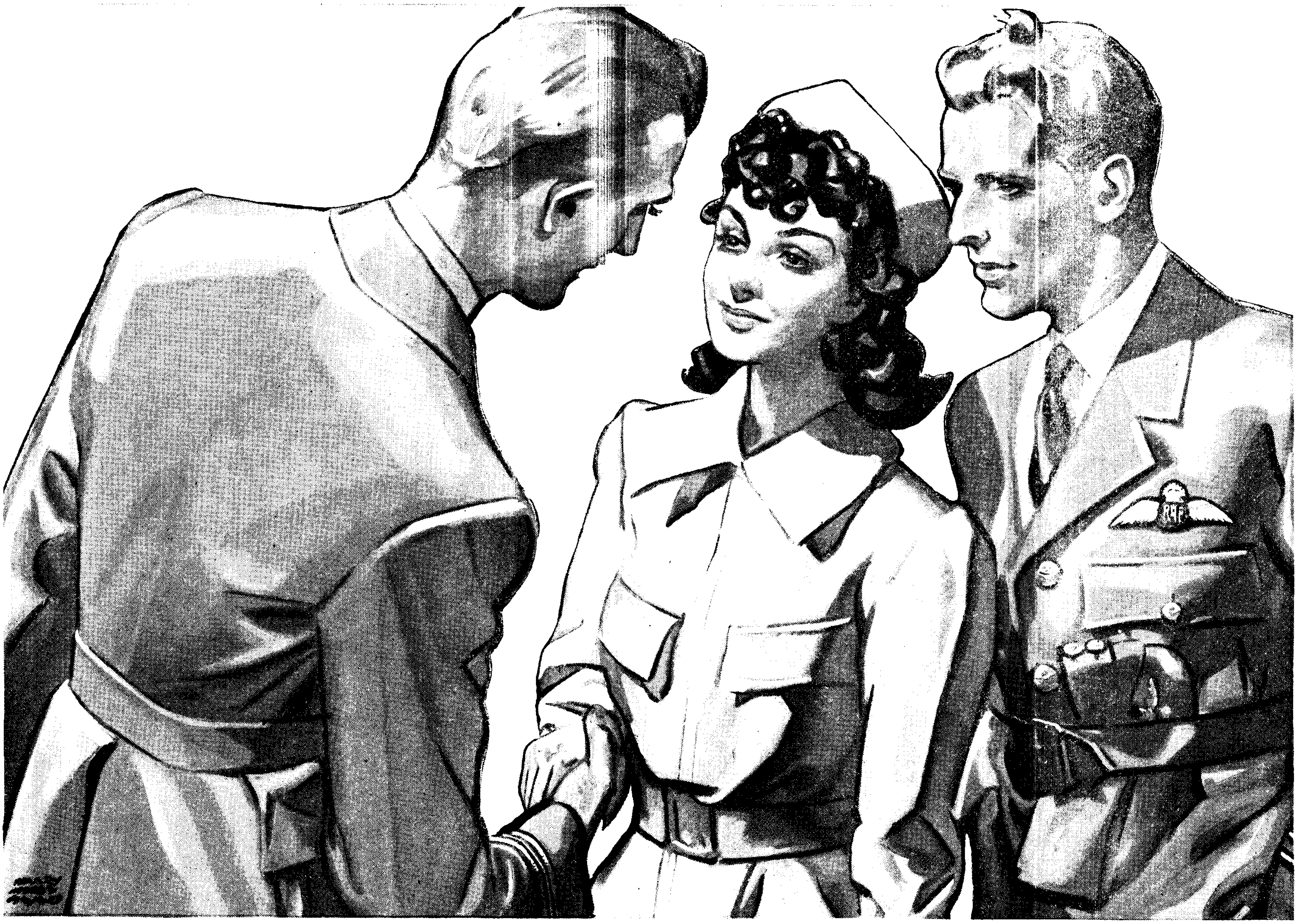
First she built up a list of other sources of the factor. This included rice bran, brewer's yeast, liver and unrefined cane molasses. Next she used scores of rats to determine all the symptoms of the antigray deficiency. She found that they formed a definite pattern. In 1937 before the annual meeting in Memphis of the American Institute of Nutrition she unfolded the whole amazing story.

She told her assembled colleagues that by depriving young rats of her new vitamin she could turn them into doddering graybeards within two months, a period equivalent to five years in human life. She could produce thin and graying hair, emaciation, dry, wrinkled skin, as well as damage to the adrenal, thyroid, and sex glands. She pointed out that all of these symptoms were typical of old age. Lack of the vitamin actually aged her rats. Yet by giving them concentrated doses of it she could return their hair to its normal color and thickness, put flesh on their bones, and repair the damage to vital glands.

Refusing to crawl out on any handy limb, Dr. Morgan said nothing about humans. She stuck strictly to rats. But the listening scientists remembered that many things first tested on rats have later proved effective on humans. Several went to work and within a few months confirmed her findings in experiments of their own.

Meanwhile, she dived back into her study. She used dogs and guinea pigs, getting the same results as with rats. A man gave her

(*Continued on page 69*)



"Helen," Quayle said, "here is the squadron. This is Hickey, our C.O." Hickey smiled quietly and put out his hand

FLIGHT TO THE SUN

By James Aldridge

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS

The Story Thus Far:

IN ATHENS, not far from where the Greek-Italian war is raging, Flight Lieutenant John Quayle, of the Royal Air Force, meets an attractive Greek girl: Helen Stangou. She tells him that she is working at a first-aid post, and that, within a few days, she will be sent to the town of Ioannina.

Quayle finds himself strongly attracted to the girl. At the earliest opportunity he calls on her at the first-aid station, takes her for a walk, and, unable to restrain himself, kisses her. The girl—realizing that they will soon be separated, that they may never see each other again—insists that he "be sensible"; she does not encourage him in his advances. . . .

Quayle's squadron ("80") is commanded by *Squadron Leader Hickey. Among Quayle's* fellow fliers are: Gorell, Tap (an unusually lively lad), Finn, Hersey, Vain (an Australian with the typical "Aussie" audacity and courage), Stewart, Constance, South, Brewer and Richardson. All are ready for anything, at any time, anywhere. All relish the chance to get a shot at the Italians.

A short time after Quayle meets Helen Stangou, the squadron has a fight with a vast enemy air fleet, and Vain is killed. . . . Led by Hickey, the squadron shifts its base once or twice, then flies to a new field—a poor, bumpy one *at Ioannina!* There they are greeted by a tall, courteous Greek: Captain Alexander Mellass; and there they take rooms at the Hotel Acropolis.

Thinking that Helen may have arrived, Quayle goes to the hospital. The sympathetic matron informs him that Miss Stangou is expected on the following day, or the day after.

Hickey puts his men in a bus and takes them out to the field, where he introduces them to a *laughing Greek flier—one Nitralexis—and his* assistant, a small but very spunky little fellow named Papagos. The members of the squadron look on in amazement as Nitralexis and his small friend prepare to take off on a reconnaissance flight in a wobbly old plane—a 1918 model!

The Greeks complete their preparations. They climb into the old crate. They start. After a time they disappear in the mist that surrounds the area.

"That is the end of *them*," Brewer says quietly. The others are silent. They climb into the bus and go back to the hotel.

III

JOHN QUAYLE went straight up to the hospital and asked the girl at the desk if he could see the matron. She shook her head and Quayle guessed the matron was busy. He was going out when someone called. He turned around. It was Helen Stangou.

"Hullo," he said. "You got here."

"Hullo," she said. "So it is you."

John Quayle felt the warmth already when they shook hands firmly.

"You did get here," he said again.

"Was it you asking for me . . . from the principal? Yes, I got here all right," Helen said.

"I came up here looking for you. I got talking to the matron," Quayle said. He was smiling at her because she looked serious.

"You should not have gone to the matron."

"Why? The matron's a friend of mine," Quayle said. "Come on. We'll go see her." He took Helen's arm and walked toward the matron's room. "Come in and meet her; she's all right."

He knocked on the matron's door. She called "Embros," and they went in. She looked up from a table full of large white cards.

"Hullo, Matron," Quayle said to her. "I have something."

"Ah. My *Inglisi* . . ."

"This is Helen Stangou," Quayle said. He indicated Helen.

Helen said something quickly in Greek and the matron nodded.

"Excuse me," Helen said. "I was apologizing to the matron."

"She is a fine girl," the matron said to him. "She apologized for you."

"Thank you. I hope you do not think me impertinent."

The matron laughed and said, "Certainly not! Now go on out, you two, and walk in the muddy streets."

"I am still working," Helen said in English to the matron.

"Go on. I will explain," the matron said in English. Then she said something in Greek. Helen replied in Greek but the matron said something quickly, and Helen touched Quayle's arm and they went out.

"Goodby," he said to the matron. "And I'll look after her."

"She will look after you, *Inglisi*. She will. Goodby."

"*Au revoir,*" Quayle said. They walked down the passage and he heard the matron laughing quietly.

There was quiet mist and darkness making dismal the brown mud on the streets. They walked slowly toward the town. Helen had taken his arm—the first time she had done it easily and familiarly—but she did not speak.

"How did you get up here?" Quayle asked her, to break the silence.

"With Lawson. He came up in his car to see the front."

"I see."

She looked at him quickly. "What do you see?"

"Nothing." He was jealous and felt unfriendly.

"You take everything too seriously."

"I hope you do."

"I take the right things seriously," she said. "Not these things."

"These are the right things," Quayle

said. He pulled her around and kissed her.

"We will get put in jail if anybody sees you doing that."

"Yes? What sort of people are you?"

"We are all right but our Fascisti are not. Please be careful."

"I apologize."

"Now you get serious. Please be with sense."

"All right," Quayle said; "I'll try to be good."

She leaned over and put full lips on the side of his unshaven cheek.

QUAYLE took Helen to the restaurant where the others had told him they were going. When he walked in he saw them make cracks to one another. They would meet Helen sooner or later, so it might as well be now. He took Helen's arm quietly and walked to the table. Hickey stood up first, after looking hard at Helen and noticing her pretty uniform. The others stood up too, so that they made her conspicuous in the whole room, and Helen did not feel comfortable about it either. Quayle could see the surprise on all their faces.

"Helen," Quayle said, "here is the squadron. This is Hickey, our C.O. This is Helen Stangou."

Hickey smiled quietly and put out his hand. Helen was used to Greeks, who merely bowed, so she was behind time in putting her hand out. But she laughed a little and it pleased Hickey.

Then Quayle introduced Tap, Hersey, Richardson, Brewer, Constance, Stewart who clicked his heels and bowed, Finn who said, "You surprise us, Quayle," when Helen smiled. Someone got a chair and they all sat down and there was silence.

"You speak English," Tap said slowly.

"Yes, in a strange way. I lack grammar," Helen said, and Tap was surprised and looked at Quayle.

"Are you a nurse or something?" Brewer said.

"No. I'm in a first-aid post here."

Quayle let it all go on because Helen would fit in her own place with them. It was no good his trying to tell them what and who she was.

John Quayle ordered something to eat through Helen, and she ordered something for herself and he knew it was merely coffee because she knew she was on exhibition, and eating would be too difficult under the circumstances.

"Do you live here?" Hickey asked her politely.

"No. I have been here only last night. I live in Athens."

"Hickey, I reckon she ought to be attached to the squadron, don't you?" Tap said.

Quayle knew something like that was coming and he knew Helen would not be pleased about it.

"Yes," Hickey said in his quiet voice. Quayle didn't like it at all.

"Miss Stangou, would you join our squadron?" Tap was being very jovial.

"What can a woman do?" Helen also was trying to be jovial.

"Can you cook? Well, we get shot up sometimes too. It would be a pleasure with you around."

"Then I will not come. I would not want to encourage you to be shot."

"We don't need much encouragement," Finn said. He was sitting next to Helen and was looking at her full in the face.

It went on while Quayle ate his dinner and Helen drank her coffee. Tap was the worst of them, because all women were anybody's property and had only one thing in mind, and Tap worked on it quickly.

"Where do you live?" Tap asked her.

"At the hospital," she said.

"May I come up and see you?"

She looked at Quayle. He didn't indicate anything. "It is difficult," she said. "Well, then, you must have dinner here with us," Tap invited.

"I will try," Helen said. "And now I must get back."

Quayle stood up with Helen. He asked Tap to pay his bill. They all stood up when Helen left, and Tap shook hands with her and smiled carefully. When Quayle and Helen had said good-by and were outside, Helen said, "It is hard to believe."

"What?"

"They are young."

"The younger you are, the better the flier. You've got to be young."

They walked on through the yellow mud; light rain was making night more dismal. At the door to the hospital he stopped and asked, "Will you come out later on?"

"No," she said, "I can't. It is too difficult."

"Everything is too difficult."

"Some day you will see."

A. JOHN KAUNUS

"Talk about work! You should be an air-raid warden!"

"All right," he said. "Good night." He didn't touch her but turned and walked quickly away. He heard her open the big door and go inside and he kept walking into the now heavy rain.

WHEN Quayle went into the Acropolis Hotel he saw the newspaper correspondent, Lawson, who was standing with a pair of muddy boots in his hand talking to the porter in French.

"Hullo there," he said. "So this is where you got to."

"Hullo," Quayle said tersely.

"You certainly disappeared. We wondered what had happened to you all."

"We've been around," Quayle said.

"Was that your crowd that got those fifteen Italians the other day?" Lawson asked.

"Yes."

"They went mad down in Athens. You're heroes down there."

"It doesn't seem to do us much good up here," Quayle said.

Another war correspondent came down the small steps from the first floor and nodded to Quayle.

"This is Milton Woll. He's a correspondent," Lawson said.

THEY shook hands. Woll was a small dark American with Indian features and a vigorous body.

"Say, who did you lose that day when you got all those Italians?"

"Vain."

"Vain . . . the Australian?" from Lawson.

"Yes. Was he a friend of yours?"

"I knew him," Lawson said. "But I know a gal in Athens who is going to feel pretty bad."

"Wasn't there someone else?" Woll asked Quayle.

"South," Quayle told him. "He bailed out. We think he's all right."

"That must be the guy we passed in Larissa," Woll said.

"Short, medium sort of person?"

"He had a beard. He was medium, though. He had bailed out. That was South all right," Woll said.

"Was he all right?"

"He had his arm in a cast. The Greeks had picked him up, I think."

"Will you tell our C.O. if you see him?" Quayle asked.

"Sure," Woll promised.

"Say, Quayle," Lawson said. "I brought a friend of yours up."

"I know." Quayle looked casually at Lawson and nodded. "I know."

"She was worried when you disappeared."

"We couldn't tell anybody about going," Quayle explained.

"I told her that. I thought you had gone back to Egypt for the new push there."

"Is that true about getting Sollum back?"

"The last I heard they were on their way to Derna," Woll answered.

"I guess the Greeks shamed us into it," Quayle said.

"The Greeks are about as excited as when they took Koritza," Woll said.

"Did they take Koritza? We never know what's going on."

"Yes. That's the way it is with us too," Woll said.

"Well? What are the Germans going to do?" Quayle asked them.

"Nothing . . . not yet," Lawson said. "They'll wait for the spring. I doubt if they will invade England before."

"I don't think they'll ever invade England," Woll said.

"I guess they'll hold out," Quayle said and went back upstairs. "See you tomorrow."

"Sure. Good night," they called out to him.

"Good night." Quayle went slowly to his room and undressed and lay down on the bed. He thought about Helen and he was sorry he hadn't kissed her when they were on the hospital steps. And then he was wondering if Nitralexis and little Papagos had got back in the old Bréguet.

NITRALEXIS and Papagos got back all right. The war would have stopped if they had not got back, because it was the crazy thing they did and the way they did it that was keeping them going. If it didn't succeed, there was no continuation for them. It was because and only because they did these things that they could keep fighting.

The war went on like that into the rising winter. It came with malice. The snow began early. Ioannina became wet with snow and rain and mud, and the squadron's patrols were limited. Lawson and Woll had gone to the front. Only Nitralexis and Papagos went out to observe. When the Greek general staff told them to go out and get some information, the weather had nothing to do with their flying. They just went out and got it—and came back again. Nitralexis came to live with the squadron at the Acropolis and his laugh was fine for them . . . until one day he went away and they did not know where he had gone.

Everything passed through Ioannina. The wounded began to come in after a while. One night there was disorder in the town when fifty ambulances that had once been busses came in with full lights and got jammed up in the narrow streets, and the wounded had to be carried from the ambulances to the hospital. And the hospital had been too full, so they put them in the houses, and twice when the wounded were being carried around, the air-raid siren went and everybody dropped the men they were carrying and ran, because they were certain that with so much light there would be an air raid. But there was none. . . .

THE front gradually froze into a sort of stalemate with a big Italian counterattack, then a Greek counterattack. No one knew how the Greeks were holding on, because the supplies were getting scarcer. But they kept going.

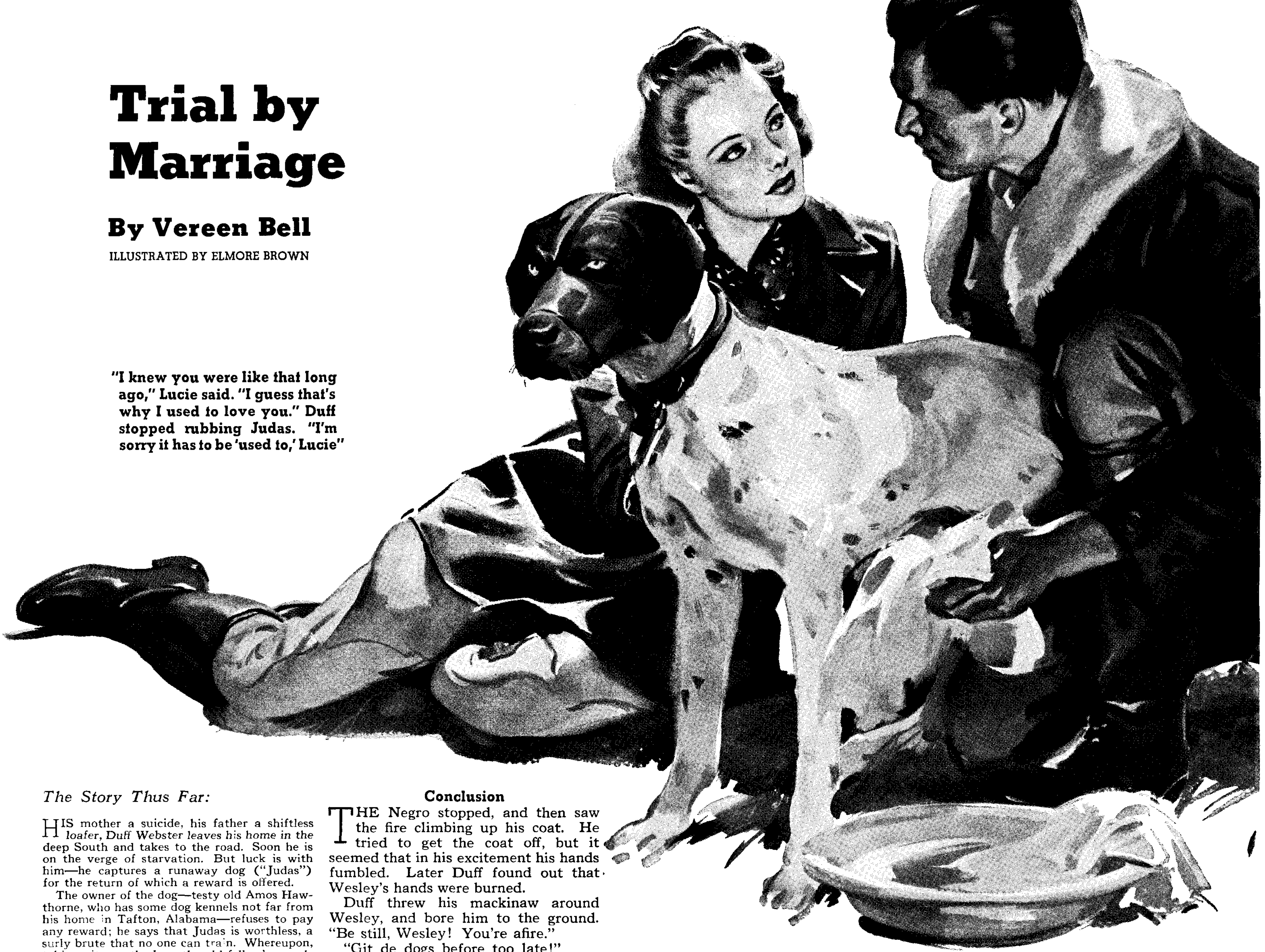
The squadron was grounded for a week because it rained or snowed every day. Even Nitralexis did not go up. And they all sat around in the restaurant drinking *uzo*. Hickey was still trying to get the three planes up from Athens. South, who had parachuted in the Larissa scrap, was going to fly up in Tap's Gladiator that they had left at Larissa, but he had not come. It had been patched and was good for flight again but it would have to act as reserve. Gorell was all right, too. He was in a

(*Continued on page* 28)

Trial by Marriage

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN



"I knew you were like that long ago," Lucie said. "I guess that's why I used to love you." Duff stopped rubbing Judas. "I'm sorry it has to be 'used to,' Lucie"

The Story Thus Far:

HIS mother a suicide, his father a shiftless loafer, Duff Webster leaves his home in the deep South and takes to the road. Soon he is on the verge of starvation. But luck is with him—he captures a runaway dog ("Judas") for the return of which a reward is offered.

The owner of the dog—testy old Amos Hawthorne, who has some dog kennels not far from his home in Tafton, Alabama—refuses to pay any reward; he says that Judas is worthless, a surly brute that no one can train. Whereupon, taking pity on the boy, the old fellow's granddaughter—Lucie Sullivan—takes Duff under her wing, sets him to work at the kennels.

Hawthorne dislikes the young newcomer. When (after a few weeks) he learns the truth—that Lucie and Duff have fallen in love—he tries to kill the boy. He fails in the attempt; then, a short time later, he dies suddenly.

Meanwhile, Lucie (who feels that she is only complicating the life of the boy) has told him a lie—about herself and another man—that has convinced him she does not care for him; and Duff—hurt, lonely—has turned to another girl, Delia Phillips, and has married her.

With a wife on his hands, Duff takes Judas (Hawthorne had given him the dog) and goes to Saskatchewan, Canada, where he takes charge of a training camp for dogs owned by a Southerner named James Lampley. There Duff spends much time on Judas; and gradually, the dog improves to a point that convinces Duff he has a coming champion.

Delia does not care for dogs. Her life with Duff bores her. When she is forced to accompany her young husband to a training camp in Tennessee (an old farm), she is furious; and she and Duff have frequent bitter quarrels.

Employed by Mr. Lampley, Duff goes to various field trials; and he enters Judas in all of them. The dog has bad luck, however; something always happens unexpectedly to prevent his winning a first.

A jealous, vindictive person, Delia makes Duff's life miserable. Then, following a quarrel one night, she goes to an old barn where Judas and Mr. Lampley's dogs are housed, lights a match—and releases Judas. The dog runs away, and Duff goes after him. A few minutes later, he rushes back to the barn, *which is on fire!* As he arrives, Wesley (one of his colored assistants) staggers out of the barn with a dying dog, puts the animal down, and starts back toward the burning building. Duff runs toward him. "Wesley," he calls, *"wait!"*

Conclusion

THE Negro stopped, and then saw the fire climbing up his coat. He tried to get the coat off, but it seemed that in his excitement his hands fumbled. Later Duff found out that Wesley's hands were burned.

Duff threw his mackinaw around Wesley, and bore him to the ground. "Be still, Wesley! You're afire."

"Git de dogs before too late!"

"You be still," Duff commanded. Above the crackle of the flames and the howling of the dogs, he now heard the hollow hoofbeats of Paul's horse.

"Stay here with him," Duff shouted, as Paul sprang to the ground.

"Git de dogs!" Wesley said. Paul knelt beside him. Duff could get no closer than the door. Now the smoke carried tongues of flame, and the heat threw him back. He heard the rattling of the chains as the dogs fought them. He ran around to the back of the barn, but this was no better.

The flames of the burning hay in the loft now spouted geyserlike through the holes in the roof, and the fire crept down the frame walls, like a cat backing down a tree, so that a pocket was left in the center of the barn where the dogs were—a pocket filled with heat and smoke. Duff pried a board from a side of the barn where was fire was thinnest—only to have the opening immediately closed by yellow flame. Farther down he pulled off another board but the fire licked out and singed the hair off his hands.

Finally Duff went to the house and got his shotgun, and a box of shotgun shells. He tore the box open as he hurried back to the barn, spilling part of them.

Standing as close to the big door as he could, Duff unbreeched the gun and shoved two shells into the barrels. He fired both barrels through the door. Then he reloaded the gun and fired again. A dog's howl shut off abruptly. Then another. Duff kept shooting.

Finally, except for the dull roar of the fire, there was silence.

NEXT morning Duff called James Lampley and told him what had happened.

"You mean *every one* of them?" Lampley said incredulously.

"Yes, sir," Duff said painfully, "I'm afraid that's right."

"Tequila too?"

"Him too."

Except for the continuous hum of the country phone, the wire was silent. Then: "Webster, I can't quite grasp it. You mean, *my* bloodlines that I've worked on twenty years are completely wiped out?"

"Yes, sir, that's the way it is."

Another silence. Duff rubbed his finger around the broken edges of the mouthpiece.

"Well," Lampley said at last, "I guess you're out of a job."

"I don't blame you."

"No, you don't understand. It's all right. It wasn't your fault. Perhaps my fault for not letting you build temporary kennels. It's just that I'm washed up," he said heavily. "I haven't got the heart to start over."

Duff paused. "I'd offer you half interest in Judas, only I don't know whether I'll get him back, or whether he'll be ruined."

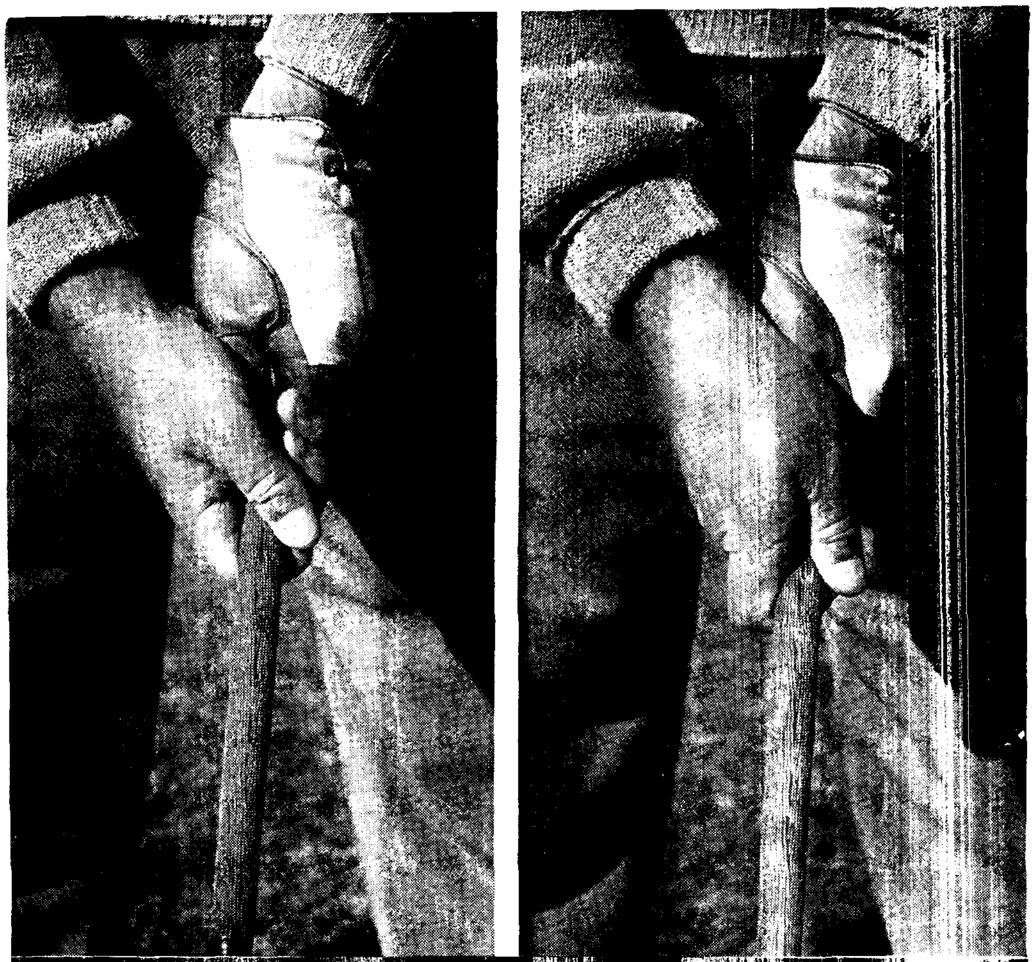
"No. He's a fine dog, and when I had the others I wanted him. But he's not my creation . . . like Tequila. I planned Tequila eighteen years before he was born. You see how it is? I made him. Now . . . he's gone. I just haven't got the heart any more."

Duff rung off, and walked slowly through the house. Delia's trunk was locked, and her things in it, except for a piece of peach-colored underwear he had overlooked hanging in the closet.

The smell of fire was thick in the house. Duff stood on the back porch and looked out at the smoking ruins. The red cedar tree, thirty yards away, was burned bare and brown. Stepping over the rubble, he went to what had been the entrance of the barn, and stood by the heat-whitened well bucket Wesley had dropped. Of the barn, little was left, only the brick foundation, and the iron supporting posts, and heaps of charred, smoking rubbish and ash.

Duff slowly walked into the wreckage.

(Continued on page 40)



The grip shown at the left got Craig Wood nowhere—making him a right-to-left pull hitter. So he adopted this new grip (right), which enabled him to "fade" his shots with a left-to-right spin

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PHO[illegible]APHED [illegible]S BY W[illegible]NE SMITH

IF YOU hang around a musty locker room while nerve-jangled golf pros are dressing for a big championship, or if you hobnob with neck-craning spectators clustered about the green, you're bound to hear somebody say, "Pounding that pill a mile off the tee is exciting all right but, when all is said and done, they pay off on the putt!"

I'd be the first to admit that the golfer who can't get his club length putts down with reasonable regularity won't be up there on the red-carpeted dais when the glistening silver trophy is being presented by the U.S.G.A. president, but it doesn't follow that a hot putter is the open sesame to golf's hall of fame.

In any championship field, you'll find ten or more competitors who are holing 'em from all distances and angles but only one of these red-hot putters bags the title. As a general rule he is the guy who blends distance with accuracy on his tee shots.

Yes, sir, in my book they pay off on the drive. I'll string along with the fellow who is hammering 280-yard tee shots down the middle alley with the space-eating range and geometric precision of a siege gun. Such a man makes things easy for himself by reducing the average approach to a point-blank pitch. What my old friend Fielding Yost of Michigan said about football applies with equal emphasis to golf: "Position is the decisive factor."

You hear golf critics talk about "the art of finishing a hole" but in my opinion it requires just as much art to start a hole properly. Well begun is more than half done, in this tantalizing game. It's a cinch that the golfer who sprays his drives promiscuously about the landscape won't be able to pull in the slack on the putting greens.

That bromide about "paying off on the putt" contains just enough truth to becloud the vital importance of driving. Time was—and not so long ago either—when putting did play a dominant role in the National Open, but the tightly wound "rabbit ball" of today, plus the vogue for power hitting, has distorted golf strategy and placed a premium on distance.

The comparatively short hitter—Paul Runyan for example—is hobbled on the 6,800-yard courses which are picked for championship play in this era of glorified slugging. Paul is like a man shooting a popgun against fellows armed with a cannon. Big hitters like Snead, Thomson and Nelson outrange him from thirty to fifty yards off every tee. That's a lot of yardage to give away, even for such a master of the high-soaring spoon as "Little Poison."

Everybody loves a slugger. The desire to whale into a ball with a club is rooted deep in human nature. The thrill is in the tee shot, and that's what they pay off on in these days of high-compression golf balls and heavy-headed, power-shafted clubs. My friendly rival Gene Sarazen, whose competitive career links golf's "dead-ball era" to the modern free-wheeling game, shares this opinion. So does Tom Armour, former British and American Open champion, and Jesse Sweetser, the first native-born Yankee to win the British amateur title.

Though skill on the greens is an essential part of a champion's equipment, putting is, after all, a namby-pamby, wishy-washy phase of golf suited to frail women and elderly men. Almost anybody can become a pretty fair putter if he devotes enough time to practicing this species of croquet.

But a thwacking drive which projects the high-tension missile some 300 yards down the fairway—brother, that's a he-man's sport! You've got to swing a club weighing about 14 ounces at an 80-mile-an-hour clip in order to keep abreast of sluggers like Snead, Little, and Nelson. I won't include Jamie Thomson because the burly Scottish-American belongs in a class apart. Nobody can come within ten yards of braw Jamie when he lays into a typical Thomson drive and straightens out his chronic hook.

Spark photographs of Thomson in action show the hard ball flattened out like a hen's egg at impact. It is traveling almost three miles a minute when it leaves the club head. That requires brute force plus hair-trigger timing.

Now let's get down to cases: I finally broke the ice on the jungle-hot Colonial Country Club course at Dallas last summer and won my first National Open title because I hit those ribbonlike, wasp-waisted fairways more consistently than any other competitor, with the possible exception of Denny Shute.

Sure, I holed some whoppers in the pinches—and so did a dozen other fellows. Those trolley-wire putts helped but they wouldn't have brought home the bacon if my plumb-line drives hadn't softened up those treacherous par-4 holes.

The Winning Formula in Texas

The fairways at Colonial were narrower than a snake's hips. Standing on the tee, you looked down a funnel formed by pecan trees, dry creek beds, and sagebrush jungles. Pecan trees bear tasty nuts, but they gave us golfers that slug-nutty sensation.

Just to make things tougher, a flint-hearted tournament committee allowed the hog's-bristle rough to jut out into the right of way, some 250 yards from the tee. Thus the fairways were bottlenecked at precisely the spot where a long driver's ball usually lands. Thanks to this corsetlike effect, the big hitters were penalized more heavily than short drivers, like Runyan and Metz, who couldn't reach "the narrows."

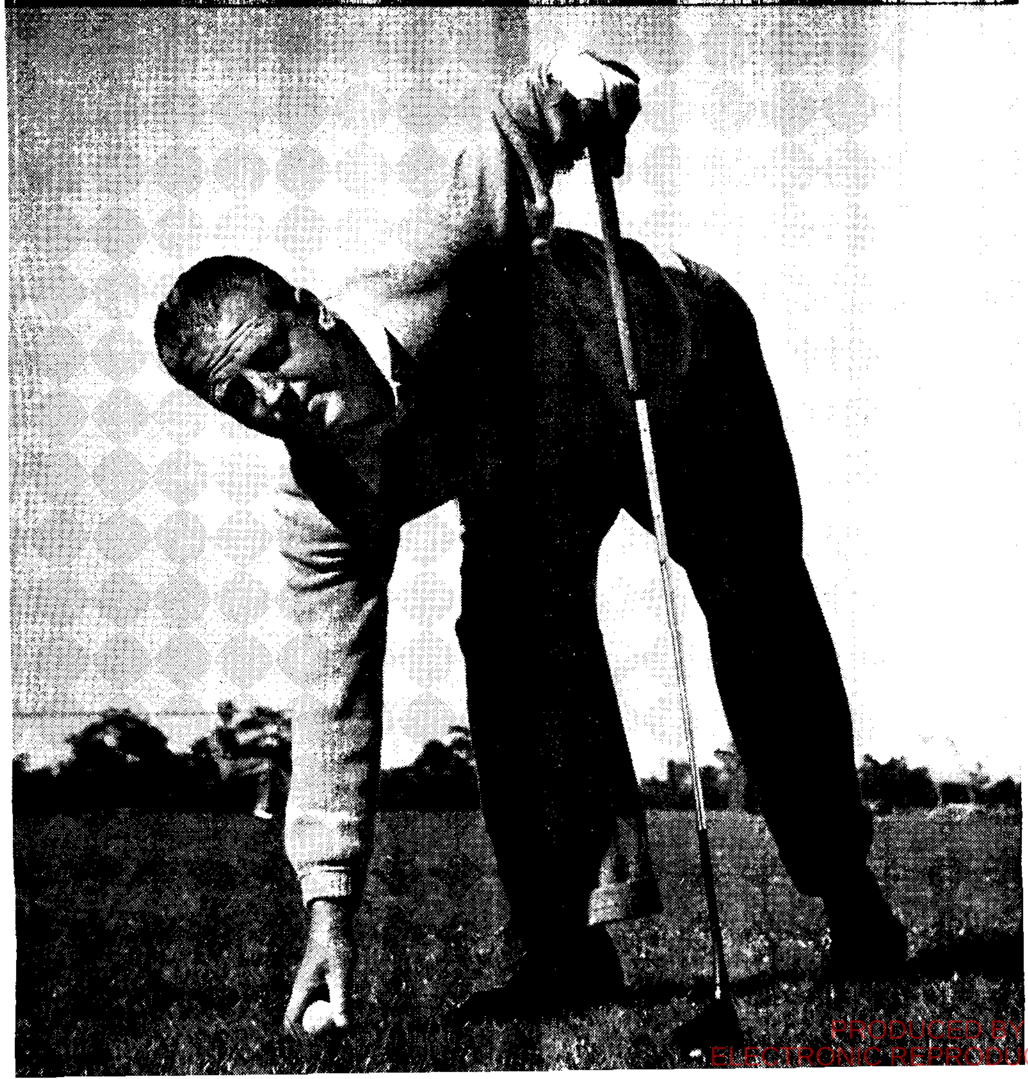
Distance plus direction was the winning formula down there in Texas. Because of my left-to-right fade shot technique, I hit the jackpot where the right-to-left power hookers like Ben Hogan, Sam Snead and Jug McSpaden wound up among the pecan trees or in the brook that chases its tail like a puppy across the sun-baked flats.

No hooker will ever win in championship golf, for my money, while the vogue for pinch-bottle fairways endures. Hookers of the Hogan type, who hit every ball with a right-to-left draw, clean up on the sprawling winter-circuit courses which are as wide open as a gold-rush mining town, off the tee, but it's another story when the pull hitter is tossed onto one of these tricked-up National Championship battle sites where the fairways resemble ticker-tape streamers rather than polo fields.

Glance down the list of National Open champions since 1930 and you'll find that most of 'em were masters of fade—Bill Burke, Gene Sarazen, Olin Dutra, Tony Manero, Ralph Guldahl, Byron Nelson, Lawson Little, and—pardon these blushes—yours truly.

Johnny Goodman and Sam Parks are

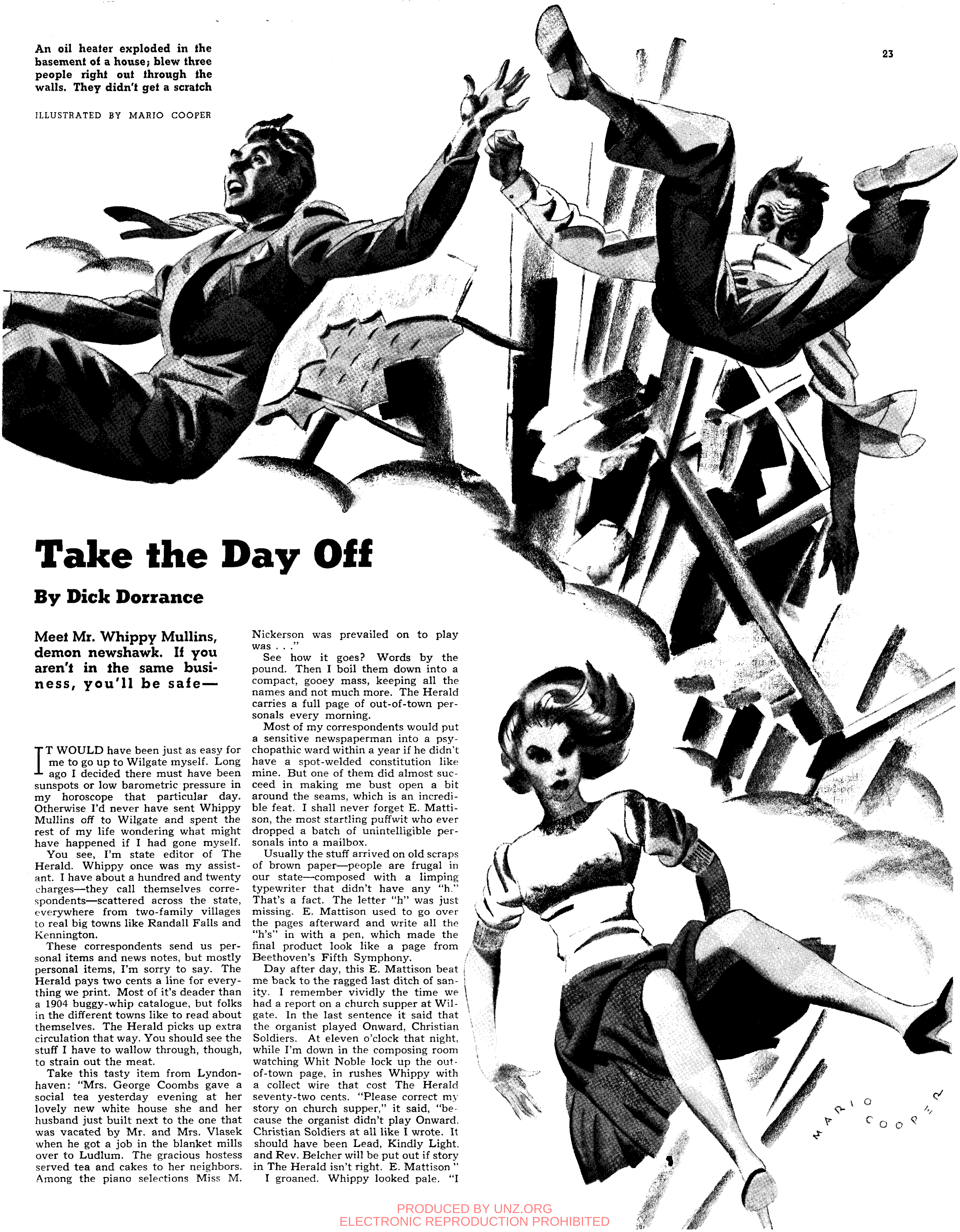
(Continued on page 54)



"If the average duffer will analyze his game," says Craig Wood, "he'll discover that his troubles usually start in that elementary phase of golf, overcoming distance"

An oil heater exploded in the basement of a house; blew three people right out through the walls. They didn't get a scratch

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER



Take the Day Off

By Dick Dorrance

Meet Mr. Whippy Mullins, demon newshawk. If you aren't in the same business, you'll be safe—

IT WOULD have been just as easy for me to go up to Wilgate myself. Long ago I decided there must have been sunspots or low barometric pressure in my horoscope that particular day. Otherwise I'd never have sent Whippy Mullins off to Wilgate and spent the rest of my life wondering what might have happened if I had gone myself.

You see, I'm state editor of The Herald. Whippy once was my assistant. I have about a hundred and twenty charges—they call themselves correspondents—scattered across the state, everywhere from two-family villages to real big towns like Randall Falls and Kennington.

These correspondents send us personal items and news notes, but mostly personal items, I'm sorry to say. The Herald pays two cents a line for everything we print. Most of it's deader than a 1904 buggy-whip catalogue, but folks in the different towns like to read about themselves. The Herald picks up extra circulation that way. You should see the stuff I have to wallow through, though, to strain out the meat.

Take this tasty item from Lyndonhaven: "Mrs. George Coombs gave a social tea yesterday evening at her lovely new white house she and her husband just built next to the one that was vacated by Mr. and Mrs. Vlasek when he got a job in the blanket mills over to Ludlum. The gracious hostess served tea and cakes to her neighbors. Among the piano selections Miss M. Nickerson was prevailed on to play was . . ."

See how it goes? Words by the pound. Then I boil them down into a compact, gooey mass, keeping all the names and not much more. The Herald carries a full page of out-of-town personals every morning.

Most of my correspondents would put a sensitive newspaperman into a psychopathic ward within a year if he didn't have a spot-welded constitution like mine. But one of them did almost succeed in making me bust open a bit around the seams, which is an incredible feat. I shall never forget E. Mattison, the most startling puffwit who ever dropped a batch of unintelligible personals into a mailbox.

Usually the stuff arrived on old scraps of brown paper—people are frugal in our state—composed with a limping typewriter that didn't have any "h." That's a fact. The letter "h" was just missing. E. Mattison used to go over the pages afterward and write all the "h's" in with a pen, which made the final product look like a page from Beethoven's Fifth Symphony.

Day after day, this E. Mattison beat me back to the ragged last ditch of sanity. I remember vividly the time we had a report on a church supper at Wilgate. In the last sentence it said that the organist played Onward, Christian Soldiers. At eleven o'clock that night, while I'm down in the composing room watching Whit Noble lock up the out-of-town page, in rushes Whippy with a collect wire that cost The Herald seventy-two cents. "Please correct my story on church supper," it said, "because the organist didn't play Onward. Christian Soldiers at all like I wrote. It should have been Lead, Kindly Light. and Rev. Belcher will be put out if story in The Herald isn't right. E. Mattison"

I groaned. Whippy looked pale. "I

didn't know," he said. "I thought it might be important, so I accepted it."

The pay-off blossomed a few nights later. I was at the Starlight Tavern, leaning over the bar rail in a familiar pose, and gabbing with a friend of mine who's district supervisor for an oil company. This keeps him out on the road five days a week. "Gee," he said, putting his glass down on the stain-soaked mahogany, "I sure saw a funny thing last week."

"Yeah?" I murmured, without any burning interest.

"Passed through Wilgate," he went on. "Little burg no bigger'n a matchbox. The whole place was in a lather. Seems an oil heater exploded in the basement of a house and blew three people right out through the walls. Greatest miracle I ever heard of. They didn't even get a scratch and yet the house was ruined."

"Yeah?" I said again, this time with the rising inflection of conventional surprise. "Where was this?"

"Wilgate."

The landscape began to glow red in front of my eyes and I wanted to put my fist through the top of the bar. "That dope," I shrieked. "That colossal and unmitigated . . ." The rest was robust, unkind and strictly categorical.

Doubling back to the office, I sent off a smoking wire that night. The answer came next morning, collect as usual.

"Did not think explosion worth a story. No one got hurt. E. Mattison."

The iron was white-hot and ready for striking. "That guy," I informed Whippy, "is probably an ape. He's a leftover from the paleolithic age. His arms hang down to his knees. And I'm firing him right now!"

"Sure," said Whippy. "Sure, Chief." He knew I hated to be called "Chief," but Whippy was just fresh enough to have the makings of a good newspaperman.

"We're not gonna hire any more lunkheads by mail, either," I went on. "Somebody ought to go up there and find a smart correspondent who has all the letters on his typewriter. I'm getting old, Whippy. I want peace with my age." Actually I'm just in my mid-thirties.

WHIPPY chewed at the end of a copy pencil thoughtfully. He was a good-looking kid with a thin face and dark eyes so bright that sometimes I thought he must be burning up with fever. His hair was curly and soft blond, and more than once I've seen the girls in the business office downstairs follow him with their eyes as he went by.

"Look," I said, dipping into my battered card file, "here's a letter we got from a guy at Wilgate the other day. He wants to know if we plan any change of correspondent and suggests it might be a good idea. Sounds okay to me. His name's Morgan Olney. Maybe we better look him up."

"Okay, Chief," drawled Whippy. "How long will you be gone?"

This was something I hadn't yet thought about. It's a short trip to Wilgate, and I saw no reason for not going. I'm single, no home ties, and often go junketing across the state, covering various stories.

"I don't think it'd be safe, kid," I decided. "One look at this Mattison dope and I'd commit an exquisite job of mayhem."

"Okay, Chief," said Whippy, in the same monotone. "How long will I be gone?"

I could see now that he'd been squirming to make the trip. Wilgate is about fifty miles upstate, and over into the hills. Whippy's a good youngster, I told myself suddenly. He'll appreciate the change of scenery.

"I could do the job in a day," he declared, almost pleading. "Easy in a day. Can I go?"

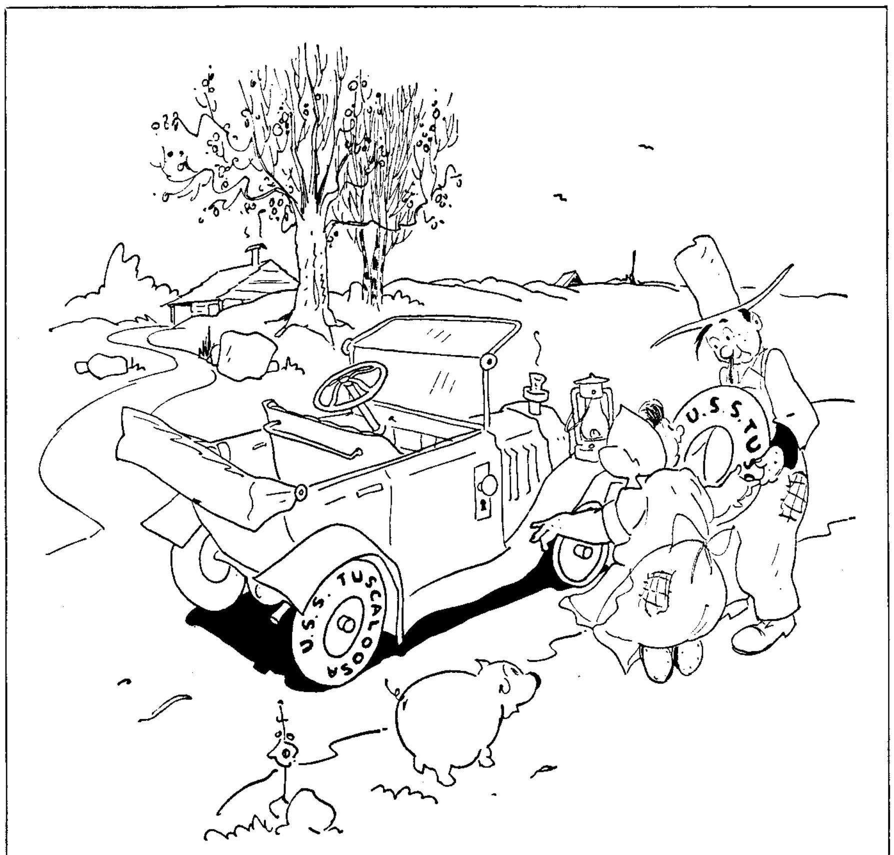
"Sure," I said. "Sure you can go. Take the day off."

And that was where I changed his life for him.

WHIPPY MULLINS used The Herald's car, a tired-looking coupé with a clutch that made it lurch off like a kangaroo. He arrived in Wilgate about noon, which means he must have taken all the turns at a good clip. Wilgate is a small town with a village green and ten houses sitting around it like people at a dinner table. Presiding is the white steeple of an old Congregational Church.

There are no paved roads in Wilgate. Just dirt and gravel, rolled flat. "Hey, bub," yelled Whippy, addressing the first person he saw, "where do the Mattisons hang out?"

The man was standing by the corner of the green. "Yonder," he said, raising his arm. Whippy saw a small house with white pickets and a green lawn. It had a front porch and the Spartan architecture of straight lines, softened by curving rose bushes up trellises. "Thanks, bub," said Whippy, and the coupé leaped up to the house in three quick jerks.



"Lucky for us Cousin Pete's boy is in the Navy, Kennesaw"

REAMER KELLER

The front door was open, but he knocked with a shy restraint that I can't quite imagine in Whippy.

A smallish woman came to the door, wiping her thin hands on an apron. A wisp of graying hair passed in front of her eyes, and nervously she smoothed it back.

"Can I find Mr. Mattison here?" asked Whippy.

"Mr. Mattison?" asked the woman.

"Yes," insisted Whippy. "E. Mattison. I'm from The Herald."

"Oh!" The woman smiled. "Won't you come in?" She went ahead of him into the front parlor, fussing at inconsequential things like imaginary dust on the slip covers that shrouded sofa and chairs.

Then she went to the foot of the stairs. "Eddie," she called. "Eddie, there's a gentleman down here to see you. From the Herald."

Whippy waited. Two minutes merged into four. "Just read a magazine or something," the woman had suggested. "If you'll pardon me, I have to look at some pies in the oven. . . ."

Then he heard footsteps on the stairs and E. Mattison came into the room.

"Hello," she said. Whippy admits he never knew which harpooned him more, her figure or her face. Even in the dim light of the parlor he could see enough of both to put his heart into a spin. She was trim with incredible perfection, and her blue eyes had a playfulness that was almost a challenge.

"Hello," said Whippy. It wasn't the voice he had planned at all. The two syllables bounced around in his throat before they broke clear. "Are you . . . Miss E. Mattison?"

She glided across the room and sat stiffly on the edge of the sofa. "Yes," she admitted. "Yes, I am. You're from The Herald." It was a positive statement, not a question.

"We . . . we didn't know," began Whippy. "I mean, down at The Herald we thought you were . . . that is, we didn't know you were . . ."

"A girl?" supplied Miss E. Mattison. "No, I always felt that women should compete equally with men, and I wanted you people to think I was a man."

"Sure. Well, sure," agreed Whippy, still in the stratosphere. "We . . . we always enjoy reading your stuff, Miss Mattison. Down at The Herald, we always read it."

"Please call me Eddie," she asked softly. "It stands for Edwina, Mr. . . ."

"Mullins. Oh, call me Whippy."

Eddie smiled. "Wouldn't you like to stay for lunch?" she asked.

"Well, gee," he stammered in ecstasy, "gee, yes—I would."

THAT night, while I was sitting at my desk rewriting some of the double-jointed sentences from my dear correspondents, Jerry McConnell came out of his office. Jerry's the managing editor. In addition to a youngish, fresh Irish face, he has two very admirable characteristics. Jerry's a born newspaperman and he can put away a pint of rye with all the dignity of a grain elevator.

"We got a correspondent at Wilgate?" he asked me.

"Wilgate?" I reached for my card file, and then remembered. "We used to," I told Jerry. "Mullins went up there this morning to hire a new one. Want me to try and reach him on the phone?"

Jerry looked at a sheaf of paper in his hand. I could see it was off the teletype from the state capital.

"The governor's going up to Wilgate to rest for a few days," explained Jerry. "There's something in the wind. He's been in Washington all week, you know."

"Sure," I said, learning this fact for the first time.

"There may be a good story about to break," went on Jerry, "and I don't want the Globe-Press to get a whiff of it." The Globe-Press is our big competitor. "Give Mullins a call, and see if he's still there. Tell him to hang around and cultivate the governor. He'll be visiting his sister. Gal by the name of Mrs. Emma Mattison."

I wrote it down automatically. "Emma Mattison . . ." Then I felt like somebody had pushed me into a cold-storage vault. "Holy Cow!" I muttered, turning the color of a fish's underside.

"You bet, Jerry," I yelped in sudden haste, reaching for the phone so quickly that I turned over the paste pot. Jerry smiled. "Hangin' around the Starlight again, I see," he said, turning away.

"Look," I growled at the operator, "I wanta talk to Mr. W. Mullins at Wilgate. See if you can reach him at the home of Mrs. Emma Mattison. Yeah, quick, sister . . ." I felt all superheated inside at the quaint thought of The Herald firing the governor's sister. In our state, anybody who crosses up a Republican bigwig like the governor might as well go live the rest of his life in a cave surrounded by poison ivy.

That wait was an awful experience.

WHEN the operator came back, her voice was cool and mechanical: "Mr. Mullins is not at the home of Mrs. Mattison, sir. He is expected later. No, sir, they didn't know how much later."

There was no point talking with Emma Mattison. Maybe Whippy hadn't told her yet. I was in what is known as a jittering dither.

"Well, keep trying," I told the operator. "For Pete's sake, keep trying."

What I didn't know, of course, was that Whippy and the young Miss Mattison, niece of the governor, were at that moment whirling along a back road in The Herald's coupé, admiring the magnificent moonlight and, with growing boldness, each other.

What Whippy did not know was that Miss Edwina Mattison had an uncle who was both her mother's brother and the governor of the state. Whippy, furthermore, was blandly ignorant that a certain Morgan Olney, who had not made as much headway with Miss Mattison as he desired, possessed both jealousy and a potent right hook.

And Miss Mattison, to complete the cast, had no idea that Morgan Olney, her local swain, had recently written to The Herald asking for her job on the theory that if she lost it she'd give up an annoying yen to be a newspaperwoman. This career-striving, or so she told him, stood irrevocably in the way of marriage, kiddies and honeysuckle 'round the door.

But Whippy measured up differently in her eyes. Whippy of the curly locks and piercing eyes was a full-blooded newspaperman whose imagination was at the moment giving voice to some harrowing, if fanciful, narratives. Edwina Mattison reacted with unusual stirrings in her bosom.

What happened or was said on that ride in The Herald's car, using up The Herald's gas, I shall never know. But

(Continued on page 46)

Our Fighting Men

WE'RE aboard the U.S.S. Kearny on the night of last October 16th. A light drizzle is falling, the wind is moderate, the sea is subsiding, the temperature is about 40°. The eastbound convoy is making six knots, with an escort made up of American and Canadian warships. The Kearny is on the left rear flank of the convoy and Chief Torpedoman Clarence E. Mann, 23 years in the Navy, is on the fantail in charge of the destroyer's depth bombs. When darkness had fallen at 7:30 P. M. the submarine pack had moved in for the kill. Now it's just past midnight....

The torpedo strikes. The flame in the night is like that of a flaring match in a dark room. The Kearny peels off to the left and picks up speed; the other escort vessels are racing in circles, dropping depth charges. When he gets the order, Clarence Mann lets one go from the Kearny's fantail. The fantail shakes, as it always does when an "ash can" goes overboard. A minute later it shakes again—but more sharply this time. The destroyer lurches to port, rights itself slowly, settles a few feet in the black Atlantic. Through Mann's mind flashes the thought: "We must have run over someone else's depth charge." The ship's whistle and siren are blaring deafeningly, incessantly. "What was it?" Mann shouts above the din. A voice comes back faintly: "A torpedo."

PAUL N. BLAND, radioman first class, is in the charthouse talking with the chief radioman. The deck comes up so hard it almost breaks the chief's ankle. Bland hears the captain telling someone to get in touch with the main radio, but there's no power and Bland starts aft toward the emergency transmitter. A Canadian ship mistakes the Kearny for a submarine; it is challenging, challenging, ready to open fire. Metalsmith First Class Frank Bernhardt scrambles down from his battle station by the machine guns above the bridge. In his hand is a lantern. Somebody on the bridge grabs it, begins frantically to signal the Canadian ship. It holds its fire.

LT. NOAH ADAIR, gunnery officer, hurries to the bridge and tries to talk to Lt. Comdr. A. L. Danis, the skipper, and Lt. E. S. Sarsfield, executive officer. Deafened by the explosion and the noise of the jammed whistle and siren, none can understand what the other says. Adair looks at the deck and realizes it was not a shell but a torpedo that hit the Kearny. All the ship controls on the bridge are out; so is the fire-control system. Lt. Adair puts the guns on local control and orders a spread of star shells fired. As the shells burst 5,000 yards away, tense gunners search hopefully for a telltale silhouette between them and the great white magnesium flares floating slowly toward the sea beneath their parachutes. But the submarine is not there.

CHIEF ELECTRICIAN'S MATE J. H. BARLOW is in the small anteroom next to the plotting room. A big red flare comes in one corner and blows him out of the anteroom into the mess hall. He rests there, dazed. When he reaches the topside he sees the main deck is ruptured and steam billowing through the cracks. He walks along the deck, looking for life jackets. "I'm hurt," a man calls to him and Barlow recognizes Chief Boatswain's Mate Leonard Frontakowski. The starboard whaleboat has been blown to pieces almost in the mate's face. He has a broken leg, broken hand and severely cut face. Barlow drags him to the executive officer's cabin and tries to make him comfortable on the floor. Frontakowski's face and jacket are covered with blood. "My chest hurts," he says. Barlow looks at the man's chest and finds a fragment of the whaleboat wedged between the injured man's chest and his life jacket. "Now, how the hell did that get there?" Barlow says, pulling the piece of wood free. Frontakowski breathes more easily. "That's better," he says.

LT. (JG) REUBEN N. PERLEY is in the director room. His first job, as damage-control and repair officer, is to go below, find out how much damage there is, judge if the ship is sinking and if she can be kept afloat. He rounds up eight or ten men and goes down to the total darkness of the ship's interior. The torpedo hit on the starboard side between the bridge and the forward funnel. Perley finds four feet of water in the plotting room, but the magazines below it, and the forward engine room, are all right. The bulkheads forward and aft of the forward fire room are holding but need shoring up. The men get to work. Ensign Roy A. Norelius, assistant gunnery officer, comes down. "The captain wants to know if we can stay afloat," he says. Perley answers: "I'm not sure yet. The damage looks terrible. But the ship feels good. She's almost cut in two—still, she feels good." You can tell something about a ship by the way she feels, the way she rides the waves. You keep close watch on her; on the bulkheads and on the bow and stern to make sure they're acting together. Any time you see the bow begin to rise while the stern stays put you know the ship is coming apart.

THE Kearny is crawling at three knots, trying desperately to get beyond the light from burning ships, star shells, signal rockets. There are eleven dead (seven were killed in the forward fire room) and eleven injured. Down in the forward engine room, Chief Machinist's Mate Aucie McDaniel is working expertly with his crew, winning himself the Navy Cross. He cuts off broken steam connections, and in half an hour he has steam up. The forward engines are cut in and the Kearny speeds up to ten knots. Hurrying aft, Radioman Bland bumps into another radioman coming forward from the emergency transmitter. "I can't get on the air," he tells Bland. "All the antennas are down." Bland rigs up a transmitter and gets it working. There is no doctor aboard the Kearny and the first message he sends out is a request for one. Word comes that a destroyer is on her way to meet the Kearny, bringing a doctor. The pharmacist's mate thinks he can take care of the wounded overnight, so the Kearny's officers decide to wait for the doctor and not hold up the escort. They signal her to never mind. The chief steward gets coffee and sandwiches together and everyone begins to feel better.

When the doctor gets aboard next day, he is worried about Torpedoman Third Class Samuel R. Kurtz, who was standing on the starboard side of the bridge and had both legs broken. The doctor asks for blood plasma and a Navy plane brings it out, drops it by parachute to the sea. A boat from one of the destroyers picks up the package and a blood transfusion saves Kurtz's life.

A SWITCH IN LULLABIES

"Some flew east—some flew west—
Some flew over the cuckoo's nest."
—(Old nursery rhyme)

Somewhere beyond the Southern Cross above the Seven Seas,
Along the bitter far-off roads, their pinions catch the breeze.
Their wings are black against the sky, by desert, surf and dune,
The ancient lullaby is lost against a rougher tune—

Some flew east—some flew west—
And some will fly no more;
Far, far out from the eagle's nest
Their mighty motors roar.
And wing by wing their rule will grow
Above all sea and sod,
Until they strike the final blow
For country and for God.

Faintly, I hear the old, old song when golden dreams were young.
But louder still I hear the wings where sudden death is flung.
Bravely the eagle rides the air, but in my fading dreams,
The dim, lost lullaby returns—how far away it seems—

Some fly east—and some fly west—
They take an endless track.
Through flame and steel they face the test
Around the world and back.
Their golden youth blots out the sky,
They let the comets plod,
As each one flies to live or die
For country and for God.

GRANTLAND RICE

The Army Needs Your Skill

The pay problem has been keeping men out of the Army who should be in—men who have made good at their civilian jobs, whose skill is badly needed, but who have families to support. And this mechanized war requires skill as no past one has. New, complicated methods of communication, transportation and attack put the premium on the man who has years of civilian training.

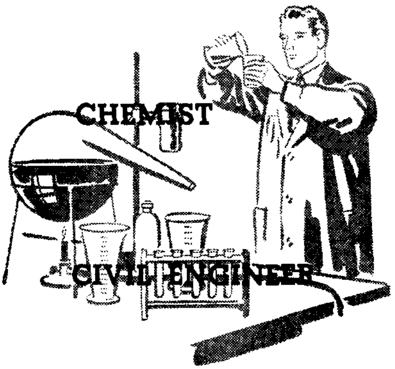
For that reason, the Army is working constantly to see that the experienced electrician doesn't spend his enlistment baking bread. For that reason also, the man who has special ability that earns him a living in normal times will advance rapidly in the Army. He may soon replace a good part of his former salary with a technician's or a sergeant's pay. There is no minimum time before advancement; and a private can become a sergeant without ever having been a corporal.

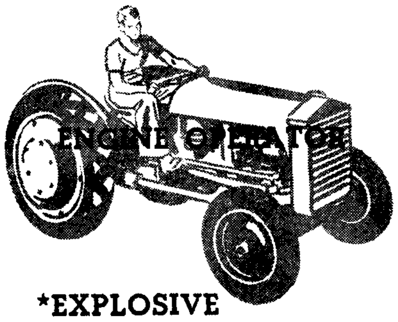
Figure it out with the table on the right. If you have what is needed (see partial list) you'll probably find you can do your duty by your family as well as your country by getting into this fracas. But whatever your job, be sure to notify your local draft board of any intention to volunteer in the Army.

Here's How You Fit In

A FEW OF THE SEVERAL
HUNDRED OCCUPATIONS
CLASSIFIED BY THE ARMY

ACCOUNTANT	Clerical or bookkeeping experience not a great need in the Army; but some statisticians and accountants are finding places in the War Department.
ADMINISTRATOR	A degree from a high-grade business college—plus experience—will help toward a commission in the Army.
***AUTO (TRUCK) MECHANIC**	Present demand is for 18 of these out of each 1,000 men; only 16 per 1,000 have been entering the ranks recently.
BLACKSMITH	Small need nowadays (only 7 per 10,000 currently enlisting) but not quite that many are getting into uniform.
CHEMIST	Chemical Warfare Service is relatively small in numbers. Commissions await some graduate chemists.
CIVIL ENGINEER	Plenty of work for qualified, experienced engineering school graduates.
CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN	The Army needs two for every one it is getting; this need may taper off later after rush of new building ends.
***DENTAL LABORATORY TECHNICIAN**	Enlisted men with some experience in dental work will get fine training. Currently 3 out of 1,000 are needed; one-sixth that number are entering.
***DIESEL ENGINE MECHANIC**	Requiring 1.5 per 1,000 men enlisted, the Army is getting only 0.5 per 1,000. The need for them will increase, too.
DRAFTSMAN	Various specialized lines hold opportunities for those with some training.
***ELECTRICAL ENGINEER**	Only 1 out of 10,000 enlisted men come in as electrical engineers; the Army needs 4 in each 1,000. Graduate engineers should present complete data to Corps Area Headquarters.
***ELECTRICIAN**	Shortages in several types of electrical workers now exist. The Signal Corps and other bodies can use more trained men than are enlisting.
ENGINE OPERATOR	Experience as hoist operator, on stationary engines, tractors, bulldozers, etc., is a big aid to advancement.
***EXPLOSIVE OPERATOR**	Powdermen and others familiar with explosives are needed. New men are coming in at just half the needed rate.
INDUSTRIAL ENGINEER	A limited number find very important work in the new "industrialized" Army.





*Currently among the most needed in enlisted ranks

NOT many days ago, Chief Electrician's Mate Barlow leaned over the side as the Kearny—speedier and stronger than it was before—slid out to sea again. "We have a score to settle," he said. "They got the first round, all right, but we'll see what the judges say when the fight's over."

CAMP CROWDER, Mo. Carbines are to replace pistols here before long. The Signal Corps boys aren't expected to lead in offensive fighting but they'll be able to take care of themselves. One recent arrival, who said his shooting had been confined to a news camera, ran up a 93.5 over-all average firing score, and the first picture he sent home showed him wearing a marksman's medal. Another newcomer balked at the idea of even holding a pistol. Said he was scared by a gun when he was a kid and was allergic to them. One day on the pistol range cured his allergy.

FURLOUGH applications at Crowder, and requests to the Red Cross for loans to go home, frequently relate to deaths of "kin." When that word is used and a Southern address is mentioned, further inquiry ensues. Sometimes the deceased proves to be a third or fourth cousin once or twice removed, and the recruit is advised to wire his regrets.

PVT. A. JUSTMAN, Co. A, 32d Bn. (Barracks 647) at Crowder says the boys are having a fierce time furnishing their day room and wants to know if any civilian reader of this column would be interested in sending Co. A a used radio. Would any?

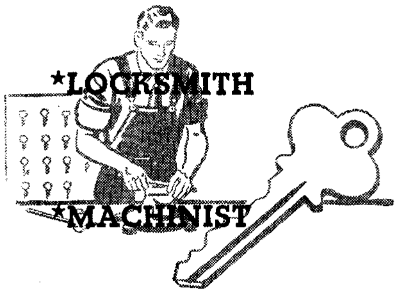
GOWEN FIELD, Boise, Idaho. Pfc. Woodrow Watson, base headquarters information clerk, was talking over the phone to Pvt. Harry R. Taylor on sentry duty. Watson suddenly heard a loud crash and Taylor's shout: "Call the guardhouse!" The guards found Taylor's sentry house slightly off base and the sentry lying in the road still clutching the phone. Seems a civilian driver (we won't mention her sex) swerved to miss two soldiers and smacked into the sentry house. When he came to Taylor admitted he thought it was a tank attack.

FORT DOUGLAS RECEPTION CENTER, Salt Lake City. When a local radio commentator sounded off with the assertion that some of the noncoms at the center were "trained in vulgarity and subjected the men to a type of language and treatment that leaves many a scar on a newcomer" he really kicked a hornet's nest. The draftees themselves held a protest meeting and said all they'd heard was a little well-placed cussing but nothing abusive. One private, not so long ago a civilian, complained that "Civilians don't understand Army life; they take everything they hear too literally." Officers quietly pointed out that the Army doesn't tolerate abuse; that noncoms who try to pull any are busted pronto; that only 10 per cent of the permanent personnel at the center is made up of Army Regulars; and that, after all, the Army is no young man's finishing school. One citizen wrote in to say he hoped the Army was as tough as pictured. A bunch of aviation cadets who happened to be going through the center at the time found the noncoms to be reasonable human beings and took the opportunity to lay out the radio commentator with several well-chosen words, none profane.

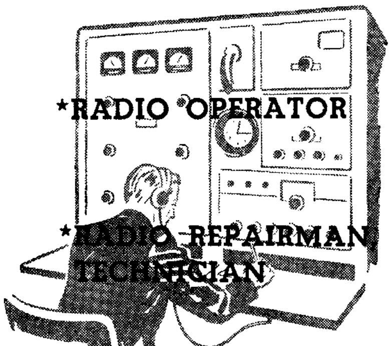
PAINE FIELD, Wash. Allen Nehrboss started Army life in the comparatively easy capacity of a bugler ("You

(Continued on page 45)

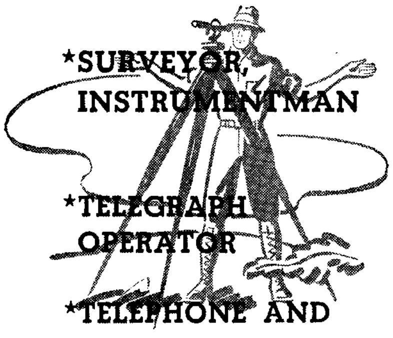
***INSTRUMENT MAKER, REPAIRMAN**	Only one comes in where three are needed. Rating as technician is a good prospect if you have the skill.



***LOCKSMITH**	A big demand (13 per 1,000 men entering) and small supply (0.5 per 1,000) make locksmiths welcome for service.
***MACHINIST**	Also on the Army's wanted list and most popular with recruiting officers.
***MECHANIC**	They need two and a half times as many as they are getting. General, all-round training is most acceptable.
MECHANICAL ENGINEER	Particular types of experience interest the Army greatly. Submit qualifications and see if you are the right one.
METALLURGIST	Education and experience are valuable in many duties concerned with procurement of weapons, equipment.
OFFICE MACHINE OPERATOR	The Army needs 1.5 card-punch operators per 1,000 new men, is getting 0.5 per 1,000; needs 1.2 tabulating-machine operators, is getting 0.5 per 1,000; needs 1.3 card punching and sorting specialists, is getting 0.1 per 1,000. New men are quickly trained.
PERSONNEL TECHNICIAN OR CONSULTANT	Experience in this field is highly valuable as the Army works hard at finding its right men for the right spots.
PHYSICIST (*ELECTRONICS)	Specialists in electronics are currently rare and badly needed; submit data.
PURCHASING EXPERT	Background in this work puts a man in a strategic position for key work in the Army—today's biggest buyer.



***RADIO OPERATOR**	The need—15.5 per 1,000; the supply—0.5 per 1,000. Either amateur or professional skill interests the Army.
***RADIO REPAIRMAN TECHNICIAN**	Needing 3.5 and getting 1.5 per 1,000, the Army wants to see you if you have this training in the radio field.
STATISTICIAN	Special skill of this type may interest any of several administrative and supervisory departments in the Army.



***SURVEYOR, INSTRUMENTMAN**	Eleven times as many are needed as enter the ranks. The lack is made up through training, but previous experience is most valuable right now.
***TELEGRAPH OPERATOR**	The Army needs 1.2 per 1,000 new men, gets 0.5 per 1,000 now entering.
***TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH REPAIRMAN, INSTALLER**	Demand outweighs supply by 6 to 1, with good prospects ahead for the skilled man in communications work.
TRAFFIC EXPERT	Transportation problems are among an army's greatest. Specialists in traffic work should submit qualifications.

*Currently among the most needed in enlisted ranks.

New Rates of Army Pay

Men with dependents	Base Pay	If serving abroad	If serving abroad on flying duty	Rental and Subsistence Allowances
CAPTAIN	$200.	$220.	$300.	$132.
FIRST LIEUTENANT	166.67	183.33	275.	117.
SECOND LIEUTENANT	150.	165.	247.50	102.
WARRANT OFFICER (JUNIOR)	138.	165.60	248.40	102.
MASTER SERGEANT	138.	165.60	248.40	*
TECHNICAL & FIRST SERGEANT	114.	136.80	305.20	*
STAFF SERGEANT TECHNICIAN, THIRD GRADE	96.	115.20	172.80	*
SERGEANT, TECHNICIAN, FOURTH GRADE	78.	93.60	140.40	*
CORPORAL TECHNICIAN FIFTH GRADE	66.	79.20	118.80	*
PRIVATE, FIRST CLASS	48.	57.60	86.40	*
PRIVATE	42.	50.40	75.60	*

*All food and lodging supplied.

These rates are soon to go into effect. Higher rates for privates were under consideration at time of going to press. In addition, a bill now going through Congress provides payment to dependents of enlisted men in this way: the soldier allots $15 monthly out of his salary; the government adds another $15 if he has a wife but no children; $30 to a wife and one child; $40 to a wife and two children; $5 a month extra for each additional child. Another bill with the same purpose provides slightly more liberal allowances.

SUBMIT qualifications, get information, at Office of Commanding General, First (Second, Third, etc.) Corps Area Headquarters, using these addresses:

First Corps Area Headquarters, Boston Army Base, Boston, Mass. Area includes Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecticut.

Second Corps Area Headquarters, Governors Island, N. Y. Area includes New Jersey, Delaware and New York.

Third Corps Area Headquarters, United States Post Office and Court House, Baltimore, Md. Area includes Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia and the District of Columbia.

Fourth Corps Area Headquarters, Post Office Building, Atlanta, Ga. Area includes North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee and Mississippi.

Fifth Corps Area Headquarters, Fort Hayes, Columbus, Ohio. Area includes Ohio, West Virginia, Indiana and Kentucky.

Sixth Corps Area Headquarters, Post Office Building, Chicago, Ill. Area includes Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin.

Seventh Corps Area Headquarters, New Federal Building, Fifteenth and Dodge Streets, Omaha, Nebr. Area includes Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Iowa, Nebraska, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota and Wyoming.

Eighth Corps Area Headquarters, Fort Sam Houston, San Antonio, Tex. Area includes Texas, Oklahoma, Arkansas, New Mexico and Louisiana.

Ninth Corps Area Headquarters, Presidio of San Francisco, Calif. Area includes Washington, Oregon, Idaho, Montana, Utah, Arizona, Nevada and California.

Here are the averages a man with special skill can beat. What happens to 1,000 soldiers in their first year of training . . .

417.3	remain privates; 582.7 move higher
307.0	become privates first class
94.9	become corporals; 275.7 go into positions of command
88.0	become sergeants
46.4	become staff sergeants
22.4	become technical sergeants
9.0	become master sergeants
5.0	become warrant officers
10.0	become second lieutenants
1,000.0	

Maps for a New World

Continued from page 16

there are unpleasant realities which must be faced by the mapmakers of the democracies: Japan feels insecure within her own Sea of Japan. Russia is cut off from a warm-water port. China is weak. India is rebellious.

Japan should be given *all* lands about the Sea of Japan. In exchange for this concession, Russia should receive a warm-water outlet through Manchuria and the addition of Outer Mongolia. China should be strengthened. Thailand should be expanded to include all of Indo-China except Tonking which should be returned to China. Thailand should also receive part of Burma in exchange for the Kra Isthmus. India should be divided into the two self-governing dominions. Northwest India should be joined to Baluchistan to form a Moslem India. The remainder should constitute a dominantly Hindu-Buddhist India. A strong Jewish commonwealth should be set up in Palestine, and a Christian state in Syria. The formation of a strong Moslem confederation, extending from Moslem India to Egypt, should be encouraged in the interests of order in southwest Asia. A Philippine Commonwealth must be continued. The Malay-East Indies area should again be a British-Dutch colony.

A map of the Pacific basin shows the same familiar pattern of interlocking colonial fragments making for friction and rivalry. It would be a comparatively easy task to zone this great ocean into quadrants of political control.

Draw a line following the Equator from the Galápagos Islands to a point just north of New Guinea. The United States should own all islands north of this line as far west as the International Date Line. Japan should control all west of that line except for an international zone extending from north of New Guinea to the Formosa Strait and northward along the China coast to Port Arthur.

South of the Equator, Chile should control the area westward to the 125th meridian. West of that line, Australia and New Zealand should own all the islands save those of the international zone. This does not mean abandonment of freedom of the seas; it simply means a natural division of colonial ownership and it should go a long way toward stabilizing Pacific politics.

NO COLONIES IN THE AMERICAS

A last bit of geographical housecleaning is in order. European colonies in the Western Hemisphere must go. The Falkland Islands must pass to Argentina, their naval base being transferred to the United States. British Honduras, Bermuda, Trinidad, the Bahamas, Jamaica and the British Antilles must be transferred to Canada. The Dutch Leeward Islands must go to Venezuela. The French islands must be attached to the French-speaking province of Quebec in Canada. Our own dubious possession Puerto Rico should be induced to become a state in the Republic of Cuba. Greenland should be annexed to Canada. The Guianas should be jointly administered by a Pan-American Commission. Thus the decks would be cleared for a badly needed new order.

BY WAY OF RESUMÉ

Europe can and must be stabilized by the formation of nine great nations. These must not be set up arbitrarily on politico-economic or military premises, but must be constructed from existing cultural groupings of small nations, each with its own special culture carefully safeguarded. The slate must be cleaned by the transfer of minorities. Russia must be given adequate outlets to the ocean. The African colonial pattern must be rearranged and simplified.

The political control of the Pacific colonies must be rezoned into quadrants.

Colonialism must be abolished in the American hemisphere. It must also be abolished in Asia and replaced by a strong China, a secure Japan, a strong Russia, a strengthened Thailand-Annam state, two Indian commonwealths, a Jewish state, a Christian state of Syria, and a strong entente of Moslem nations in the southwest.

At present there is no question that the British Empire is our only device for world peace. For over a century it maintained world peace for the rest of us but it was unable to maintain it in 1914.

The other Anglo-Saxon powers were forced to intervene to save both world peace and the British Empire. At present we are again compelled to intervene even though ultimate victory seems far off. Certainly neither the United States nor the dominions intend to go on indefinitely, intervening periodically to save the British Empire. It's simply a too costly and inefficient way to have world order.

An entirely new setup, with a stabilized Europe, a stabilized Asia, a zoned Pacific, an America free of colonialism, and a repartitioned Africa, is the only alternative. In this world order, a round-the-world British Empire will no longer exist. British and Dutch colonies will consist of jointly held African and East Indian possessions connected by a line of fueling stations. If this is not enough for a realistic labor-dominated British government, we cannot help it. We will by then be far too busy paying off our own war debts to worry about a Britannia who no longer wears a world crown.

THE END

"We have an arrangement in the neighborhood and each takes turns doing the whole batch"

Flight to the Sun

Continued from page 20

hospital in Athens and he wrote a letter to Hickey thanking him for bringing him back and asking what was going on. And they were saying he was being sent back to Egypt.

Mellass kept them amused with his stories about when he was in exile, though they didn't believe him. He told them too about the special squad of raiders he had, that dressed up as peasants and went behind the Italian lines and set fire to camps and stores. He would disappear for days and when he came back he would tell them he had been on a raid. But they did not believe him. He seemed to be answerable to no one and he had a fine time with Nitralexis, who laughed at his stories and said he had never heard such stories even in Baron Munchausen's biography. But he went away, too, and they didn't know where he went.

It was a good letup. They shaved every day and got clean for the first time since they had been in Greece.

John Quayle went up to the hospital every day. When Helen was not busy they would walk through the mud and snow behind the hospital and through the village out toward the high Mitsekli range. They did not argue very much now. They were very gay instead.

Quayle and Helen were very fine with each other during that time. He still avoided being clumsy with her and not once did their reserve break down.

They were very fine days . . . and both of them were relaxed.

THE peacefulness ended with the bombing raid on Ioannina. Quayle heard the siren about five o'clock in the morning. He did not get up because the sirens went every time there was any plane in the vicinity. He drowsed off but the hotel shook with the first bomb and he heard Tap in the next room shouting to Brewer to put his boots on because there was a raid. Quayle pulled on his flying suit over his pajamas and put his flying boots on, as the hotel felt the shake of bombs. He could hear the planes now and wondered how far away the bombing was.

They got out on the open field toward the hospital. He could see the bombs spilling out of the first plane that was high in the new light. He flattened out with Tap and tall Richardson as the bombs came down and burst somewhere in the village. He felt the noise and the earth shake . . . and then came the rest of them. He turned on his side to look up and saw the whole flight of Savoias and the small fighters winged on top of them, and Tap said, "This is going to be a dose!"

It had come down thick. The string of bombs came right along near the hotel, and a hundred-pounder hit the mud between them and the hotel. Quayle felt the whole earth heave up and its mess come down all over them; he heard only the earth shake in its tracks and the end of silence forever, until there was the individual sound of shrapnel winging off the cement front of the hotel and coming around in great high cries.

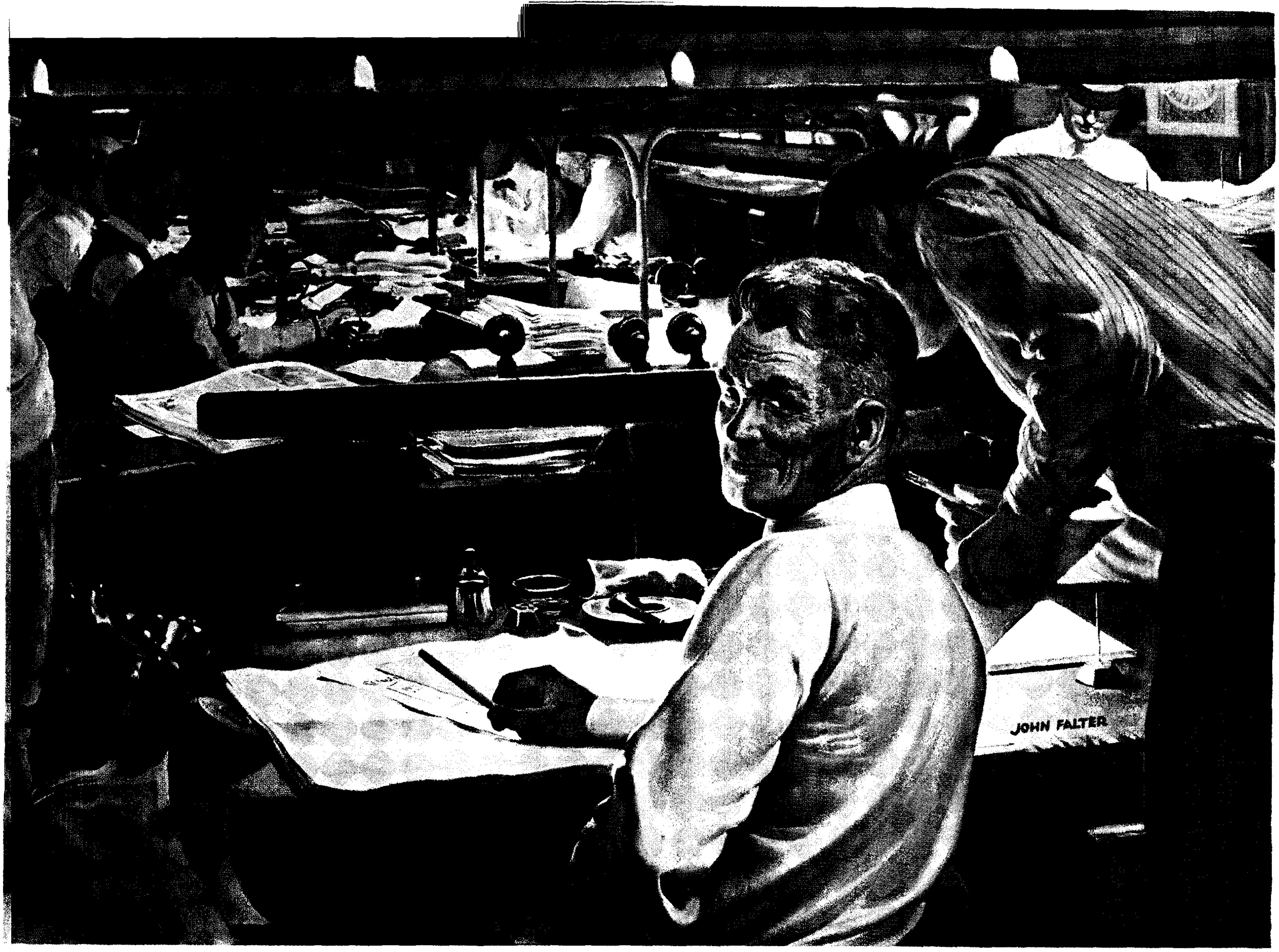
It moved forward from them toward the hospital, and another bomb landed farther up and then farther as the earth shook again. He could see the hospital through mud going up and coming down, and he saw green grass of the field high in the air, with the boom and the shrill cry of shrapnel.

The next lot of bombs came on the right, and pieces of timber and rock from some of the buildings were moving around in the air above them. Quayle pushed harder into the earth and felt the continuous movement of it and its reception of the noise and its transmission through itself to his body until it quieted. He looked up. Thirty or forty planes were winging high over the airfield and he saw the string and cluster of bombs come down on the field. He knew they had found it. The British had not, in any way, camouflaged the planes or the big tent where the ground crew lived, as the Greeks camouflaged. In the bright morning the Italians couldn't help seeing it.

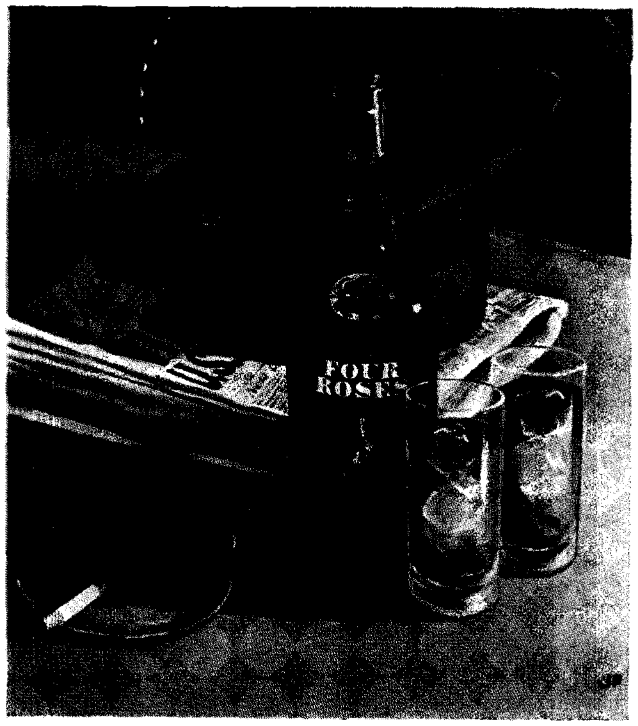
"They finally know the town exists," Tap said.

"They didn't drop much stuff," Richardson said. He was laughing and rubbing the dirt out of his hair.

Quayle turned around and looked toward the village but there was only



How about a nightcap when the final's put to bed?



MANAGING EDITOR: A highball? You bet I will! The minute the last edition goes to press.

US: Fine—and we'd like to propose something *very special* in the way of a nightcap. Which brings us to a question: have you tasted *today's* Four Roses?

MANAGING EDITOR: As a matter of fact, I haven't—though I've been meaning to for a long time.

US: Then tonight's the night—and we promise you one thing: As a newspaper man you've known plenty of thrills...but you're in for still *another* when you discover what wonderful things have happened to *today's* Four Roses. You've never tasted such full, rich magnificence ...such mellow softness...such glorious flavor!

MANAGING EDITOR: Are you by any chance trying to hint that today's Four Roses is sort of a seven-star final in the way of perfection?

US: *We are—and it is!* What's more, when you taste it, we're certain you'll agree that the virtues of Four Roses should be praised in the biggest headline type there is!

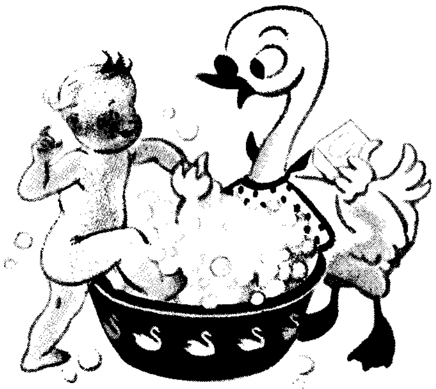
MANAGING EDITOR: If you're right—in fact, if you're only *half* right—what a whiskey it must be! Where's my hat—let's go!

Four Roses is a blend of straight whiskies—90 proof. The straight whiskies in Four Roses are 5 years or more old. Frankfort Distilleries, Inc., Louisville & Baltimore.

YOU'VE NEVER TASTED SUCH WHISKEY AS TODAY'S FOUR ROSES!

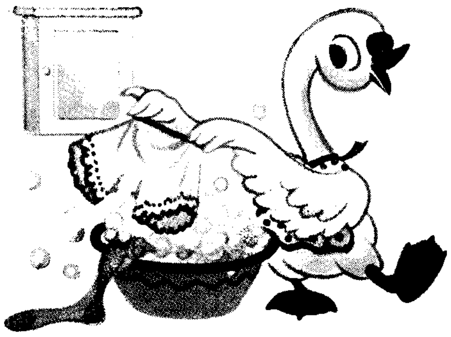
"In two shakes of a Swan's tail —loads and loads of baby-gentle suds!"

Gentle? Yes, baby-gentle!



SWAN'S PURE AS IMPORTED CASTILES! So mild—it's just what the doctor ordered for Junior! And when you suds up—what a surprise! Oodles of soft, baby-gentle suds—quicker 'n you can say—"Well, I Swan!"

Baby-gentle and savin'!



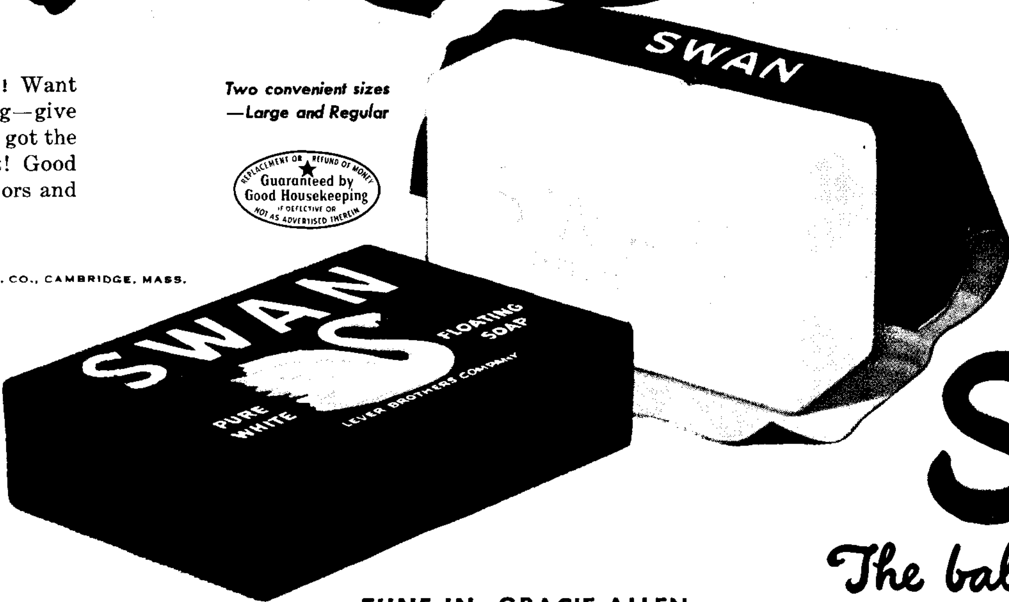
THE BEST FRIEND UNDIES EVER HAD! Want to keep stockings alive and kicking—give undies a long lease on life? Swan's got the baby-gentle suds that can do it! Good news these days—for precious colors and fabrics!

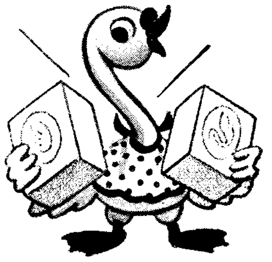
SWAN
Just a shake and a half really!

Two convenient sizes —Large and Regular

Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

LEVER BROS. CO., CAMBRIDGE, MASS.





SNAP! SWAN IS THRIFTY TWINS! Use half in the kitchen; half in the bath.

Baby-gentle and quick!

WHIZ THROUGH DISHES! SAVE YOUR HANDS! Give Swan a swish—then watch those rich suds billow out and chase grease! Suds that come fast—stay long—work plenty! Baby-gentle suds that treat your hands as if they loved 'em! Bye-bye strong, easy-to-waste package soaps!

Baby-gentle! Swan-derful!

LAUGH AT HARD WATER NOW! Yessir, even in "water as hard as nails," Swan's a sudsin' whiz! And Swan gives you more real soap per penny than *any* leading toilet soap! Get Swan today and save!

TUNE IN: GRACIE ALLEN
GEORGE BURNS • PAUL WHITEMAN
See your local paper for time and station

Swan

The baby-gentle floating soap that's a sudsin' whiz!

white smoke and still the same lines, though there was a lot of damage. The hospital had a lot of new scars on the side of it and a black powder mark. The hotel was looking dilapidated.

"I wonder about the field. I hope the crew got out of that tent," Quayle said.

Hickey was coming out of the hotel. He had not got up during the raid and he said as he came out, "It sounded as if something dropped near the field."

"Slap in the middle of it," Brewer said. He was red with the earth from an explosion farther down, where he had been lying in the field.

"We had better go out," Hickey said.

They got in the station wagon and drove down around the craters and saw the people being carried out of some of the smashed buildings. Some were crying and others were mad with anger and running in an unknown direction for unknown reasons. Twisted wrecks of cars were piled high over a wall, and smoke poured from a burning white house near the restaurant which had two of the veranda posts blown away and all its windows smashed. It was like that all the way down and there were craters along the empty road to the field.

Whiter, who was the flight sergeant, came up to Hickey when the car stopped. "Are you all right?" he asked.

"We're all right. Did anything happen here?" Hickey asked him.

They got out and looked around.

"A couple came pretty near. They strung across the field and we got a few punctures in the tent. But we're okay. They can't hit the side of a barn."

THEY could see the black craters across the field but the Gladiators were way to the right of them, scattered out.

"We got a couple of sheep out of it," Whiter said. "They killed a couple with the blast and they landed almost in our lap. The old shepherd here nearly cried himself sick, so we bought the carcass for a hundred drachmas."

"How are you doing out here anyway?" Hickey asked.

"All right. We could do with some blankets. When are those stores coming up?"

"They promised them today."

"Are they coming up by plane?"

"I don't think so," Hickey said. "Are you low?"

"We haven't any. We've got to buy our bread and meat from the village."

"That's no good," Hickey said. "I'll talk to Athens about it today."

"Those desert sores are giving Masters some trouble," Whiter said.

"Is he around now?"

"Yes, sir." Sergeant Whiter called Masters. He was a pale boy with lank black hair and quiet features. He looked very sick. His hands were bandaged roughly and his movements with them were awkward as though his whole arm was affected.

"How do you feel, Masters?" Hickey asked him.

"All right. I can't move my arms very well," he said. He was a cockney.

"Do you want to come in and see Doc Anderson?"

"How will I get back here?"

"We'll get you back. I'll see about those stores, Mr. Whiter," Hickey said as he got back into the car.

When they got back to the town Anderson was up at the hospital, and a lot of people were stringing their way up the road toward it. They took Masters up there and tried to find Anderson in all the mess that was going on as the wounded from the town were brought in and laid on the floor at the entrance. They found him working on a Greek and told him about Masters.

"Look what I'm in," he said. "Bring him back after breakfast."

They left Masters in the restaurant and went with Hickey to headquarters—a cave—to get the orders for the day. The orders were waiting for them when they got there.

The squadron was directed to head for Elbasani and wait around there for bombers. Reconnaissance showed that Italians were operating from there and had brought up about three new squadrons for a big counterattack they were starting on the central front. Actually it had already started and the bombing this morning was part of it. The Italians seemed to be going about this one in a big way.

THE squadron took off in between the bomb craters and climbed into an easy stretch, heading north into the high sky that was without cloud except the white around the peaks caused by the sudden rising warm air.

Brewer and Finn were in John Quayle's flight, and Tap was tailing the squadron because he had done a good enough job in the last dice, when he had waited and come down when they were all lying around. They were at fifteen thousand when they came over Elbasani, which was in the neck of a deep river gorge and in deep shadow of a wide U-shaped mountain. It was a small place and the airdrome was about the first thing Quayle saw. There were so many Savoias and smaller fighters on it that it was like a flag waving them to it.

"A short refresher course and she was ready for action again"

GEORGE PRICE

There were about twenty bombers and a group of fighters lining up to take off in groups. It was miraculous that nothing came up at the Gladiators as they swooped lower over the town. They were at eleven thousand before anything started, and then the black antiaircraft started bursting around them. Between Hersey's wings Quayle saw Hickey shake his plane and nose over. Quayle took a quick look below and saw the first flight of bombers just leaving the ground.

The Gladiators came down through the black antiaircraft which twice was near enough to bump Quayle's plane, but Hickey was leading them carefully and they were down through the barrage. Then they headed steeper, and Hickey pulled out right on top of the first ten Savoias that were climbing desperately and firing wildly at the Gladiators even before they were in range. Hickey held his fire until he was right on the bomber, then gave it and held it in a long wide burst of fire. Constance came after him, attacking the same bomber and it was Constance hitting the pilot that crashed the Savoia. It went straight down without any preliminaries and crashed.

The Italians had come in close and the tracers from their guns amidships were wild because they knew they were trapped since they were so low. They were less than a thousand feet when Richardson came beam on into a bomber and almost cut it in two. It stalled as the nose went up and it fell quickly away. Quayle got onto another one but the pilot was smart and sideslipped away. For a moment Quayle thought the Italian was going to crash into another Savoia, so he pulled hard on the stick and right ruddered so that he banked in a half rolling climb and got away, but the Savoia straightened out.

The Savoias were waiting desperately for their fighters to come up and help them. The Gladiators were waiting for them too because it would be no fun scrapping at this height. Quayle was less than five hundred feet, and with no pull left in his climb because Hickey had not climbed. He had winged around and at the bombers again as Brewer and Finn came down in their initial dive on them.

Tap was on top waiting for the trouble to get to the others. But Hickey came right around in the middle of the climbing Savoias, who were firing everywhere wildly and dropping their bombs on their own airfield to get rid of weight. One Savoia climbed a hundred feet over the others, was escaping when Brewer and Finn both went after him, came at him from both sides and poured everything they had into him.

By this time the Italian 42s had left the ground and were in among the squadron. The first to be attacked by them was Finn, and Quayle came around and shot a 42 away from his tail just as he was about done. Quayle could feel another 42 on his own tail as he leveled out—the most dangerous moment in a fight—to get at the 42 on Finn's tail.

QUAYLE saw two 42s go down, and about all he could see were 42s. When Tap and the other two came down to help them he knew it was time to get out. Quayle climbed as Tap came in a wide bank almost straight down. He was waiting for Tap's leading edge to peel off when he leveled out and he could see the terrific wide burst of Tap's .303s flying around everywhere. But he could only see Italians when he banked . . . until he climbed two hundred feet; then he saw even more.

It was strange to see so much level flying in a scrap because everybody was so low. Two Gladiators were out of it above Quayle and another one was a way off to the right. Tap was coming up after his dive with his flight still hanging on to him.

Quayle could only see one Gladiator down there after that. The Gladiator was trying to get height but there were at least fifteen 42s around him and two on his tail. Quayle started out in that direction but they were all flat out and he pushed on the throttle. He saw Hickey streak by him as if he had got some human element into the plane so that he got extra speed out of it.

But Hickey was too late.

The Gladiator suddenly turned over and fell in a left spin—quickly, then wildly. Quayle waited without breath for whoever it was to jump but there was no jump. He saw it hit the ground and the black smoke and red flames spread over it.

Quayle pulled up desperately because it was time to get out of this. He kept pulling around until he could see three Gladiators which he thought were Tap and his flight. Then Hickey came in over him and they all started for home. Quayle had not seen any other Gladiator go down but he could only see five besides himself around and he wondered who had crashed.

IT WAS always slow getting back. John Quayle called into his phone a couple of times but no one replied, so he did not try again.

There were four Gladiators in when he got down . . . Hickey, Constance, Hersey and Richardson. None of Tap's flight was back—Brewer, Finn and Tap himself.

"There was quite a mess when I left," tall Richardson said.

"Who went down?" Quayle asked, as he came to the four of them. They were sitting on the running board of the station wagon with Anderson, the doctor.

"We don't know. Richardson says it was Tap," Hickey said.

"Tap!" Quayle was surprised at the big feeling within him.

"I saw him come out from about twenty 42s and when I turned around the next time I thought I saw him caught again, and then he went down," Hickey said.

"Did anybody else get it?" Constance asked.

"I didn't see anybody," Quayle answered.

"Was it you that came on the 42 that had me?" Constance said to John Quayle.

"Yes."

"That's getting to be a habit of yours," Hickey said.

"I just run into it," Quayle told him.

"Here's somebody now."

"His flaps have been shot away," Hickey said.

The Gladiator came low very fast and hit the field. It bounced. The earth splashed from its wheels. It floated high and fast. The nose dipped a little. It came down again and slid very swiftly across the field. Quayle could see the pilot was afraid to put his brakes on in case he should tip, nose down. The Gladiator stopped just at the beginning of the rough area. The pilot climbed out . . . undid his parachute. Quayle saw then it was Finn. That left Tap and easygoing Brewer still away.

"Was that Tap that went down?" Quayle asked Finn.

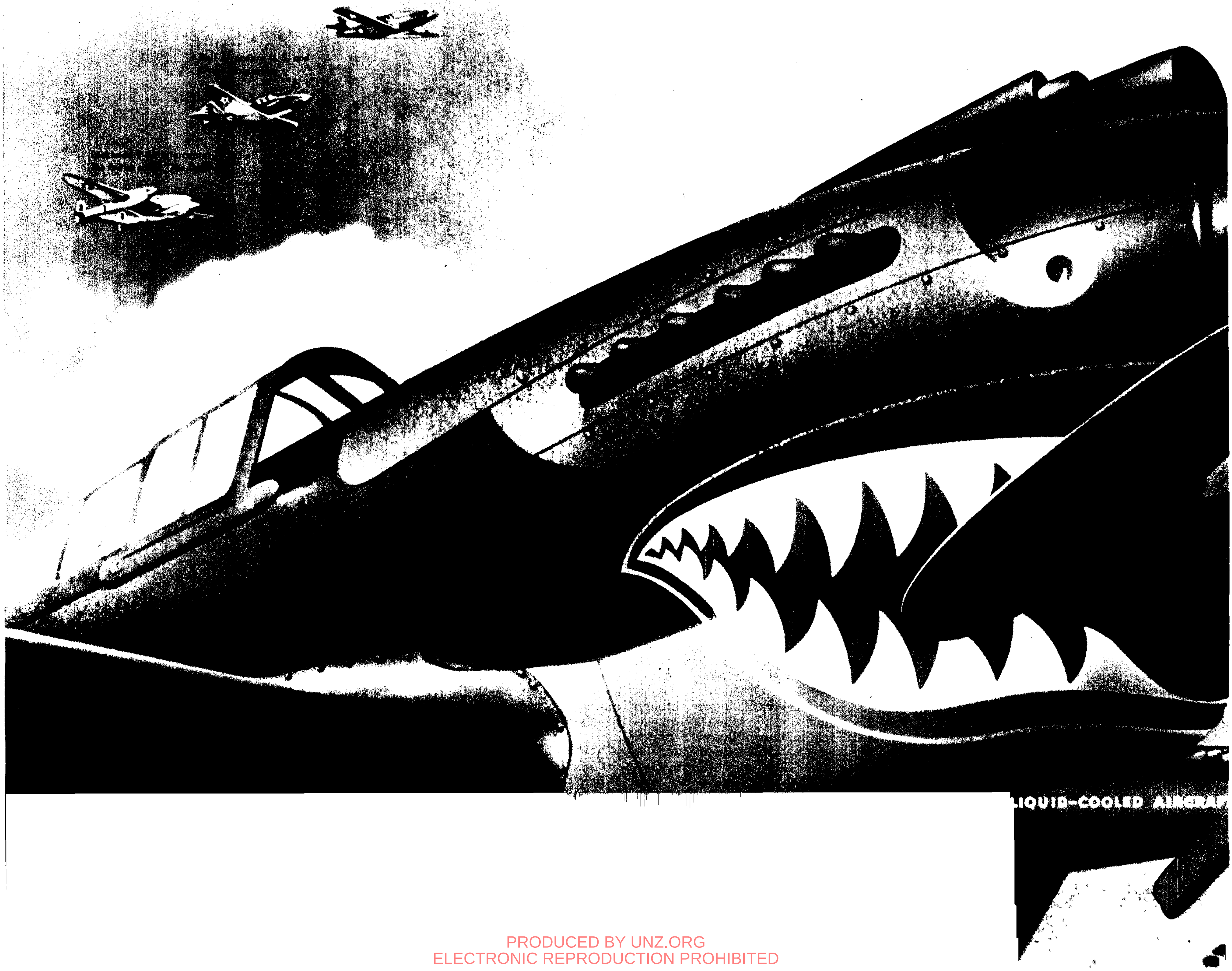
"I don't know. . . . I didn't even know anybody went down. Who's not back?"

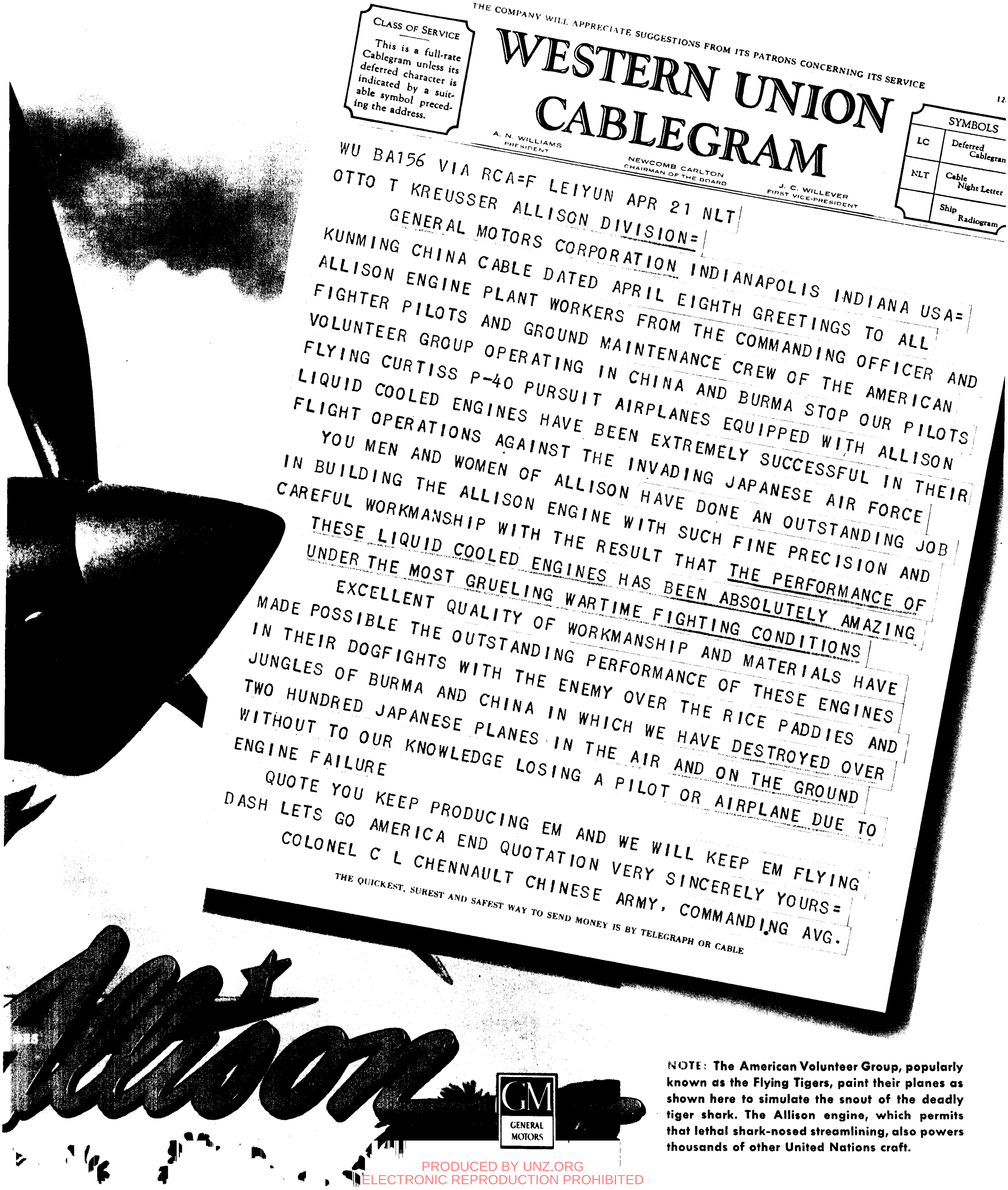
"Brewer and Tap."

"I didn't see anything of them," Finn said. "I got my port aileron shot off

Straight from the Tiger's Mouth!

North American Apache (U. S.)
The British call it "The Mustang"


LIQUID-COOLED AIRCRA



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KUNMING CHINA CABLE DATED APRIL EIGHTH GREETINGS TO ALL ALLISON ENGINE PLANT WORKERS FROM THE COMMANDING OFFICER AND FIGHTER PILOTS AND GROUND MAINTENANCE CREW OF THE AMERICAN VOLUNTEER GROUP OPERATING IN CHINA AND BURMA STOP OUR PILOTS FLYING CURTISS P-40 PURSUIT AIRPLANES EQUIPPED WITH ALLISON LIQUID COOLED ENGINES HAVE BEEN EXTREMELY SUCCESSFUL IN THEIR FLIGHT OPERATIONS AGAINST THE INVADING JAPANESE AIR FORCE

YOU MEN AND WOMEN OF ALLISON HAVE DONE AN OUTSTANDING JOB IN BUILDING THE ALLISON ENGINE WITH SUCH FINE PRECISION AND CAREFUL WORKMANSHIP WITH THE RESULT THAT THE PERFORMANCE OF THESE LIQUID COOLED ENGINES HAS BEEN ABSOLUTELY AMAZING UNDER THE MOST GRUELING WARTIME FIGHTING CONDITIONS

EXCELLENT QUALITY OF WORKMANSHIP AND MATERIALS HAVE MADE POSSIBLE THE OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCE OF THESE ENGINES IN THEIR DOGFIGHTS WITH THE ENEMY OVER THE RICE PADDIES AND JUNGLES OF BURMA AND CHINA IN WHICH WE HAVE DESTROYED OVER TWO HUNDRED JAPANESE PLANES IN THE AIR AND ON THE GROUND WITHOUT TO OUR KNOWLEDGE LOSING A PILOT OR AIRPLANE DUE TO ENGINE FAILURE

QUOTE YOU KEEP PRODUCING EM AND WE WILL KEEP EM FLYING DASH LETS GO AMERICA END QUOTATION VERY SINCERELY YOURS=

COLONEL C L CHENNAULT CHINESE ARMY, COMMANDING AVG.

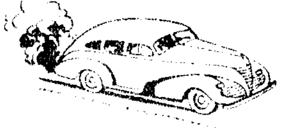
THE QUICKEST, SUREST AND SAFEST WAY TO SEND MONEY IS BY TELEGRAPH OR CABLE

NOTE: The American Volunteer Group, popularly known as the Flying Tigers, paint their planes as shown here to simulate the snout of the deadly tiger shark. The Allison engine, which permits that lethal shark-nosed streamlining, also powers thousands of other United Nations craft.

HEY! THE JOB'S ONLY HALF DONE
Harold Blucke

and a HALF DONE overhaul won't stop Oil Pumping—

Replace Worn Engine Bearings!

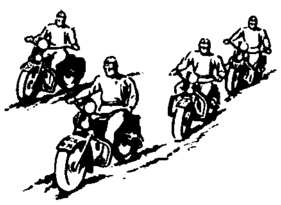


If your car has the smoky exhaust which marks an oil pumper, you can help America and help yourself by having it *correctly* overhauled now. You help America by eliminating the constant waste of gasoline and oil caused by oil pumping. You help yourself save money, lengthen car life and restore fine performance by stopping this costly waste.

But when you go to have the engine overhauled, remember that new piston rings alone are not enough to correct oil pumping caused by worn connecting rod bearings. Even when they don't "knock", worn bearings let excess oil flood the cylinders and combustion chambers, where it burns to carbon, coating the best of new rings, spark plugs and valves, and oil waste continues.

Tell your service man to check the engine bearings and, if worn, to replace in sets with Federal-Mogul Oil-Control Bearings to restore power, pep and economy for *the long run!*

FEDERAL-MOGUL CORP., DETROIT, MICH.



FOR VICTORY

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Motorcycles, trucks, tanks, planes, guns, boats are equipped with Federal-Mogul bearings and other precision parts. And Federal-Mogul's expanded factories continue producing millions of bearings to service the cars carrying war workers and materials to their jobs. We "keep 'em rolling"!

Worn Engine Bearings Cause Oil Pumping!

REPLACE WITH GENUINE FEDERAL Mogul OIL-CONTROL BEARINGS

way back and I've been crawling back. I lost my flap control somewhere, too."

They waited around in the warm sun. Some of the ground crew were pulling Finn's plane off the field over near the tent. They were shouting to another group who were cleaning out the empty shells from Quayle's machine.

"How many did you get?" Hickey asked Quayle, as they sat down on the wet grass.

"One. A 42. I damaged a bomber but he stayed put."

"That makes six . . . and only three bombers," Hickey said.

The last Gladiator came low over the road through the village. There was no demonstration. It landed straight on. It came in downwind, and the squadron did not get a good look at the plane until it taxied right up to them. When it was near enough Quayle saw the pilot ease up and out of the cockpit and land heavily on his feet onto the cold ground. He knew when he looked.

It was Tap.

They accepted the fact that Tap had come back and that Brewer had been shot down, relatively and together. They were pleased that Tap was back, and the thought of this outweighed what they felt about Brewer not getting back.

"Hullo, suckers," Tap said.

"Hullo, you sap," Constance said in the same way.

"We ran into it all right," Tap went on. What he was saying was awkward.

"Yes . . . certainly did," Quayle agreed. He was looking at the gray tinge of Tap's good features.

"Did you see Brewer get it?" Tap asked awkwardly.

"Yes . . . I did," Quayle said slowly.

"Did you see me underneath him?" Tap asked.

"No. Is that where you were?"

"Yes," Tap said. "That's where I was. That's why he came down. He took a couple of 42s away that were after me. That's why he came down."

"How did you get out of it?" Hickey asked him.

"They couldn't see me," Tap said. "I was so low. I kept underneath them and came out over their own airdrome. A couple saw me and chased me for a while but I got in the valleys and I lost them. Is everybody else back?" He looked around.

"Yes."

Tap suddenly looked sick. He sat down on the running board of the station wagon and unzipped his Irvin jacket slowly. No one said anything to him. It was Tap's affair.

THEY waited for the flight sergeant, Mr. Whiter, to give Hickey the rough check on the planes. He came over from Tap's plane and said that it wouldn't fly for some time because the support joints in the upper wing were shot away. The flaps on Finn's plane could be repaired. Hickey wrote it down and they all got into the station wagon. They went into town very fast. John Quayle kept thinking it was late afternoon or evening, but it was only about midday. It was because the time element gets confused in a fight. Incidents become the measure of time and it is confusing to find it always earlier than you thought.

They didn't say anything on the way into town. It was Tap's affair whether there was any discussion because of the way he felt about Brewer. He was settling whatever there was to be settled. Hickey left the squadron at the restaurant and went on to headquarters to put in his report. The others went into the smashed-up restaurant. The big redheaded waiter was sweeping up the mess of glass and wood splinters and broken tables.

"We want to eat," Quayle said in bad Greek.

The waiter didn't stop sweeping but said, "*Ohi. Ohi.*" He added something in Greek.

Quayle didn't understand it but he shrugged his shoulders and swept his arm around. "It doesn't look as if we're getting anything," he told the others.

"Ask him when we can get it," Tap said. "I'm hungry."

"I'm good," Quayle said, "but not that good."

He tried all the Greek he knew on the waiter but it didn't get them anywhere, and they went out. The village was disturbed by the bombing. The squadron couldn't get anything to eat, so they went back to the hotel to get some more sleep.

HICKEY was down at headquarters talking to somebody in Athens on the phone. When he was through talking, he gave his written report to an English-speaking Greek lieutenant and walked out into the midday sunshine that should have been evening by the way he felt. He drove straight to the hotel and was surprised to see Tap and Richardson in the lobby trying to get some food out of the Greek porter.

"No food, Hickey. You just can't get any," Tap said.

"What about the restaurant?"

"They're bombed out."

"We can get some bread around somewhere," Richardson said.

"I'm not that hungry. I'm really hungry," Tap said.

"We've got another job this afternoon," Hickey said.

"Where?"

"Same place. . . . I'll tell you about it later," Hickey promised. "I'll go and get this food."

Hickey went out. Tap and Richardson went up to their rooms and slept.

At two o'clock Hickey woke them all up. "Come on, fellers," he said. "I've got some food."

"What time do we take off?"

"About an hour," Hickey said.

They went downstairs; Hickey had arranged for a table to be set in the hall. There was hard Greek bread, salami, cheese and coffee.

They ate the meal in comparative silence.

QUAYLE finished before the others and went up to the hospital. He looked in the common room for Helen but she wasn't there. He walked into the matron's room.

"Hullo, *Inglisi* . . . Hullo," she said to him.

"Hullo, matron. How are you these days?"

"I am very well."

"Sorry about the raid this morning."

"We were not damaged. We were only frightened. . . . And you went into the air afterward . . . Yes?"

"Yes." Quayle paused. "Can I see Miss Stangou?"

"She was not in the common room? Just a moment."

The matron picked up the phone, said something in Greek and put it down again.

"Do you think the Germans will invade us soon?" she asked him.

"I think so. They don't wait once they start."

"We cannot hold against the Germans. But we fight. You have Australians in Greece now, yes?"

"Yes, I guess so."

Helen came in. She apologized to the matron for Quayle but the matron said, "It is all right. Look after him. He is very young and he is always in danger. Do not worry. Look after him and do not let him be unhappy."

When they went outside, Quayle asked Helen Stangou what the matron had said. She smiled at him in a tight way and answered, "She said you were always in danger and to look after you."

Quayle laughed without thinking about it.

"That's the first time I have heard you laugh like that," she said.

"I like the way she treats everybody as her only son. Is she like that with you, Helen?"

"Yes. She is very kind. Everybody likes her. Did you get somebody shot down today?"

"Did I?"

"No. I mean did somebody get shot down?"

"Yes. Brewer. Got caught in a swarm of 42s."

"He's the very young one."

"Yes."

"It's so bad. You never know who it is. I never know about you. . . ."

"Don't worry. Don't think about it. I don't. If you get it, you get it. Say, what'll happen to you if the Germans come in?" he said.

"I don't know. We'll probably be sent back to Athens."

They walked down to a field not far away. They did not talk much—then Quayle said, "I'll have to go—we've got a patrol on."

"Now?" she said.

"Yes."

"It is getting worse. Please come straight up to the hospital when you come back. I'll keep anxious until you do," she said.

"I'll come straight up. I like you to worry. . . ."

"I worry, John." It was one of the few times she used his name.

He took her arm. "We'll have to do something about this, Helen."

"About what?"

"You know . . . about us. . . . We can't stand a mile off like this for long. I'm getting worried about it."

"Let me wait, John. I am afraid you will just go away. And then what will happen?"

"If I go . . . you're coming with me." He knew what he was saying.

"Don't think that," she said. "It is not as simple as that."

"I mean it. If I go, you go too. It is simple enough."

"I could not. . . . We will not talk about it. Where would we go? No."

"I have to go now anyway." Quayle pulled on his cap and they walked up to the hospital. He left her there and ran to the hotel. The others were waiting for him. They got into the station wagon and drove out to the field.

When the flight was almost over Elbasani village, Quayle began to feel sick. His stomach was tighter than usual. They were cruising above the cloud at twelve thousand feet and it was not bumpy. Hickey had warned them about being surprised, but Quayle was very surprised when he saw the swarm of 42s coming in from about fifteen thousand feet on their starboard in a sweep.

"Hold it," Hickey yelled through the phones.

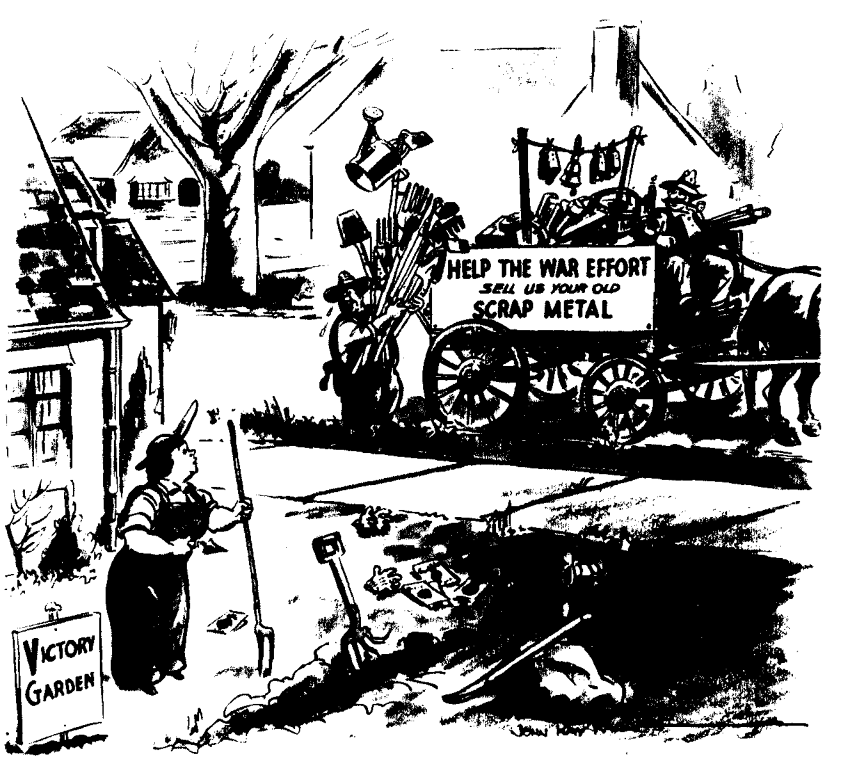
WHEN the 42s came close, Hickey pulled away up and the others followed. They had been struggling to get height. The 42s met them almost head on because Hickey had pulled them up and around. As the 42s came in their sweep, Quayle could see the wing shadow of two 42s straight before him and could see the white flame spurting from the machine guns in the wing stubs, and the tracers coming over his head. Then another 42 came at him from behind. He tight-looped out of the way and looked around for Gladiators. He saw two of them in a mix-up with about twenty 42s away off to the right. He pushed the throttle wide open and went out to them.

Quayle got in an initial attack on a 42 that was following a Gladiator down in a spiral spin. The 42 pulled out of it and kept going flat to earth and burst into flames. The Gladiator was flat-spinning too. Suddenly Quayle saw the pilot hurl himself out of the cockpit like a black ant and the white burst of his parachute spreading in a puff.

Quayle looked around and then he saw a 42 diving toward the parachute. He saw the white burst of the 42's guns and the tracers . . . He saw the parachute collapse and its slow speed become a lightning streak; he saw the figure of the Gladiator pilot hurtling two thousand feet down into the black earth . . .

Quayle winged over and put the Gladiator into a straight drop. He didn't take his eyes from the 42 that had shot at the parachute. It had pulled out and was climbing . . . Quayle straightened out a little so he would meet it head on. As soon as he saw it in his level sights, he pushed on the gun button hard.

He kept it down and kept the plane



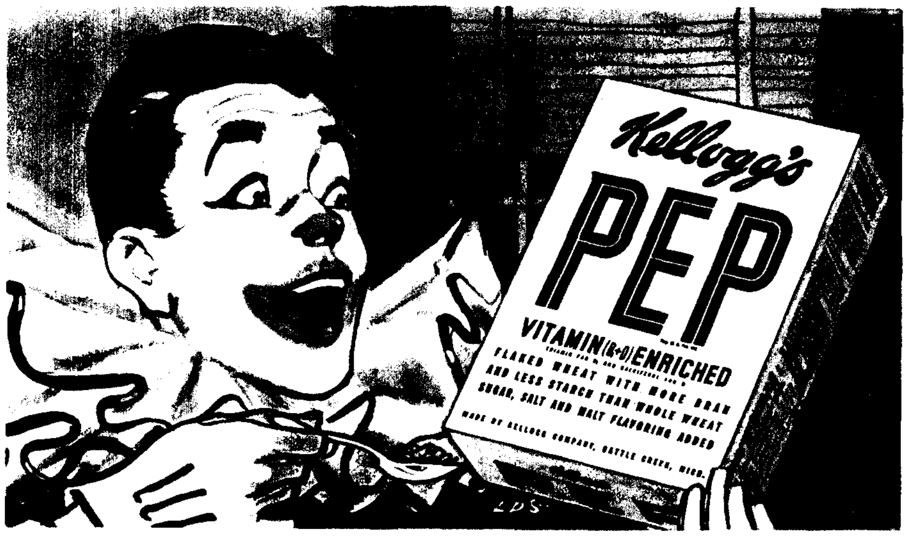
"Look, Myrtle—let's do it this way instead" JOHN KAY KARAFFA

How's your "Pep Appeal"? —by Siegel

Mrs. A: I should have known better than to let you go to the party as a clown! Clowns, my love, are supposed to make people *laugh.*

Mr. A: I know, I know. I was a first-class flop. But, gee, I just don't have the old yen for parties any more.

Mrs. A: "Yen," my eye. All you lack, my unhappy husband, is your quota of *pep appeal.* My hunch is that you're not eating right—not getting all your vitamins. And right now is a good time to start getting them. Let's go raid the pantry.


Kellogg's
PEP
VITAMIN (B1-D) ENRICHED
FLAKED WHEAT WITH MORE BRAN AND LESS STARCH THAN WHOLE WHEAT
SUGAR, SALT AND MALT FLAVORING ADDED
MADE BY KELLOGG COMPANY, BATTLE CREEK, MICH.

Mrs. A: Just dip your spoon into this bowl of KELLOGG'S PEP! It's a crunchy, toasty cereal made from choice parts of sun-ripened wheat. *And* in it are extra-rich sources of the two vitamins least abundant in ordinary meals—vitamins B_1 and D. You can't expect to have pep without vitamins, you know!

Mr. A: Ummmm! Why didn't you tell me how *swell-tasting* it is? If getting the rest of my vitamins is as much fun as this—say, I may turn out to be the life of the party yet.

Vitamins for pep! Kellogg's Pep for vitamins!

Pep contains per serving: 4/5 to 1/5 the minimum daily need of Vitamin B_1, according to age; 1/2 the daily need of vitamin D. For sources of other vitamins, see the Pep package.

MADE BY KELLOGG'S IN BATTLE CREEK SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE

ON THE historic walls of the entrance hall of the Cadet Gymnasium at West Point these brilliant words are etched where all West Pointers can see them—"On the fields of friendly strife are sown the seeds which, in other years on other fields will bear the fruits of victory."

This quotation was written by athletic-minded General Douglas MacArthur, today's number one American Soldier, while he was Superintendent at West Point. It could have been conceived only by an *American* who believed in athletics and who recognized the importance of the American way of *sports* to the American way of *life—and of WAR.*

On gridirons, baseball diamonds, cinder tracks, tennis and basketball courts, and many other "fields of friendly strife," our American boys develop the strength and stamina, the speed, the coordination, the fighting spirit and the "will-to-win" that make them great athletes and the world's finest potential soldiers, sailors and airmen.

Without our vigorous competitive sports, America *would* not be and *could* not be the *fighting* America it *must* be to defeat the legions of Democracy's enemies.

★ ★ ★

For many years it has been the privilege of Wilson Sporting Goods Co. to provide for America's athletes and sports lovers, the most advanced types of playing equipment. Leading stars of tennis, golf and other sports have used Wilson equipment exclusively for years.

When buying new equipment, specify Wilson quality. It not only insures *better* play but *longer* play.

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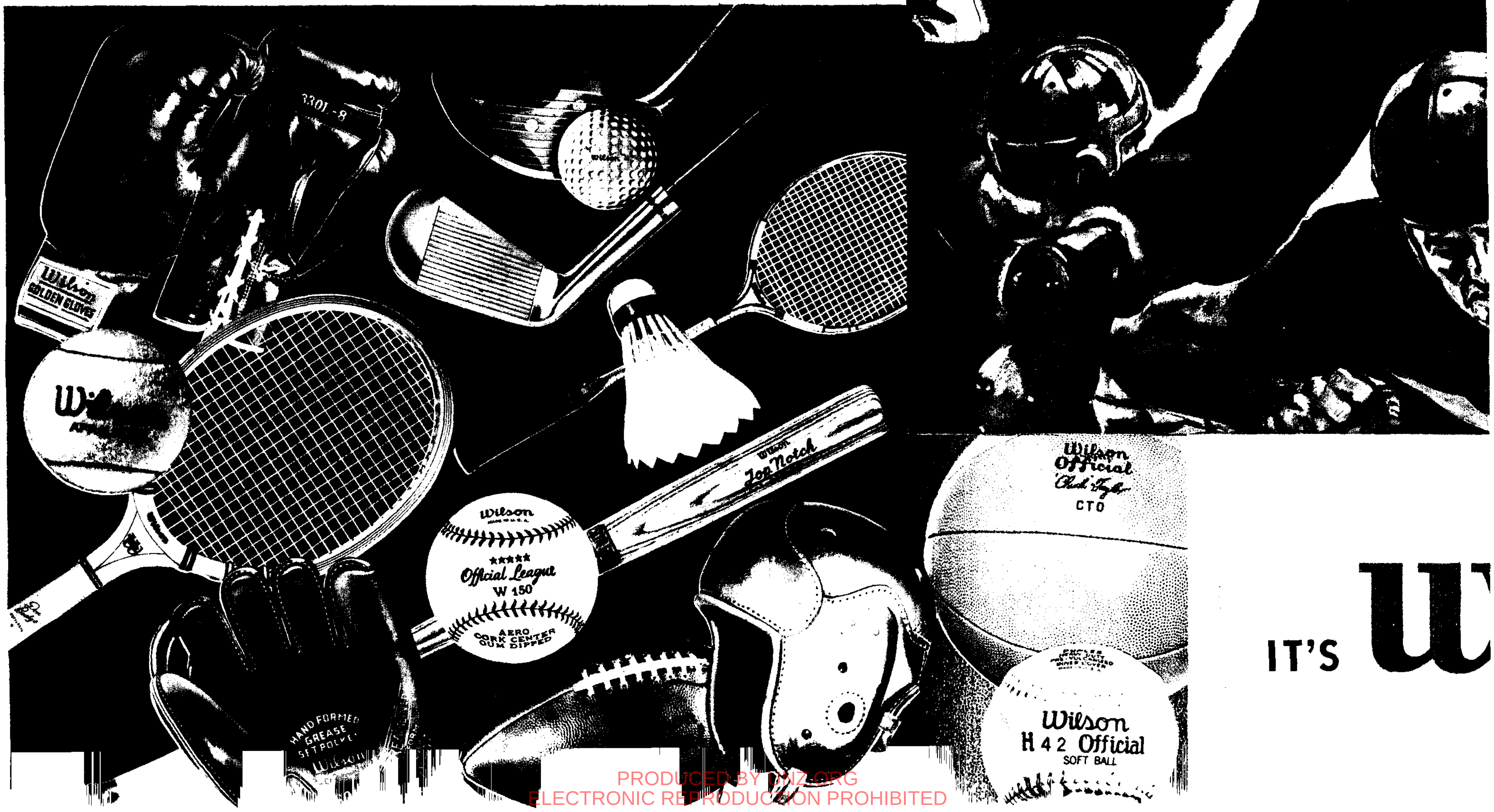
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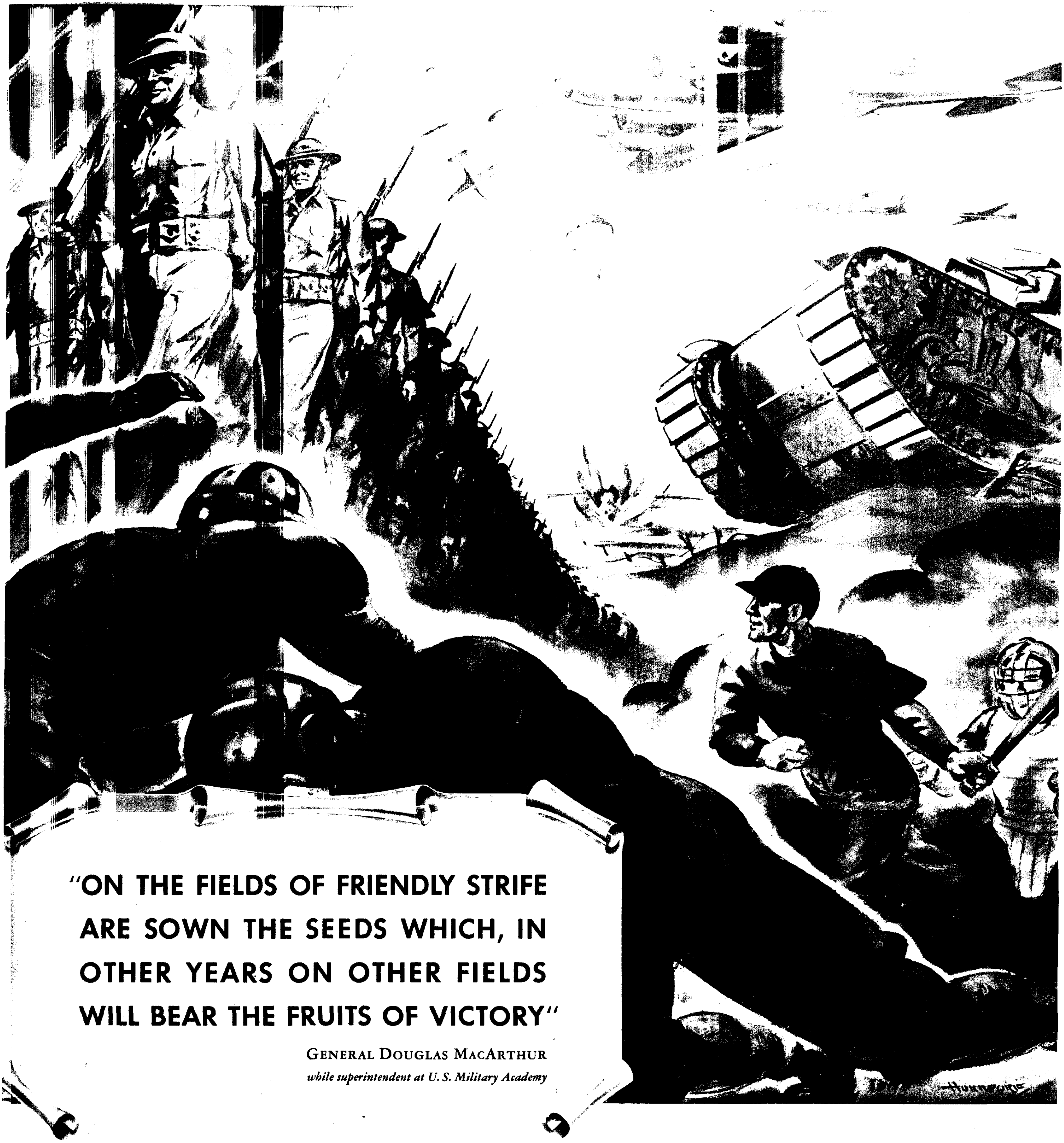
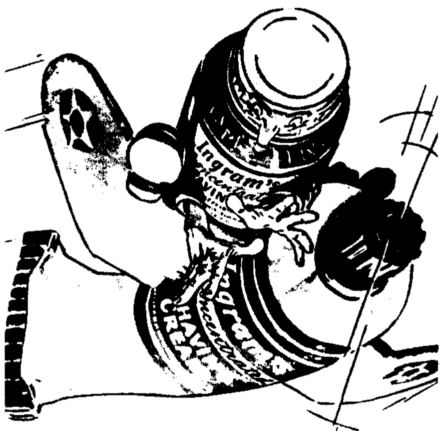


"ON THE FIELDS OF FRIENDLY STRIFE ARE SOWN THE SEEDS WHICH, IN OTHER YEARS ON OTHER FIELDS WILL BEAR THE FRUITS OF VICTORY"

GENERAL DOUGLAS MACARTHUR
while superintendent at U. S. Military Academy

ilson TODAY IN SPORTS EQUIPMENT

cool shaves
Score a Direct Hit!



Ingram's helps condition your skin for smooth shaving while it's wilting your wiry whiskers

If close, hedge-hopping shaves and high-level skin comfort are your objectives—try Ingram's! Ingram's wilts your beard so fast, your razor clips through like a propeller through fog. And there's no ceiling to Ingram's COOLNESS. It helps condition your skin for shaving. And your face feels fresh and refrigerated long afterwards—looks smoother, happier, younger-looking. Get Ingram's Shaving Cream today—in jar or tube. Expensive? Not by a bombsight. A little goes a longer way.

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heading at the 42, shaking under the gun vibration. He kept it heading toward the 42 until his madness relaxed and he pulled up over it and tight turned around and came in fury to get at it again. But the 42 was a black flame, on the way down . . .

The 42s pulled away and Quayle saw two Gladiators heading homeward . . .

Quayle wondered who had gone with the parachute. He had been too far away to see what had happened to the others. He tailed the two Gladiators who were far ahead of him. He was so mad about the 42 shooting down the parachute that he had tears in his eyes. He felt helpless that he had only shot at the plane to bring it down. It was not enough. He wanted the personal death of the 42 pilot. If only I could have seen him close up and got him, he was thinking.

QUAYLE was the last to land. He came down after a tight loop over the field and doubled up with stomach pain when he got out of the plane and stepped on the ground. Rutger and Williams, the rigger and the fitter, took hold of him.

"Are you hit, Mr. Quayle?" Rutger asked.

"No. I've just got a bellyache. I'm okay."

"Fine. We thought you were gone this time," Rutger said.

"You did? Who isn't back?"

"Mr. Hersey. They say he went down in flames. And Mr. Richardson."

"Richardson bailed out and an Italian shot his parachute up," Quayle said.

He walked to the bus where the others were sitting inside waiting for him.

"We thought you got it, John," Tap said.

"No. Did you see what happened to Richardson?" Quayle said.

"Hickey saw it. Was it you got the hound that did it?"

"Yes."

"Fancy doing that! Fancy shooting up a parachute. The bloody skunks." Young Constance felt madder than Quayle. He spoke in a wide Oxford accent and it was absurd to hear him as he added a few stronger words.

"How did Hersey go down?" Quayle asked. Hersey—it would be strange without old Hersey.

"Just got too many around him . . . Was I surprised when they came down on us!" Tap said, as the bus lunged over the bad road.

"I'm sorry, fellers. . . . We should have been up top, too," Hickey said.

"You warned us, Hickey," Quayle said to him.

"How many did we get? How many did you get, Quayle?"

"I got two for sure. Maybe another one."

"That makes a total of six altogether—all 42s," Hickey said. "HQ is going to feel fine when I tell them."

"HQ? What are we supposed to do? What if the bloody Germans come in?" Tap said. "Fat lot of good we'll be."

Quayle was looking at Stewart, Constance and Finn. They were the only ones left of the new batch. He felt awkward thinking of it. With Hersey gone, it left himself, Hickey and Tap as the only long-time members of the squadron.

"Did you get any today, Finn?" he asked the blond boy, who smiled at him.

"One."

"You've broken your duck, then."

"Yes. So did Stewart."

"You did?"

"Yes," Stewart said.

Quayle thought that must have been the first time he had ever heard the boy speak. "How did you get him?"

"Came up from under him," Stewart said. "I was surprised to see him, as a matter of fact."

"I think you always are," Tap said. "I am . . . I'm always surprised."

"I'll shoot every bloody Italian that bails out from now on," Finn said. "Fancy Rich getting it like that!"

"It won't help to do that," Hickey said quietly. "This Italian is an exception. We don't want to start a feud like that."

"I suppose you're right," Finn agreed.

Hickey got out at the headquarters cave, and the others went on to the hotel. Quayle took his flying gear into his room, then went straight out and walked up to the hospital. It was getting toward the long light of evening. He was not going up to see Helen because she had asked him. He was going up because he wanted her now . . . when he thought of Richardson and Hersey and the conversation in the bus. It was catastrophic . . . He wanted something that would absorb what was in him. If he could yell his head off and eat the earth madly, that would be it. He had read that somewhere, and it would be fine . . . But he wanted Helen now . . . just to know she was there as something real. He found her in the common room, packing bandages in a small first-aid kit.

"Helen," he said abruptly, "can you get away? I want us to talk." He took her overall in his fingers and tugged it quickly.

"Just a minute." She went into the small room at the side. She came out with her overall off.

"Come on, then," she said. "I've only got a few minutes."

They went outside. It was automatic that they walk to the field where they always went.

"We've got to get married," Quayle said.

She only looked at him.

"It's the only thing. I know what I want."

"Yes?" she said slowly. Then she smiled at him.

"We've got to, Helen. You know we have . . . I don't care what you say . . . I know it!"

"You just can't say it and do it," she said. "It's very difficult, John."

"Why not? I don't care. We will. Why not?"

"We just can't, John . . . When you leave here . . ."

"We'll be lucky if we ever leave here," Quayle said viciously.

"I have a family . . . You forget. I want to, but I cannot."

"But why let moralizing hold it up? I love you . . . I want to marry you *now*."

"I want to marry you, John. We should. It is right. But it is not simple. Let me think about it . . . please."

"Haven't you thought about it?"

"Yes . . . but let me think about it . . . now that you say you want it. Please, John!"

"Till when?"

"I don't know . . . tomorrow . . . tonight . . . just until I think it out."

"Tonight . . ." Quayle said. "I want to know, Helen."

"All right. Please, we will go back now."

"Yes."

They turned from the field and walked apart up the muddy path to the hospital.

"I'll come tonight," he said, as she opened the big door.

"Yes . . . but think about it too, John."

"I have," he said. "And I know . . . you think about it."

"Yes . . . goodby."

"Goodby," he said and turned away.

QUAYLE knocked on Hickey's door and walked in without waiting for an answer. Hickey was getting undressed to have a bath.

"Can I talk with you a minute, Hickey?" Quayle said to him.

"Sure. Sit down. Say, that was bad business today."

"Yes."

"I didn't think anybody would ever do that."

"Tough on Richardson," Quayle said.

Hickey half frowned. "He was getting pretty good too. You could always depend on him."

"Yes. Say, Hickey," Quayle said abruptly, "I came in to ask you about Helen."

"What about her?"

"Just formal. Is it all right with you if we get married?"

Hickey looked up quickly, then smiled broadly. "Well! Who'd have thought it?"

Quayle smiled too. This exact moment indicated the warmth between them, and the similarity. Quayle saw Hickey as a mixture of sensible restraint and wild actions. Hickey in the air was always careful and always right. This half-smile of Hickey's now was something that went with his bright green eyes, and there was humor in him.

HICKEY could see Quayle like that too. Their thought of each other was almost identical. Hickey knew that Quayle did not do anything wrong in the air, that he was sensibly restrained on the ground, that he was older than his years.

"I know," Quayle said.

"Do you?" Hickey said and chuckled.

"Sure. It amuses me too."

"Well. You didn't have to ask me."

"It's in the book of regulations."

"Do you always stick so close to them?"

Quayle laughed at Hickey's banter and they both felt very warm about it.

"When are you getting married?" Hickey said.

"I don't know. Tomorrow."

"We've been ordered back to Athens tomorrow," Hickey said slowly. "The Germans are expected in any day. The Hurricanes have moved up to Salonika."

"What are we going back for then?" Quayle asked.

"I don't know. We'd be mincemeat up here. Six Gladiators."

"Will we get replacements?" They were talking easily and slowly.

"I don't think so," Hickey said. "This looks like the end of the Gladiators."

"You mean we'll get Hurricanes?"

"I suppose so," Hickey said. "You know, I'll be sorry, John."

"Why?" Quayle looked surprised.

"So will you be. Hurricanes are all speed and no aerobatics. You black out on every turn and you take a mile to do a loop."

"Don't be romantic about it. Gladiators are finished."

"I know," Hickey said. "But you know as well as I do that flying Gladiators is about the last individual air fighting there is. I'd sooner have it that way. Flying scads of Hurricanes is like being second pilot in a bomber."

"I suppose so," Quayle said.

"Yes. I'll be sorry," Hickey said. "I won't be sorry for these kids, though. They're better off in fast planes."

"Who?"

"Oh, Finn, Constance, the others. It seems funny without Hersey, with all these new ones."

"Yes," Quayle agreed somewhat absently.

They were quiet for a moment.

"How are you going to get Helen back to Athens?" Hickey asked.

"I don't know," Quayle said. "I will somehow. Can you do anything?"

"I might be able to. I'll try. I suppose I ought to congratulate you."

"Thanks. When is the Bombay going back . . . if it's going back?"

"In a couple of days," Hickey said. "It will go after us."

"Maybe she could get down in that."

"I'll see."

"Thanks, Hickey."

"That's all right, John . . . it's all right." Hickey smiled broadly.

(To be continued next week)

Roll Call of American Four-Engined Landplanes and Flying Boats of 20 Tons or More

	Gross Weight (Pounds)	Day Passengers	Night Passengers	Wing Span (in feet)	Length Overall (in feet)
Army Douglas B-19 Long Range Bomber	160,000			212	132
Navy Martin Mars Long Range Patrol Bomber	140,000			200	117
Boeing 314 Pan American Clipper	82,000	72	40	152	106
Navy Consolidated PB2Y-3 Patrol Bomber	66,000			115	79
Douglas DC-4 (C-54 Army Troop Transport)	65,000	42	20	138	98
Vought-Sikorsky American Export Flying Boat	60,000	38	16	124	79
Martin Pan American Clipper	52,000	46	22	130	91
Army Boeing B-17 (Flying Fortress)	47,000			104	68
Boeing 307 Airliner (Stratoliner)	45,000	33	25	107	74
Army Consolidated B-24 Bomber	40,000			110	64

Wing Talk

Continued from page 8

bomber, a further development of the famous twin-engined PBY which the British call the Catalina. Fully loaded it weighs 66,000 pounds.

Our greatest aeronautical scientists are agreed that we have not yet envisioned the ultimate form of the airplane. Spectacular portrayals of furture ships of the skies familiar to most Sunday morning readers, have included radical designs along with blown-up models of present familiar types. The radical designs lean in the direction of one big wing—no fuselage, no tail. (Work on a small flying wing airplane is conscientiously being pursued by Northrop Aircraft, Inc., of Hawthorne, California, and things are being learned every day.) The appeal of the big airplane lies in the number of swimming pools, shower baths, cocktail lounges and powder rooms along with travel in sealed cabins 50,000 feet above the earth at four to five hundred miles per hour.

But the airplane people think in more serious terms. They discuss such things as six and eight engines, buried out of sight in the wings or located at some central power-plant station as in a ship, with connecting shafts driving propellers located in the trailing edges of the wings and known as pushers. One great appeal to all is the possibility of having standby power or spare engines to be used while others are shut down for repairs in flight. New sources of power and propulsion are also fingered lightly.

However, at the moment, these same people are working overtime endeavoring to squeeze out another mile or two of top speed; another thousand feet of critical altitude; another thousand pounds of bomb load and another thousand miles of range in our best combat aircraft of today. And what we have, has come about through a long, slow process of trial and error. So, think many close to the subject, the big airplane of tomorrow will develop about the same way.

Private flying? Returned airmen, thousands and hundreds of thousands strong, will determine the nature of private flying of the future, just as they did at the end of the last war, but with much more encouragement. While they are now at the front, a few persistent people are at work on helicopters and other vertically rising and descending aircraft, notable of which is Mr. Igor Sikorsky, who, with iron hat firmly fixed on head, hovers low and slow over the countryside in his helicopter, all the while reliving again his pioneer flight in his native Russia to convince the world that his big 1912 model multimotored bomber was sound in theory and fact and that bigger airplanes were surely to come.

Some day, these helicopter-type craft, which can stand still in mid-air, move forward or backward and go up and down like an elevator, will grow up and transport great loads of people and merchandise with the speed, range, and comfort of the modern luxury liners of the skies. But most likely, they will come from the fertile minds of our younger generation of aircraft designers and builders.

So brace yourself for the radical and freakish stuff which will be just as radical and freakish as the original Kitty Hawk model of those irresponsible Dayton boys almost forty years ago.

F. R. N.

"Robert, leave the Table!"

Careful there, mother!
You're snappish because the day's work has left you tired and nervous. Make home a happier place, and evenings the Best Part of the Day for *all* the family, by getting into the tub with a cake of Ivory Soap each afternoon.

Bask in an IVORY BATH
Baby your weary body by smoothing Ivory's lovely lather over every curve, into every muscle. Your nerves relax, your skin feels *new* beneath the caress of New Ivory's extreme mildness. A lazy bath with that big white floating cake leaves your muscles feeling slim and light and supple. You step out soothed, smooth, and smiling!

A Fresh Start for the Day's Best Hours!
You have new energy for fun with the family after your Ivory Bath. That fresh, clean "Ivory" smell leaves you so delightfully dainty, too. And Ivory lathers faster than any other leading bath soap! For a Fresh Start, baby your body *every* afternoon in a luxurious velvet suds Ivory Bath!

99⁴⁴⁄₁₀₀ % PURE • IT FLOATS
TRADEMARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. • PROCTER & GAMBLE

For a FRESH START... take an IVORY BATH

Trial by Marriage

Continued from page 21

Here was a chain, and at the end of it a pile of bones. This was Nate, who had sat tirelessly watching the door for someone to take him afield. Now he was dead without ever having got enough hunting to suit him. But then Nate never would have got enough hunting to suit him.

The next pile of bones was Preacher, and near by his battered, tooth-marked food pan. Next, Fred, with a buckshot hole in the top of the well-shaped skull. Then Tequila, the hunting heart burned out of him, nothing but leathery cooked skin and whitened bones left of twenty years of scientific breeding.

Duff stood in silence. There was his kennel—nine chains, nine piles of bones.

Washed up. Yes, that was the word for it. Duff looked at the road that ran in front of the house. Somewhere down that road, perhaps, was forgetfulness; no memory of a ruined marriage and a burned Negro and a gun firing buckshot and a fine, reclaimed dog turning outlaw again, no memory of a girl who had lied to set him free. . . . Down that road, maybe things were different. He recognized the road—it was the one he used to travel, before he had got the idea that he might make something of himself. Now the idea was dispelled, and the only thing to do was to travel that road again.

He went inside and began packing his old suitcase. When this was done he went outside and set it down on the steps. And there on the front porch lay Judas, asleep. Not running wild, but come home of his own accord, asleep on the porch!

"Judas!" Duff said, in quick exultation.

The dog raised his head. Without thinking, Duff reached out to stroke him. Judas bit him through the hand.

Duff swore; the blood unhurriedly rose in the bluish tooth holes. Judas watched him placidly.

Slinging the blood from his hand, Duff straightened. "If I've put up with you," he said slowly, "I guess I can stand anything."

He took his suitcase back into the house.

AT ELEVEN o'clock, a small blue coupé drove up outside, and Lucie Sullivan, close-wrapped in her tweed coat, got out. She unfastened the gate, and strode down the walk.

"I just heard about it, Duff," she said. "I had to come see you."

"Wasn't any need for that," he said.

"I had to come, Duff," she said simply.

"To see me on my back?"

"No," she said. "I wanted to help you."

"I'll make out," he said.

"Duff, don't be so darned stiff and stubborn. I know you're hurt, bad; I see it in your face. Please let me help you. Let me do something."

"There's nothing to do that I can't do."

"Oh, you're just crazy."

"Can't you understand anything? I don't need any help. I appreciate your coming, and that's the truth. But I'll make out."

"All right," she sighed. "Will you take me to see Wesley?"

Wesley lay in bed, wrapped to the chin in white bandages. Paul stood by him, attending him, and following the doctor's directions as carefully as any nurse.

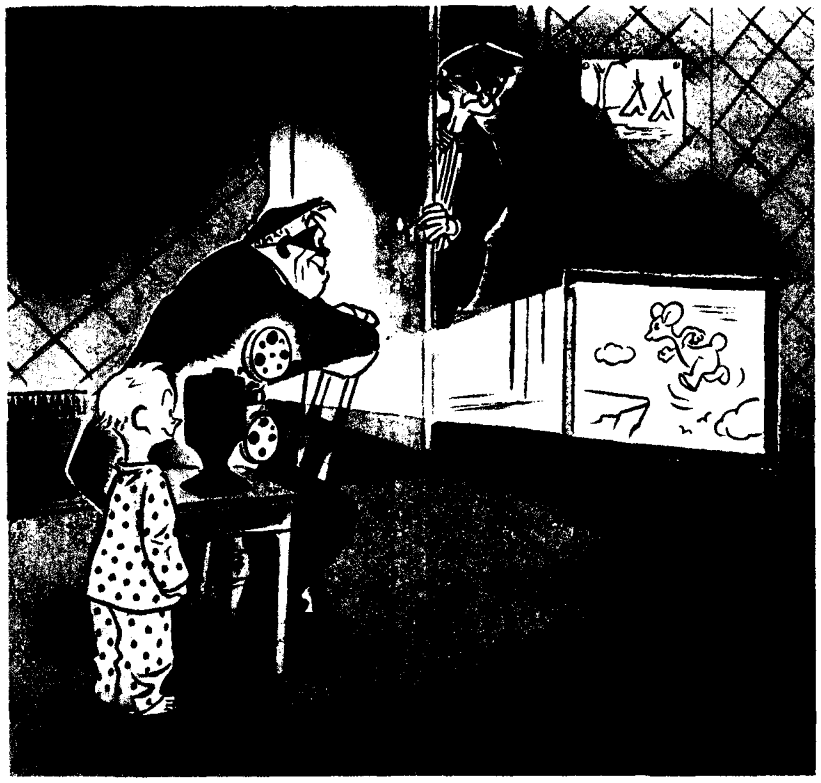
"Miss Lucie," Wesley said, "I can hear 'em right on, just howling and crying for me to come git 'em out, and I couldn't do it, Lawd, I just couldn't git 'em out. The closest was old Babe, and I got her chain undid, I can feel it hot in my hand right on, and I drug her out but she was done too far gone." He lay still, his jaw slack. "De first time, I never even got in good, had to crawl out and lay dere, coughing and spewing, and my clothes had cotch, and I beat dem out, and chokedlike, couldn't do nothing else."

"Next time," Duff said, "you keep your fool self on the outside."

"Yes, suh, dat's de troof," Wesley said. "Only de good Lawd knows how long dey had been a-barking and a-crying when I look back and see de fire. Maybe not so turble long, but when I come a-running, de fire was just a-going at it, mostly in dat hay in de loft. Den I run to de well and drawed water, and dey just kept on yipping and barking, and I hollered at 'em, 'Jes' a minute, Preach, old Wes is coming; jes' a minute, Mary; jes' a minute, Teak.' But I knowed dey couldn't hear me; for all dey knowed I was asleep in de bed widout caring where dey was afire er not.

"I poured de water, and it didn't do nothing but say '*pshht.*' Ev'y now and den I let out a holler, so maybe somebody happen to hear me and come he'p . . . but didn't nobody. Den I went in, and drug old Babe out, only she never even had de strenk to stand up."

BUTCH **By Larry Reynolds**



"You stay on the outside next time," Duff said. "We can raise more dogs, but they've quit making your brand of feller."

"You reckon I'm got to listen to 'em fum now on?" Wesley said. "Barking and barking and barking. Den Mister Duff shooting and shooting and shooting."

"No. You'll forget it after a while," Lucie said gently.

"Just cain't believe my dogs is gone," he mumbled. "Paul?"

"Yes, sir."

"You wid me, son?"

"Right here, Papa."

"Stay wid me, son."

"Right here, Papa."

"Stay wid me."

When they got back to the house, the phone was ringing Duff's number, four longs and one short. He picked up the receiver.

"Mister Webster?" the operator said, above the buzzing wire, "Hold the wire for Grand Junction."

Then came the voice of the field-trial secretary. "Webster? This is Scott. Sorry to hear about your misfortune. All of us here send sympathy," he said. "I called to tell you the judges want your dog Judas here day after tomorrow at eight-thirty."

"What for?" Duff said stupidly.

"To run in the second series, what you think?"

"I can't run. My dog's been out on an all-night hunt. And neither one of my scouts can come."

"Somebody here will scout for you."

"It takes somebody that knows this fool dog of mine," Duff said, sweat standing on his lip. "I just don't see a chance."

"You don't want to scratch the National Championship, do you?"

"No, but . . ."

"Well, work out something, boy."

DUFF stood staring at the broken mouthpiece of the telephone. He gave the crank a turn to ring off; the last note of the bell faded away.

"Duff," Lucie said, "I could scout for you, if you'd let me."

"What?" he said uncomprehendingly.

"I could help you run Judas."

"Where did that idea come from?"

"Listen, Duff—and try not to be so all-fired stubborn. I can ride a horse as good as anybody, and I know Judas. Is that true or not?"

"Maybe so, but you're—"

"That's all there is. No maybe to it," she said determinedly.

"You wait. Teague McGinnis is the man you're going to marry. What'll he think?"

"I can tell you exactly what Teague McGinnis will think. He'll think you've had your share of bad breaks, and any help you can get will be okay with him. He'll think it's okay for me to try to win with a dog my grandfather bred. The others may think it's peculiar, but not Teague McGinnis."

"Maybe."

"Suppose you let me handle that end of it."

IN the first series, four dogs stood out, and it seems to be a unanimous opinion that the judges were entirely right in calling back these four: Daydreamer, Pineview Sue, the spectacular champion, Hotfoot, and the much-discussed Judas. Of these, Judas had the lowest bird score, but the judges wisely took into consideration that he ran on a day when the birds were not out, and no one quarreled with this fourth selection.

Almost as soon as the four second-series dogs were announced, the skies became leaden and by night on the day before Daydreamer and Pineview Sue were to run snow began falling. Thursday, the temperature had dropped to 12 degrees above zero. But by noon the judges deemed it satisfactory for running and Daydreamer and Pineview Sue were given their chance. These two dogs ran industrious but inadequate heats. It remained for those two superdogs, Judas and Hotfoot, to show what a championship heat should be like. . . .

About dusk, Duff went to the meat market and supervised the grinding of a pound of steak for Judas. He made the butcher put it in an ice-cream carton, because wax paper sometimes disintegrated and got mixed up in the meat. When he fed Judas, he saw to it that there was adequate straw, for it was cold and the wind was blowing.

There was considerable activity in town, with more cars arriving, muddy cars with steamed windows, people coming to see the champion run; the households of Grand Junction were full; there was not an empty bed left in town.

AT THE drugstore, the nightly session was on. The young men had got all their heavy-handed kidding and horseplay out of their systems earlier in the week. But the older ones had not tired of recalling the great dogs, and the others had not tired of listening.

"This weather," one of them said, "reminds me of that 1915 championship. Lucie, I guess you heard your grandfather Amos tell about it many times. La Besita was one of his real loves, and I think he would have given anything to have been her handler, though doubtless not even little Bee could have supplanted Ambling Sam in his affection. She was a Llewellin, the fifth National Champion sired by old Count Whitestone. I remember her clearly, because once you ever saw this fireball little setter bitch, you never forgot her. She was just about medium-sized, orange and white, and she acted like she was full of steel springs all the time.

"Well, that 1915, the weather was something like this has turned out to be. The dogs in those days, though, there just wasn't any quit in them, least of all in this little Bee. After she had run her heat through all the ice and snow, everybody figured she had won it. But the judges didn't make any announcement until that night. Meantime, Al Hochwalt and Fred Stephenson went up to the room of her handler, Bill Beazell. And there on the floor sat Mrs. Beazell, tears streaming down her face,

WASTE CAN KEEP A THOUSAND BOMBERS GROUNDED

GALLANT MEN died today—fighting your fight. Died in steaming jungles and arctic wastes—died in fox-holes and flaming seas. Because we—arsenal of democracy—have thus far sent them too little—too late.

Could you have made it different? Could factories straining every effort in America's behalf have turned out more planes—more guns—more shells today—*if you had let them?*

Did you keep a bomber grounded—lacking just one vital part because of something you had wasted?

Today, waste has become treason. Because it can cost the lives of fighting men and postpone victory. Because it steals production time from busy machines—robs us of materials essential to the grim needs of war.

How much waste goes on, unnoticed and unchecked, in your own home today? Are you wearing out parts of your refrigerator faster than need be—thru sheer neglect? Or in your car? Or washing machine?

Remember that the machines that once made Alemite systems and fuel pumps and other parts for passenger cars are now working night and day at grimmer tasks . . . as are the machines of every other maker of cars and accessories and scores of other peace-time products.

And a repair part for your car is steel that could have been a shell. Even getting spare parts to you takes shipping space desperately needed for guns and bombs and tank parts.

Will you help the enemy by such waste . . . when a little oil and grease—a little care—a simple adjustment by a service man, *made in time,* could easily make the old parts give the longer service they *can* give?

Find those unread instruction books—on your car and every other machine you own. Take the simple precautions they suggest. Give the service man a chance to *prevent* damage instead of repairing it. Every hour you save our hard-pressed industries brings victory an hour closer.

CARE OF YOUR CAR IS A PATRIOTIC DUTY

- It's un-American today to say "Maybe they won't let me drive much longer, so why spend money keeping up my car?" America must have transportation to keep our war effort going. Don't let neglect of your car waste the precious miles built into it.
- Do you know that there are more than 30 points that may be overlooked in lubrication by someone not trained to give you a proper job? Get lubrication regularly—and get it from someone who knows your car.
- Do you know that there are at least 5 places where too much grease or oil *can do as much harm as too little?* Go to an expert!
- Do you know that your engine "manufactures" acid which collects in the crankcase and corrodes parts unless oil is changed regularly?
- Do you know that even top-quality oils and greases like Alemite are cheap compared to repair parts? And that shipping repair parts steals transportation urgently needed for war materials? And that a well-lubricated part lasts almost indefinitely?
- BUT lubricants that were "good enough" in peace-time *when you could replace your car* may be all-too-costly luxuries today! Only the best can be counted on to see you through.

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BUY UNITED STATES WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

THIS MESSAGE *is published by Stewart-Warner Corporation, Chicago, Ill., solely in the interest of speeding American victory. We have no ax to grind . . . our machines have been converted to the making of essential materials for war and war production. We hope that we may soon serve civilian needs again. But until this war is won, those needs must wait. There's a bigger job to be done.*

---

holding La Besita in her lap. Bill could hardly speak, but finally he managed to say, 'Bee's got pneumonia.' About that time somebody knocked on the door and told us, 'The judges called back four dogs. La Besita's to run against Lewis C. Morris, tomorrow afternoon.' Bill said, 'We'll be lucky if she's alive tomorrow afternoon.'

"They sat up all night, swathing that little bitch in hot lard and turpentine, and giving her stimulants—not thinking about the championship any more, just trying to save her. Well, next day Bee was better, and it looked like they had stopped the pneumonia, if that's what it was, before it really got her. For the first time they began to wonder if they mightn't let her run. Beazell was against it, but Stephenson, who owned her, said to try her, and if she didn't go right they would take her up.

"The morning dogs didn't do anything much, so they knew the championship was still open. Well, they put her down, and from the way that little bitch started out, she could have run all day. When they had been down a half-hour, Bee made a spectacular find of a covey Lewis had just passed by without scenting, and the judges ordered the dogs up, and announced that La Besita was National Champion."

"From the way the weather looks outside," somebody said, "tomorrow might be another pneumonia day. Them pointers will be wishing they was setters."

"I wouldn't worry much about the two that's running tomorrow, if I was you. That Hotfoot, he'll be too busy bird hunting to notice the weather, and that damn' outlaw of Duff's is tougher than harness leather."

DURING the night Duff heard the wind blowing against the pane, and he put on his sheepskin coat and went downstairs. When he flashed the light into the woodshed, Judas was curled deep in the straw; the dog raised his head and his eyes caught in the light and blinked coldly. Duff went back upstairs. He looked at his watch, 3:14. Before getting into bed, he went to the bathroom to get a drink of water, but the faucet was frozen.

He looked out the window to see if he could tell anything about the weather. The sky was black. He got under the thick covers, but no sleep came to him. At six o'clock Duff rose, shivering in the cold room, and dressed. He put on heavy underwear, a sweat shirt beneath his whipcord shirt. The boots were stiff as he pulled them over the woolen socks.

The kitchen was even colder than the bedroom. He was looking for the coffee when Mrs. Tufts came in, squinting her eyes. She wore an old robe and a nightcap.

"You're starting mighty early," she said. "I'll make you some eggs."

"I didn't go to wake anybody up. Just thought I'd fix a little coffee."

"I was about ready to git up," she said.

When he had eaten, Mrs. Tufts said, "I wish you luck, Duff," and he went out to the woodshed to get his dog.

Judas apparently guessed what was up, and he shivered with nervous impatience, and Duff knew enough to be careful about handling him. When he had the leash on him, Judas walked on his hind legs all the way to the car. Duff put him on the back seat.

The starter turned the motor heavily, and finally it caught. Duff switched on the lights, and backed around. The wind blew a paper across the street. At the corner house he saw Lucie's light on. She came out, running for warmth, her breath frosting.

"Hello," she said, climbing in beside him.

"Hello," he answered.

Daylight was showing above the bare treetops when they got to the field-trial grounds. Judas kept yawning nervously on the back seat.

"It's sure going to be a rucktious day," Lucie said. "What are you going to do with that check cord, Duff?"

"I'm going to let this dog take some running behind the car."

"Right before he's due to start?" Lucie asked incredulously.

"You look at him and see," Duff said. "He's hot as a mail-order pistol."

"Aren't you afraid it'll take too much out of him?"

"He's got to have some of that taken out of him, or we'll spend the first hour hunting for him."

"You're the boss."

After tarring his feet, they put the long leash on Judas, and Duff leaned out the back window and held the other end of the leash. Through winding sand roads Lucie drove at a speed to keep Judas running. Not that Judas seemed to mind. Once or twice Duff said, "Better go a little faster. He's got the line slack again and liable to get tangled in it." Finally Duff decided that Judas' wire edge had been run off, and he stopped the car. Judas breathed rapidly but without laboring. "I'll walk him around and let him blow a minute, and then we'll go on back," Duff said.

SILENCE
Ruge

"I'm a medical stoodent. Ya got any books on the treatment of gunshot wounds?"

JOHN RUGE

As Duff allowed Judas to pull him around, he listened to the gusty winter wind that rattled the stiff bare trees. He looked at his watch: 7:44. They were due to turn the dogs loose in forty-six minutes. Day seemed only halfway there; no sign of the sun. Judas was walking on his hind legs.

"Well, I see we didn't run him too much," Lucie admitted.

"He pulled me at a trot all the way up that road and back."

WHEN they got back to the starting ground the hostlers had come with their bunches of horses, and had fires going. The cars were arriving. "Here you go, boss, best saddler in Lardemore County. Just git on him and take a try, Cap'm; he's a Tennessee-walking scoun'l."

Lucie and Duff supervised the unloading of their horses from the truck. They minutely examined their horses' feet and legs, and bridles and girths and saddle billets.

"Okay?" Duff said.

"Okay," Lucie said. She smiled wanly at him. "Duff, I wish you luck."

Duff felt a sudden warmth for her that almost overwhelmed him. He said, "I wish *us* luck, Lucie."

Now they were ready, the judges waiting up front. Judas dragged Duff through the gathering gallery, while Lucie followed with the two horses. Teague McGinnis, leading Hotfoot, muttered, "Hope it don't take 'em long to make up their minds. This ground's froze enough to cut a dog's feet plumb off."

THE judges looked at their watches. *Time, 8:49. Temperature, 28. Sky overcast, variable winds shifting to the southwest.*

One of the judges blew his nose, and said, "All right, let them go."

Duff unsnapped the leash, and Judas jumped away. Both dogs ran hard, straining to outdistance the other. Then they broke apart and swung out bird hunting, but without slowing. In a few seconds Judas disappeared over a hill, and to the left, Hotfoot disappeared too.

"Them dogs might as well be running on the pavement as this froze ground," a man said. "And for all the birds they'll find, too."

The horses' hoofs struck with a hollow clopping, and their breath fogged from wet nostrils. Duff and Teague sat loosely in their saddles, occasionally passing a casual remark to show the judges they had complete confidence in their dogs' willingness to stay on the course; but their eyes were sharply searching the terrain ahead. Hotfoot appeared momentarily. "Yon's my dog, Judge," McGinnis pointed out, and his confidence became genuine, while Duff's eyes narrowed. Lucie looked at him questioningly, but Duff shook his head.

They surmounted the rise, and Hotfoot could be seen skirting the woods line off to the left. Somebody whistled softly, and told his neighbor to look at that dog go. Duff now rode erect, and made no remarks, casual or otherwise. Then, incredibly far ahead, he made out a spot of white. It might have been a log, because it didn't move; or it might have been a dog.

"Yon's my dog, Judge," Duff said, "and he's on point."

The judges stood in their stirrups and looked, but they could see nothing. "If you see a dog," one of them said, "you've got better eyes than I have."

"Well, he's there all right."

"I see him," said a man in the gallery suddenly. "Before God, look yonder where he is at!"

Duff spurred his horse, and let out a long squall of assurance to the distant Judas. There was a ride of several minutes to traverse the open stretch and arrive at the patch of sedge and cedars where Judas stood with his tail high and his head back and his mouth cracked in a cocky grin. With his gun in one hand and his quirt in the other, Duff waited until the judges were there, then he strode rapidly out in front, knowing by the elevation of the dog's head exactly where the birds would be. They rose close-bunched, having not yet left their roost place; one of them tilted out and back, and flew directly over Judas' head. Judas made a quick about-face, but didn't chase, and Duff fired.

There's the dog they said I'd never break, Duff thought, as he caught hold of Judas' collar. With the dog rumbling threateningly, Duff inspected the pads of his feet; they were already pink.

Now Judas was away again, swinging out in that carefree, tail-whipping run. Ahead was a cornfield that stretched along a branch swamp, and along the edge of it was a continuous strip of weedy cover. Running swiftly, Judas followed this all the way to its end, and at the far end of his cast he suddenly whirled and darted back twenty yards and abruptly stopped, on point again. They all saw it, and looked at one another significantly when Judas stood to wing and shot. Two coveys within ten minutes of each other, on a cold raw morning when the birds weren't supposed to be moving.

Hotfoot's groundwork was beautifully capable, and there was a sparkle about his manner of running that gave the illusion of tremendous speed. He disappeared behind a roll of land, then swung back in beyond it. Ten minutes later Hotfoot made his first find, and Judas crossing the field, saw him a hundred yards away and backed. Lucie looked at Duff and smiled. Duff thought, *There's the boy I wasn't going to break.*

THE sun came up, and before long the ground had thawed. Instead of ice there was a coating of cold, half-frozen mud upon the earth, and in the low places the horses sank over their pasterns. The wind rose, burning the reddened faces of the men. A half-hour later, as if the day weren't already bad enough, a thin, stinging spray of half sleet, half rain came with the wind, and it grew colder again. The judges began looking at each other questioningly. But gradually the sleet subsided, and that seemed to settle the matter.

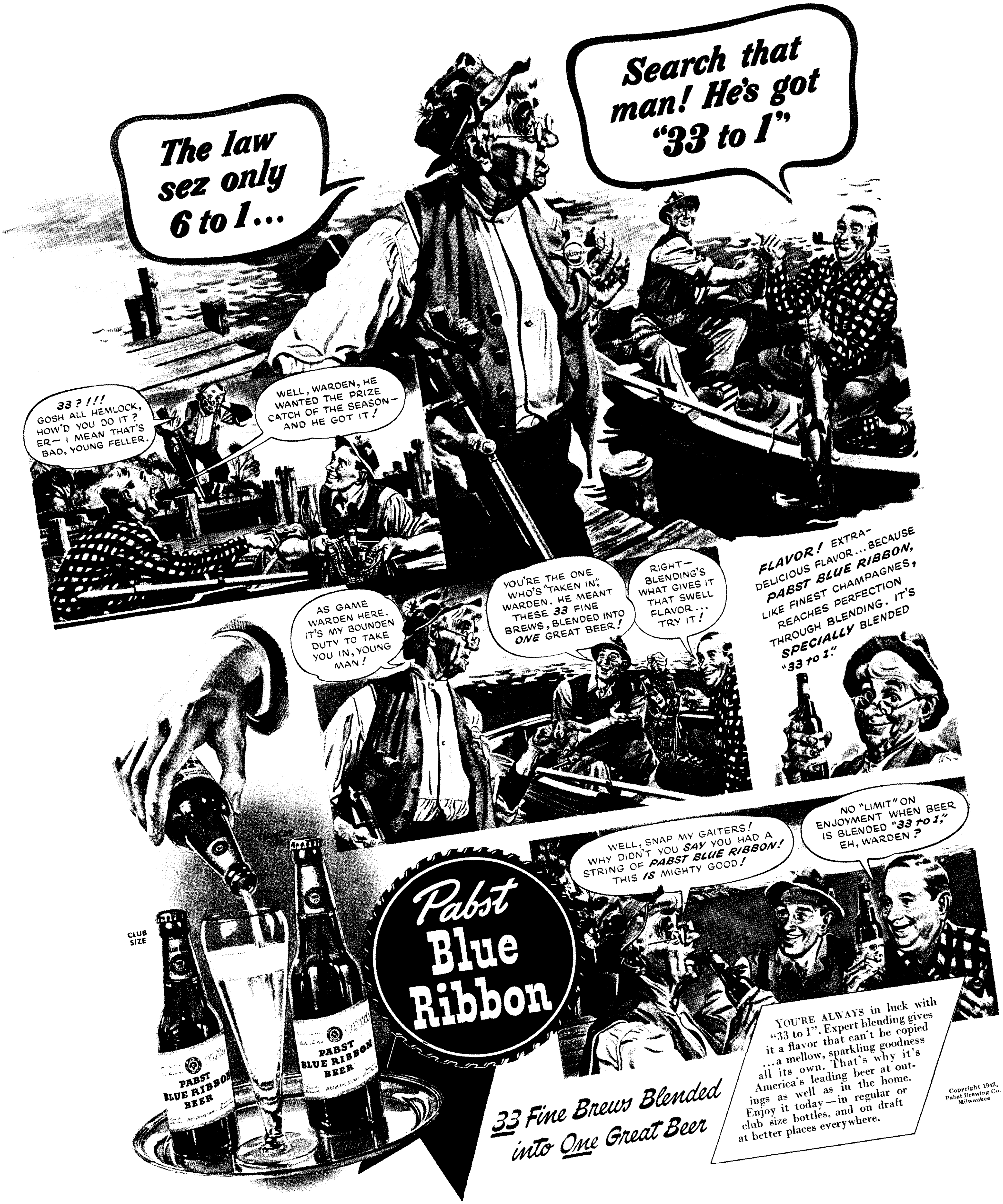
Not that the dogs minded. Both of them ran with the air of being out on a bright fall afternoon, and except for the difficulty of finding birds they might well have been. But after Judas found his third covey, Duff saw that his pads were now cut and slightly bleeding, and half-frozen mud matted between his toes. *I guess now's the time to call up some of the guts you're supposed to be so full of.*

Instead of slowing his pace, Judas seemed to quicken it, darting down through a cold branch head, whipping back around and then leveling off for the fields ahead; and whenever he pointed, he did it with such smash and intensity that even the most frostbitten novice was jolted upright in the saddle.

"You reckon the judges aren't going to put a stop to it?" one red-nosed man asked, after a while.

"Mister, if them judges are seeing the same dog race I am, you couldn't stop 'em with a blizzard."

The American Field said, *Cast off on*


The law sez only 6 to 1...
Search that man! He's got "33 to 1"
33 ? ! ! ! GOSH ALL HEMLOCK, HOW'D YOU DO IT ? ER— I MEAN THAT'S BAD, YOUNG FELLER.
WELL, WARDEN, HE WANTED THE PRIZE CATCH OF THE SEASON— AND HE GOT IT !
AS GAME WARDEN HERE, IT'S MY BOUNDEN DUTY TO TAKE YOU IN, YOUNG MAN !
YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S "TAKEN IN," WARDEN. HE MEANT THESE 33 FINE BREWS, BLENDED INTO ONE GREAT BEER !
RIGHT— BLENDING'S WHAT GIVES IT THAT SWELL FLAVOR... TRY IT !
FLAVOR! EXTRA-DELICIOUS FLAVOR... BECAUSE PABST BLUE RIBBON, LIKE FINEST CHAMPAGNES, REACHES PERFECTION THROUGH BLENDING. IT'S SPECIALLY BLENDED "33 TO 1."
WELL, SNAP MY GAITERS! WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY YOU HAD A STRING OF PABST BLUE RIBBON! THIS IS MIGHTY GOOD !
NO "LIMIT" ON ENJOYMENT WHEN BEER IS BLENDED "33 TO 1," EH, WARDEN ?
CLUB SIZE
PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER
Pabst Blue Ribbon
33 Fine Brews Blended into One Great Beer

YOU'RE ALWAYS in luck with "33 to 1". Expert blending gives it a flavor that can't be copied ...a mellow, sparkling goodness all its own. That's why it's America's leading beer at outings as well as in the home. Enjoy it today—in regular or club size bottles, and on draft at better places everywhere.

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that great open flat, Judas soon demonstrated that he was at his best, for he smashed across those vast lespedeza fields, his great mottled form silhouetted on the gray background of trees and sky, always appearing somewhere ahead just when the judges would begin to wonder. . . . In less than twenty minutes he had the entire gallery with him. Not that Hotfoot was outclassed, for this dog is hard to beat any time, and impossible to beat some of the time. His work was done in his usual scintillating fashion, and the mistakes he made were negligible. But the weather seemed to hamper Hotfoot somewhat; not much, but a little. On the other hand, Duff Webster's fiery pointer seemed contemptuous of the killing weather, contemptuous of the gallery, and even contemptuous of his handler.

As this heat wore on while the judges were trying to find enough difference in the dogs to reach a decision, it became apparent that in this mighty pointer we were seeing one of the great dogs of the year, possibly even of all time. . . . Just when we were deciding this about Judas, he cast over some hills and in a little hollow Hotfoot was seen to flash into point. As McGinnis came up, the dog seemed to realize that he was pointing downwind, and then he did a piece of work very much like an expert chicken dog will sometimes do. He made a swift dash downwind and came back with the wind in his face, not in a crawling, creeping manner, but with snap and decision; in another moment he froze. The birds were there, and he was steady to wing and shot on this, his fifth covey.

Judas retaliated a few moments later, with his superb, inspirational handling of the covey in the gully. . . .

Occasionally both dogs were out of sight for several minutes, and the scouts rode out wide, searching. At first Duff had been doubtful about Lucie's ability to keep up with Judas; but she soon proved that she knew what she was to do, and more important, that she knew what Judas would do.

SHE rode back in and joined the gallery, and whispered to Duff, "How are we doing?"

"All right."

"Just all right, huh? You're crazy." She said it with the old lilt, and Duff liked it.

The course became almost serpentine, and every time they made a turn Duff was in a nervous sweat until Judas, guided by the rolling *Ha-a-ay, Jude!* bent around and appeared ahead again. Once, after a five-minute absence, he showed again at exactly the right place, and a man rode up to Duff and said, "If he wins, I'll give you five thousand dollars for him, and you to campaign him for me and take the winnings."

Duff said, "I'll think about it after he wins."

The man turned his horse, then came back, and said, "I'll pay it whether he wins or not."

"I'll think about it."

"Boys," an old man said, "you watch this race and remember it, and tell your children, because you've never seen one like it before."

"I saw Doughboy run in 1924," another answered.

A lawyer from Cincinnati said, thoughtfully, "Gentlemen, you take a careful look at that dog. Judas? Take a look at him. That's no Judas. That's old Ambling Sam come to life again!"

They looked, even the judges; and they saw it. For it did seem to be a reborn, rekindled Ambling Sam.

"You see it, Miss Lucie?" someone asked. "Isn't it so?"

Lucie said, "Yes, it's true!"

"Look at him hit those birdy places. You remember his crossing over to find that last covey in the briar patch in the middle of that cottonfield? When he did it, I said, 'Now what dog was it used to pick out places like that?' and it came to me. Then I could see it in that short-coupled gait, and the way he cracks his tail."

THEY watched Hotfoot across an opening grass area where a covey had flushed wild, and saw him cast nervously about several times before going on; then Judas swung over and passed the same place and gave the lingering scent only one fling of his head, knowing the birds were gone. Five minutes later Lucie found Judas pointing on the edge of a series of gulleys. On the other side, where the dog was looking, was a weed patch which conceivably held the covey.

Well, you've picked a damned good place to cut your throat, Duff thought uneasily as he drew his gun from the saddle scabbard. Judas stood as if on tiptoes, his nose high, his breath sounding audibly, the cold, wet hide of him stretched tight over his flared ribs. Duff skidded down the side of the gulley.

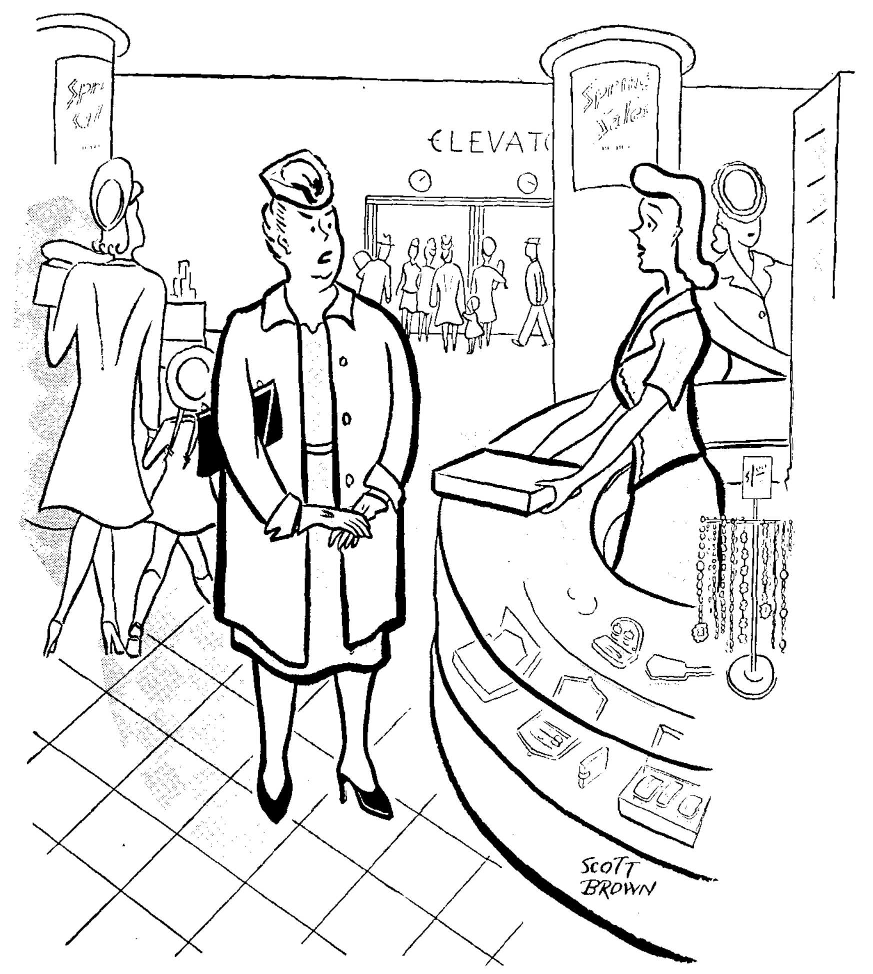
As he started up the other side, a shadow flickered across his vision, and he looked up to see Judas pass overhead in a great leap. *"Hey!"* Duff yelled, and swore in bitter anger. But there was no whirr of wings. Duff climbed the wall of the gulley, and there stood Judas. He had landed on point in the patch of grass.

There was hardly room for a covey of birds, but Duff kicked around in the cover. Nothing happened. Puzzled, Duff gave a sharp blast on the whistle. Immediately Judas leaped, as if touched with a hot wire, across a second gulley. He landed in a half-crouch, tail-up, frozen. And this time Duff knew the birds were there. He crossed the gulley and flushed them, and they boiled up from all sides of the motionless dog.

Out of the corner of his eye, Duff saw the judges conferring, their horses drawn in close. As he got back to his mount Lucie was grinning and winking at him, knowing, as he did, that the judges were on the verge of telling him to take his dog up, and that he had won. Then a long halloo reached them. On the far hill was Teague McGinnis, and McGinnis' hat was raised high—signaling a point for Hotfoot.

After that there was nothing to do but run them longer. Now the sun was out, and there was no wind. Both dogs reached out to the horizon in their casts, and the day had suddenly, now that the race was in its last stage, become almost pleasant. Quail were moving—the gallery rode up several coveys.

The course made another right-angle bend, and the handlers squalled at regular intervals. Five minutes passed and neither dog showed. Far out to the side, Lucie could be seen riding hard, searching and calling. Duff signaled her farther out to the left.



"Certainly I want it wrapped: I'm saving paper for the war effort!"

SCOTT BROWN

"Durned if I ever seen two dogs have the pure hair run off of 'em, and still be tough enough to get lost!" somebody said.

THE judges and the gallery stopped and waited. Another five minutes passed, and still no sign of either dog. Duff and Teague now rode the surrounding woods desperately, kicking their horses without mercy; all of them knew that, in all likelihood, the first dog found would be given the stake.

Then, in a heavy cover beyond a chill branch, Duff saw something white. As he approached he knew it was a dog. The horses splashed through the branch and galloped up the hillside; and there, half-hidden in the brush, stood Hotfoot, pointing birds.

Duff rode back out into the cornfield and held up his hat. The gallery broke and came toward him. To the right of them, Teague McGinnis appeared, and Duff motioned to him.

"Yonder's your dog, pointing," Duff said to Teague.

"*My* dog?" Teague said, staring at him.

"Right yonder," Duff said, and rode on out to continue the search for Judas; but there was no hurry, for he knew it was over and Hotfoot was still the champion.

A few minutes later Lucie found Judas nearly a mile away, directly on the course, on point. Now there was no gallery, Duff walked up to Judas. For a moment he stood there beside the dog, watching him. A big drove of doves passed overhead, swerving around the bare treetops. Somewhere in the distance a crow cawed. Duff walked out in front. The covey whirred up, and he leveled his gun and pulled the trigger, and a cock quail fell out of the streaming flight. Judas retrieved the bird, and Duff let him eat it.

"Duff, you told me to go out to the left," Lucie said.

"It wasn't your fault. I guessed wrong, I reckon. All we needed to do was follow the course; he was right where he was supposed to be."

WHEN they got back, most of the cars had gone. The hostlers were leading the horses away. Two men were trying to get a rearing horse into a trailer. Fires smoldered here and there, where the hostlers had waited.

Duff took Judas' muzzle out of the trunk of the car and and put it on him so they could dry him off thoroughly without being bitten. Lucie held him while Duff rubbed him with a croker sack. She stroked the dog's head gently. Judas didn't like it.

"Duff," Lucie said thoughtfully, "you just had to report Teague's lost dog, didn't you?"

"Sometimes I think I don't have much sense."

"But you had to do it. You couldn't simply ride on past and keep looking for your own dog. No, not you. Not Duff Webster," she mused. "That's you, all right. But I knew you were like that long ago. I guess that's why I used to love you."

He stopped rubbing. "I'm sorry it has to be 'used to,' Lucie."

She answered, "It doesn't have to be. It isn't."

"Honest, Lucie?"

"Oh, Duff, you know it as well as I do!"

He kissed her hard on the mouth, all the months of missing her suddenly consummated. "I thought I'd quit loving you once, Lucie, but I found out different. Things have been in a tangle, but they're straight now."

Lucie suddenly took his hand and kissed the back of it, in the way he remembered. She said, "Duff, do you think things might be the way we used to say they would? About summers in Canada on the prairies, and campaigning the dogs round the circuit, and all that you used to tell me about the ivory table and the amber studs?"

"Yes, that's the way it will be," Duff said. Then he added, "And next year, we'll win this championship."

Lucie looked at him, "What did you say, Duff?"

"Next year," he said determinedly, "we're going to win this championship."

She smiled softly and somewhat sadly, remembering that her grandfather, Amos Hawthorne, had said that every year. "Yes, Duff," she answered finally, "next year we will win."

Duff said, "Hold him still so I can dry him under here."

Judas stood still while Duff rubbed his belly and legs with the croker sack. The dog was growling, but in an absent-minded sort of way, for his eyes were looking out toward the cornfield and the sedge that bordered it, where there should be a covey of quail.

THE END

Our Fighting Men

Continued from page 26

get up a few minutes earlier and go to bed a few minutes later, but most of the days of the week you just blow Reveille and Taps, then loaf in between"). He bugled at Camp Dix and during the Louisiana maneuvers, then landed at Paine Field, where, first crack out of the box, somebody tossed a rifle at him and he started making ruts on guard duty. The situation explained itself next morning. Says he: "I wake up when First Call sounds and can't believe my ears. The bugler is hitting all those triple-tongue notes in there easily—and at that hour of the morning! I decide to look him up and am disappointed to discover it's one of those canned bugle systems." Officers say the only thing wrong with this system is that Taps wakes up nearly everybody on the post.

MAYBE you've noticed the number of officers who've taken the bands out of their caps, thus permitting the tops to flop casually on the brims. It's the MacArthur influence.

It's Loaded, Mr. Bauer

By John P. Marquand

Miss Simpson was too frivolous for the American colony at Boca Grande, but the Germans had a job all ready for her. A rousing tale of Nazi intrigue south of the sun

BEGINNING IN NEXT WEEK'S COLLIER'S

GOVERNORS ISLAND, N. Y. On the first night of the East Coast dim-out, one Pvt. Stuart Young, on dim-out detail, decided too much light was showing from a window in the residence of Lt. Gen. Hugh A. Drum. He rang the doorbell and . . . well, it wouldn't be much of a story if anyone but the general had answered. Awed but conscientious, the soldier delivered his message. Was the general put out? No. Were the lights? Yep.

9TH DIV.

FORT BRAGG, N. C. Every time he wears his medals, Sgt. James Maloney, of the Ninth Division medics, gets arrested by the M.P.s. When he leaves them off, his C.O. calls him down. The sergeant is a veteran of the last war and earned plenty of badges including the Verdun Medal and the Order of the Purple Heart, but when he sticks them on his chest and walks around near-by Fayetteville, M.P.s regard him with fishy eye, and the hero generally winds up in the clink, charged with decorating himself with embellishments bought at an Army store. "It's getting on my nerves," observes Maloney.

ENID ARMY FLYING SCHOOL, Okla. To keep the Air Corps calisthenics program distinctive, Capt. Charles Marr, officer in charge of physical training for the Gulf Coast Training Center, B. E. Phillips, civilian member of the toughening-up department, and Dr. P. V. Karpovich, of the Research staff at Randolph's School of Aviation Medicine, put their heads together and cooked up an imaginary airplane flight of seven exercises for the daily warm-up.

Exercise No. 1 is known as the Motor Warm-up in which the cadet swings his arms in imitation of a spinning prop. No. 2 is the Take-off, chiefly a leg workout, ending with a leap into the air. Twisting the body in imitation of a Climbing Turn is No. 3. The infantry's side-straddle hop—a jumping and arm-swinging exercise—is No. 4, the Stratosphere Hop. No. 5, Power Dive, is a quickly executed body bend in which the head is thrust vigorously toward the ground. Blackout, No. 6, is a squatting exercise in which the cadet yells while grabbing his knees hard and pressing them against his abdomen and chest (actually recommended to pilots for fighting off the blacking-out effects of power dive pull-outs). No. 7, Landing, is a forward lunge with a bouncing motion that stretches muscles in legs and sides. They're good for you—but watch out for a crack-up if you should happen to be soft.

CAMP WOLTERS, Mineral Wells, Tex. One guy who isn't grousing about the uniforms now being handed out is Corp. Ed. Baxter, 43, back in the Army to finish a job he thought was done in 1918. "In 1917," says he, "we wore hobnail boots with so many studs attached you could skate from one end of the barracks to the other. They felt like a ton of scrap metal and if you got stuck in the mud somebody had to pull you out. And the dog tags—round, and a quarter-inch thick. Coupla millstones around your neck. Our raincoats were also our shelter halves—square pieces of tarpaulin with a hole in the middle for your head. We never could decide which was worse—a raincoat without sleeves or a tent with a hole in the top."

KELLY FIELD REPLACEMENT TRAINING CENTER, San Antonio. The Civil War may have been called off on December 7th but there's still a lot of good-natured guerrilla warfare going on in the Lone Star State. When a new arrival from Yankeeland checks in at this field he's generally snared by a Texan upperclassman who demands to know: "Why did you come here, Mister?" Only approved answer is: "I came here, sir, to be a Yank in the T.A.F. (Texas Air Force)."

45TH DIV.

CAMP BARKELEY, Tex. Second Lt. W. M. Blanchard, Co. A, 57th Bn, Medical Replacement Training Center, isn't sure whether he's a poor teacher or whether circumstances were to blame. Anyway, in a class in scouting he had 13 men stand in the classroom aisle and pass a message from one to the other for the purpose of seeing how well it would be translated and transmitted. The original message read: "The enemy is on hill 30, north of the old school." It came out: "The enemy is in hell, 30 miles east of the old school."

WISHFUL thinking, no doubt.

G. W.

EVEN THOUGH YOU INHALE.

NO WORRY ABOUT THROAT IRRITATION!

SURE you inhale. All smokers do—sometimes. So play safe with your throat.

Look at this . . . a vital difference found and reported by eminent doctors who compared the leading favorite cigarettes:

SMOKE OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING POPULAR BRANDS AVERAGED *MORE THAN THREE TIMES AS IRRITATING*—AND THEIR IRRITATION *LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG*—AS THE STRIKINGLY CONTRASTED PHILIP MORRIS!

This *exclusive, proved protection* is a plus—added to your enjoyment of the superb-quality PHILIP MORRIS tobaccos. Smoking that's a lot more fun—and *no worry about throat irritation*—even when you do inhale!

FOR VICTORY BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS STAMPS

BECAUSE YOU DO INHALE

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

AMERICA'S *finest* CIGARETTE

Take the Day Off

Continued from page 24

both of them came back with eyes soft and shining, and stood an unnecessarily long time in the porch shadows before entering the house. Whippy Mullins, with hospitality due an important visitor, was put up for the night in the west guest room, which connected through a bathroom with the east guest room wherein, tomorrow, would be the governor.

“The Herald was trying to reach you, Mr. Mullins,” said Mrs. Mattison, “but I'm afraid our local phone operator has gone to bed by now. Wilgate is a pretty quiet place after 10 o'clock.”

“That's all right,” declared Whippy with the breeziness of a big man. “Just a routine call. Probably checking to see if I got here. A newspaper always has to know where it can reach its men.”

“I want you to make this your home,” continued Mrs. Mattison. “My brother will be coming tomorrow to spend a few days with us, but I do hope you can stay until tomorrow evening and have one of our real old family-reunion dinners.”

“That's swell,” said Whippy, thinking of the phone call from The Herald, of me, and of his job. Then he looked at the blond sleekness of Edwina's hair and that it-can't-be-true shape. The scales just didn't balance.

“Gee,” grinned Whippy. “I'd love to stay. . . .”

ABOUT eleven o'clock I knew there wasn't much point keeping after the phone call. People in places like Wilgate use party lines, and a call to Whippy at that late hour would bring every ear into action. And they'd hear plenty—mostly that The Herald was telling its man to spy on the governor.

“Yeah,” said Jerry. “You're dead right. Better send a wire and have him call us first thing tomorrow. This thing could boomerang if the Globe-Press ever got their mitts on it.”

So I sent a telegram: “Please phone office at first opportunity. Need you for assignment.”

That was a bad choice of words, but then how was I to know that Edwina Mattison was enough to make even my tough old heart turn over like a flapjack on a hot griddle?

The wire was at his plate when Whippy came down for breakfast the next morning. He ripped it open and read without emotion. Edwina watched apprehensively, her blue eyes wide, because a telegram is still an instrument of dire news in places like Wilgate.

“Nothing,” said Whippy, pocketing the yellow paper. “Mere routine stuff.” Yet something told him inside that he was flirting with unemployment.

The governor arrived at 11 o'clock, accompanied by two motorcycle troopers and a cloud of fine, white dust. But about a quarter-hour before his whirlwind entrance, Whippy met Morgan Olney and a scene boiled up that might best be described as dramatically tense. It was so tense that Morgan popped Whippy on his thin, sensitive nose and Whippy popped Morgan into the fine, white dust which, up to that time, had just been lying in the road minding its own business.

From all symptoms this Morgan Olney was, to phrase it in the vernacular, a louse. Usually he divided his time between Wilgate and Bellington, which is where the Globe-Press is published. He lived with his mother in Wilgate but, like Edwina, Morgan Olney also had a distinguished uncle, albeit a Democrat. This uncle owned the Globe-Press. Morgan's excursions to Bellington invariably eked petty loans from his mother's well-heeled brother, although “loans” is a weak description. Morgan never had anything to pay them back with except further loans from the same uncle—an obviously unsatisfactory arrangement for the Bellington publisher.

Edwina, as certainly indicated by her writing prowess, was no mental marvel. This was undoubtedly why she committed the volatile error of introducing Whippy to Morgan when they met him walking down a gravel path near the one-room post office. Whippy didn't quite catch the name

“HOW are you, Mullins?” asked Morgan, lurching forward to clamp his fingers in a hydraulic-press handshake. Whippy never liked people who called him by his last name. “It's okay if they want to say Mr. Mullins. They can call me Whippy or Snooks or any obscene but friendly thing they want,” he once told me. “But, gee, how I hate to be called just plain Mullins.”

“Well, dear, how did the war go today?”

BARNEY TOBEY

“Oh, a reporter, eh?” said Morgan. “Pretty dull place for The Herald to send a reporter, isn't it? I don't suppose the governor's visit could have anything to do with your staying at the Mattisons?”

“The governor?” asked Whippy, with authentic surprise. “What do you mean?”

Instead of answering, Morgan Olney laughed. “A very naïve chap, sweetheart,” he informed Edwina. It was her turn to be surprised.

“But Whippy—didn't you know? I mean, about Uncle coming here for a few days?”

Whippy felt something mounting up inside that seemed suspiciously like the fumes of anger. Probably more than anything else, they were generated by hearing Morgan call Edwina “sweetheart.” “Listen,” he said pugnaciously, “I don't like your hint. I knew nothing about the governor coming to Wilgate. The Herald doesn't have to sneak its news.”

His final slam had an instant reaction: “What makes you think the Globe-Press does, chump?” Morgan Olney's jaw was as far out as Whippy's, and they looked like a couple of schoolboys fighting to decide who'd carry the little blond girl's books home. The quick defense of the Globe-Press gave Whippy a flash hunch and for the first time he realized that here was the writer of that letter I had taken out of the files—the one applying quietly for Edwina's job.

“That comic sheet!” snorted Whippy. Morgan Olney's right hook went into motion. “You can't talk that way about my uncle's paper,” he said calmly. It was all rather unexpected. Whippy, although not going down, definitely lost ground. Edwina gave a funny little squeal like a baby puma.

“It won't do you any good to start pumping the governor,” added Morgan. “He isn't going to tell you a thing about that federal highway until he's ready. The Globe-Press has all the facts, anyhow.”

“Now,” declared Whippy, retaking the ground he'd lost, “I'm quite sure I don't like you. Quite sure.” It was over in about three seconds. Morgan Olney sat straight-legged in the dust, and watched Whippy take Edwina's arm patronizingly. “Come, sweetheart,” said Whippy.

“You shouldn't have hit him,” she protested.

“He shouldn't have hit me,” tallied Whippy, and Edwina found his logic sound. “Morgan has a terrible temper,” she explained. Whippy's interest was mounting like an August thermometer. This had the smell of a good story. Why should he go back to the office for some midget assignment? He could always pretend the wire never came.

And about that time the governor skidded up in front of the Mattison house with all that inexplicable haste that governors usually exhibit, even when they're just going somewhere for peace and a little rest.

THE governor was a large man with a frankness that had won him both friends and the election. When he looked down at Morgan Olney, who had come to interview him, there was a keen twinkle in his gray eyes.

“Look, son,” he said, “I've come up here to Wilgate because I've had a tough week in Washington and I need a rest. Did you ever spend a week in Washington? The cigar smoke is awful. Besides, I can never tell whether the taxi drivers are gypping me. . . .”

Morgan Olney was insistent. “But, Governor,” he argued, “the readers of the Globe-Press are citizens of this state, and entitled to know whether or not the federal government is going to build that superhighway.”

Whippy sat on the porch swing and listened hostilely. Edwina was beside him. The governor had chosen to sit out on the porch in his favorite rocking chair, and there was no way to keep Morgan from leaning over the porch rail except with a burst of buckshot. Unfortunately the Mattisons were friends of the Olneys.

“What superhighway?” asked Whippy with blunt curiosity.

The governor took his pipe out of his pocket and knocked it against one foot. “It's a new project, Mr. Mullins,” he explained. “The state wants to co-operate with the federal government—using federal funds—to build a four-lane highway, the length of the state, along the spine of the mountains. It would provide a valuable transportation link for national defense.”

Whippy whistled softly. “News to The Herald, eh, Mullins?” said Morgan with ostentatious glee.

“We've tried to keep it pretty quiet,” said the governor. “I guess your uncle's been up to some detective work in Washington, Morgan. Since when have you been a reporter?”

“Uncle sometimes calls on me for special stories,” replied Morgan expansively. “Now, look, Governor, all I want you to say is yes or no. Has Washington okayed it?”

THE governor held his tobacco pouch in one hand and was filling his pipe meticulously, paying almost no attention to what had been asked him. “What do you say?” urged Morgan.

“Look,” said Whippy, finally chiming in. “Go peddle your papers someplace else. You oughta be able to see he doesn't want to talk.”

The governor shook his head. “I'm afraid the answer's no, son.”

Morgan's face lit up as though someone had built a bonfire inside him. “You really mean it's no, sir?”

“You heard what I said.” The governor was concentrating on the match that flickered over the bowl of his pipe.

“Well, say, thanks a lot,” gasped Morgan Olney. “Thanks a lot!” He vanished like a snowflake in June, breaking into a run at the end of twenty yards.

Whippy watched him go with panicky resentment. All he could think was that the Globe-Press is an afternoon paper, giving it a clean twelve-hour beat over The Herald. Besides, the story would be on the press wire out of the state capital tonight if the Globe-Press broke it.

That was a consolation. Cub reporters were always getting excited over nothing. Sure, The Herald was bound to have the whole story before press time. Whippy looked at Edwina, weighed duty against devotion, and for once in his confident young life was without an answer.

It was right after I'd sent the third wire and put in another phone call to Wilgate that I saw Jerry McConnell come out of his office like a fire wagon on its way to an oil-tank explosion.

“Where's that guy Mullins gone?” he screamed at me. “Where is that lead-headed moron?”

“What's the matter?” I asked with all

the bravado of a trapped rabbit. "Matter?" shouted Jerry. "Matter? Look what just came in on the evening plane from Bellington." He waved an afternoon copy of the Globe-Press in front of me, and I saw it had "EXTRA" in 72-point caps up in each of the ears.

There was an eight-column streamer slashing across the front page, and a mess of subdecks hanging from it. "U. S. Says No to Highway Plan," it trumpeted with the brashest, blackest wood type in the whole Globe-Press composing room.

"I told you something was cookin'," wept Jerry. "I told you we should contact Mullins and have him watch the governor. And what happens? The Globe-Press makes us look like a bunch of potato farmers!"

He was working himself skyward with rage. "Find me Mullins!" he yelled. "I want him chopped up on a platter . . . !"

Just then the phone rang. It was a merciful escape and I felt a good deal of gratitude toward that usually obnoxious instrument. "Hello," I wavered.

"On your call to Wilgate," cooed the operator, "Mr. Mullins has left. They say he is returning to his office."

I cracked the phone back into its cradle and looked up. "He's on his way here, Jerry."

Jerry's roar was like that of a lion who's been living on a coral reef for eight weeks without fresh meat. "That guy," he pronounced, "is hereby fired."

WHIPPY came up the stairs to the newsroom about eight o'clock. I was ready to strike him dead. The pleased smirk on his face did nothing to cultivate my generosity.

"Where the hell have you been?" I roared. It was the same roar, almost, that Jerry used. Mentally, I had been practicing. "Why didn't you answer my wires? I suppose you know that you muffed the biggest story of the year! Didn't anybody ever tell you we sometimes publish extras?"

Whippy stood a moment in the doorway. Everyone stopped what he was doing and stared. "Kid," I declared, my voice unconsciously lowering itself, "you're just plain fired. Through. We don't want you."

Whippy came into the room, and for the first time I saw what everyone was staring at. She moved lightly as a fawn, and her blue eyes looked back at us in frank bewilderment. For a second I couldn't say anything. I don't think I've ever seen a girl more beautiful, and the thing that struck me most was her face—young and fresh and so completely natural.

Then, behind the two, appeared a large man with oddly familiar features. He seemed to be out of breath from the climb up the stairs. It hit me with the suddenness of a screen door slamming that this was the governor! He looked just like his pictures, only maybe a little older.

"Chief," said Whippy, speaking for the first time, "I want you to meet E. Mattison—the loveliest correspondent in your whole card file." Her smile was simply incredible, and I would have felt like a dizzy old fool if the governor's presence hadn't already made me dizzy.

"And, Chief," added Whippy, "this is the governor."

"How are you, sir?" I muttered in reverent tones. "Whippy, you better go see Jerry." My voice was sugared by circumstance.

He led the pair across the newsroom to Jerry's office, and I noticed that Edwina's hand was tightly in his. The governor eased his heavy frame through the little doorway, and a silence settled over us all like an arctic winter. Downstairs I could hear the matrices clicking in the linotypes.

Then about three of us got the same idea at once and tiptoed over to the water cooler that stands just outside Jerry's office. I fumbled the first paper cup onto the floor and had to take a second one. You could hear the conversation inside plainly.

"And I'd appreciate it, Mr. McConnell," said the deep voice of the governor, "if The Herald would give the people of this state the real story. I have been grossly misquoted by the Globe-Press and, as this wire I received tonight shows, Washington has granted full approval of the highway project. Contractors' specifications will be issued next week."

We all reached for a second cup of water and nodded smugly.

"You see, Jerry," piped up Whippy's younger voice, "the governor said no to this Globe-Press man, meaning that the federal approval hadn't come through yet. But the dope thought that no meant the project had been turned down. That's how it happened."

Then we heard the governor speaking:

"When the State House called me late this afternoon at Wilgate and said the Globe-Press was out with the exact opposite of the truth, why, Mr. Mullins—I mean Whippy—persuaded me that I should come down here and give you the real picture."

Before we had a chance to get back to our desks, Jerry was at the door. His face was transfixed with the beatific smile that only a newspaperman can have when he's up to his armpits in a hot story.

"Everybody hold up what he's doing," bellowed Jerry. "We're puttin' out an extra. Pat, I want you on rewrite. Jim, go get me everything on the governor that's in the morgue." The room whirred with action. Jerry sat inside his office, beating out a lead story on his typewriter and interviewing the governor at the same time.

After the excitement had bubbled down to routine and we had the front page all redummied, the governor and Edwina left. Whippy vanished with them and was missing maybe five minutes. When he came back, I was in Jerry's office getting my out-of-town page revised to take care of some of the runover from page one.

"Whippy," I said. "Two things: First, get that lipstick off your right cheek before someone less understanding sees it."

He blushed gracefully. Jerry was smiling.

"Second, Whippy," I said, "how did you ever persuade the governor to come down here from Wilgate with you?"

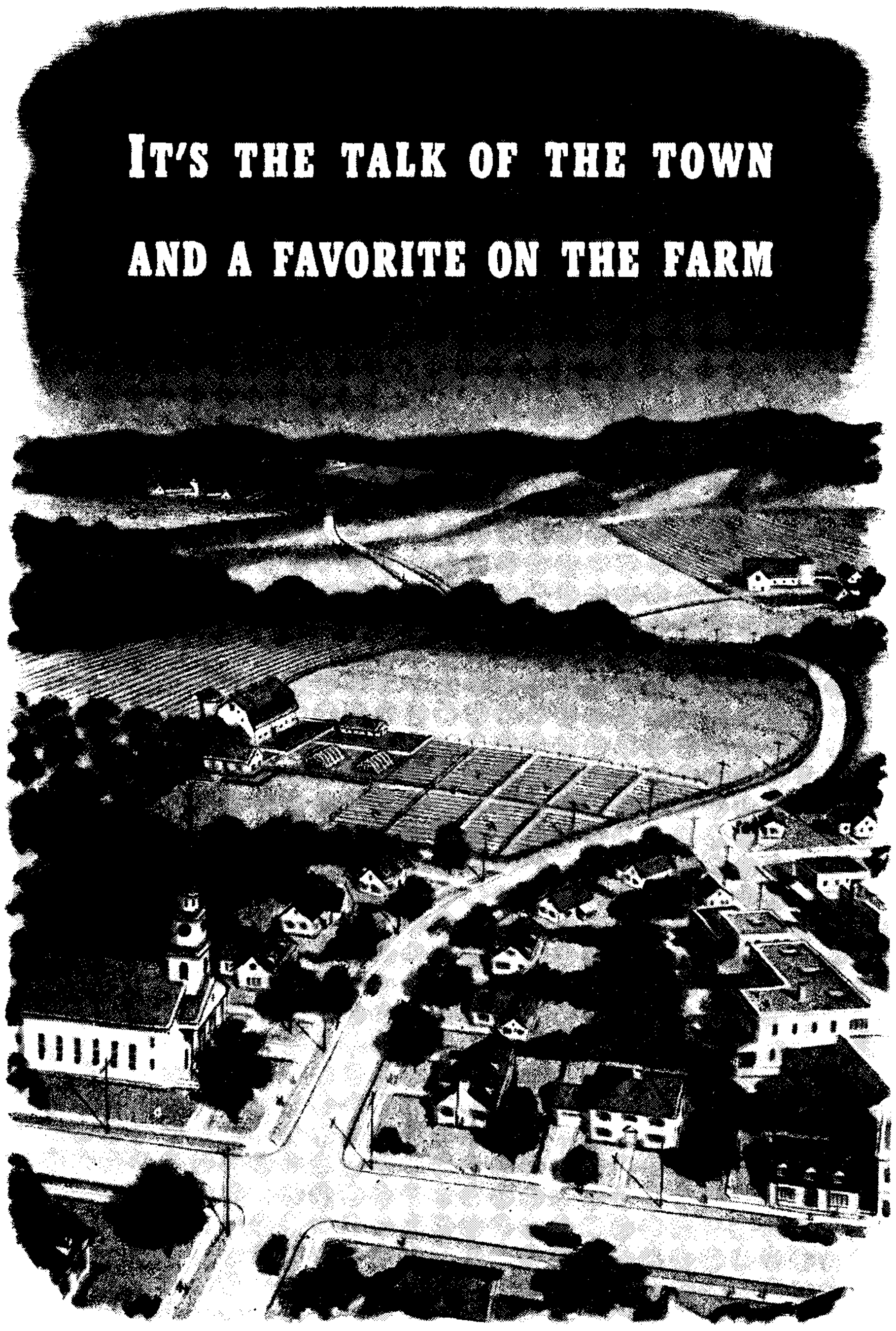
HIS grin was moronically happy. "And why," he asked me, "shouldn't the governor do a little thing like that for his niece's fiancé?" It left me with as little wind as a hot August night.

All I could say was, "Well, kid, I hope you'll forgive my nasty remarks. It'll be good to have the governor's nephew-in-law working with me."

"Working with you—my hat!" snapped Jerry. "Whippy's going to the state capital. He's our new correspondent there."

But Whippy Mullins, who married the governor's niece and got his picture in every paper throughout the state, including the Globe-Press, was too smart a youngster for plain newshawking. By now he's worked up to be state road commissioner, and that's only a start. The kid's going to the top, wherever it is. But sometimes when I'm down lifting an elbow at the Starlight, I get very philosophical and begin to wonder what would have happened if I'd gone up to Wilgate myself that time instead of giving Whippy the day off. E. Mattison was sure a pretty girl.

THE END


IT'S THE TALK OF THE TOWN
AND A FAVORITE ON THE FARM

IN CITY dwelling or in farm buildings, it's the efficiency of your insulation that counts most.

That's why Masonite* Cell-U-Blanket* is a favorite in both town and country. This remarkable insulating blanket makes possible cooler structures in summer—more warmth with *less* fuel in winter.

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The lumber dealer in your community who handles Masonite Presdwood Products has Cell-U-Blanket Insulation *or can* procure it for you. Secure his advice on your insulating problems or write direct to Masonite Corporation, Dept. C-6, 111 W. Washington Street, Chicago, Ill., for FREE sample and further details.

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Radio's Hawkear

By Frank J. Taylor

GEORGE GRAU

Noyes McKay, doctor of diction, lectures to a group of big-name pupils: (left to right) Bob Garred, ace air salesman of Hollywood's KNX; Yvonne Peattie, who is "Adrienne Day" of "Hawthorne House"; Willard Homan, manager of the CBS West Coast News Bureau; and Bob Andersen of KSFO, whom McKay rates the most accurate speaker in radio

Noyes McKay, new kind of detective, started correcting radio speakers when they murdered the King's English. Now his roster includes the names of most of the big-time broadcasters

NEXT time when you catch President Roosevelt or Raymond Gram Swing or your favorite newscaster murdering the King's English over the air—something the best of them unwittingly do, it appears—don't dial him out in disgust. Instead, put Hawkear, the Radio Detective, on the trail. All it takes is a penny postcard.

"The Hawkear," in case you don't know him, is Mr. Noyes McKay, a stoutish, graying, voluble scholar with spectacles and a goatee, residing in Berkeley, California. There he spends most of his waking hours in front of a small but highly selective radio receiving set. His other sleuthing props are dictionaries, gazetteers, assorted handbooks, a midget xylophone, a stop watch, a telephone, a letter file, and a card case known as "the spook file" and filled with evidence of assault and battery on innocent radio listeners' eardrums by some of the biggest shots on the air.

Ordinarily, Mr. McKay is a mild, affable person, but when some broadcaster, announcer, or radio star begins butchering words and diction or using his mike for a tom-tom, Mr. McKay sees red. He has seen red so much in the two years since he took up radio bug catching that his ire has smoldered into a one-man, nationwide crusade to "fumigate the nits and lice out of broadcasting," as he puts it, and make it easier for the millions on the receiving end of the barrage of words from newscasters, commentators, announcers, speakers, and preachers.

An odd angle to McKay's sleuthing is that he is paid, not by the radio listeners who benefit most by his work, but by the very men he is on the alert to catch in error. They include such top-flight broadcasters as Raymond Gram Swing, Fulton Lewis, Jr., and H. V. Kaltenborn in the East, and on the West Coast such radio personalities as Bob Andersen of KSFO, Phillip Stearns of KFRC, Bob Garred of KNX, Hollywood, and dozens more. Most of them just wouldn't believe they were butchering language until Hawkear caught them cold in from thirty to forty errors of pronunciation or diction per hour. Some newscasters even ran over sixty "boots" an hour, at which point Hawkear refused to clock them any more.

McKay contends that though the average listener may not be able to put his finger on boners of speech, he recognizes and appreciates smooth, easy-listening language.

"Suppose someone handed you a magazine or newspaper with all the capitals, commas, and periods put in the wrong places," he exclaimed. "You'd have a tough time reading. In radio, right pause and inflection are the punctuation of broadcast speech, and the secret of easy listening. The air audience is entitled to look to our broadcasters as a source of correct pronunciation, too, and not of more bad habits. Johnny Q. Public may not know why he doesn't like your speech, but he can shut you off in a hurry with the twist of a knob; and those twistings make or break radio reputations."

Brooklyn born, McKay has been a linguist since his Harvard days. His sensitive ear catches the slightest deviation from the right sound in English words or names, and in foreign names in French, German, Spanish, Russian, and nearly twenty other languages found in the war news.

"No broadcaster needs to know any foreign tongue," says Hawkear. "All he needs to do is find the authorities and learn how to read diacritical markings."

During his years as a business efficiency engineer, the Hawkear's passion was language. Words well spoken were sheer beauty; words manhandled were monstrosities.

With time on his hands in the Berkeley home to which he retired "when the old pump got fancy," McKay turned for amusement to a study of international affairs, relying upon his radio to keep him abreast of events. Nearly every time he tuned in a newscaster or an analyst or a public speaker, the "bugs"

(Continued on page 50)

"Mess line—
family style."

"Remember the days
before you went away?"

"Lonesome for you—Ginger"

VISIT HIM EVERY WEEK IN *SNAPSHOTS*

WHEN he's away from home—snapshots fill a need nothing else can fill. So tuck a bunch of them in your next letter. Make a practice of sending them every week. They'll put a big wallop in his mail. To him they're the next best thing to a visit from the home folks.

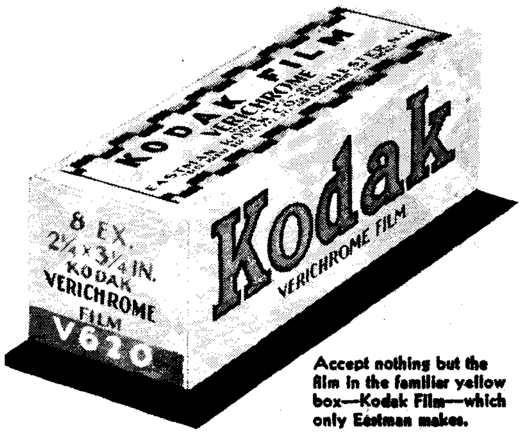
And because these are mighty important snapshots—don't take chances—load with Kodak Verichrome Film. The great majority of snapshooters all over America prefer it.

Verichrome's tremendous popularity is due to its remarkable "range." This great range takes care of reasonable exposure errors—gives you a longer snapshot day—results in good snapshots even when the sun is behind the clouds.

Ask for, and see that you get, America's favorite—Kodak Verichrome Film. At your Kodak dealer's . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

**EVERY SOLDIER WANTS A KODAK—
SEND ALONG THAT EXTRA ONE OF YOURS**

Cameras are a big "want" among Service men. If you have an extra Kodak or Brownie, even an old one—make some soldier happy by sending it to him, with some film. Every camera Eastman makes is designed and built to last for years.



Accept nothing but the film in the familiar yellow box—Kodak Film—which only Eastman makes.

Send him Snapshots every week

Radio's Hawkear

Continued from page 48

in the pronunciation and diction of commonplace words and names stung his eardrums. The weak confusion of inept delivery and the negligent butchery of foreign names exasperated him.

McKay clocked and recorded the errors of radio speakers for weeks on end. His study showed that each broadcaster hit about the same percentage of boners, program after program.

"Somebody ought to tip the boys off," he said. "No one can correct what he doesn't know is wrong."

But when he tried to tell them, he found there existed no means of scoring these mistakes scientifically. Whereupon McKay worked out his own rating system, the first evolved for measuring speech efficiency. It worked in this manner:

When a broadcaster mispronounces a word, McKay scores one error against him; for using a second-choice pronunciation, he scores half an error. Repetitions of an error in the same program are overlooked. Then McKay scores one error for each law of right delivery broken by the speaker during his program.

The total faults and the minutes talked are entered in the "spook file," and the broadcaster's speech efficiency rating is his average number of errors per hour of solid speech.

When the Hawkear consulted the speech savants of near-by universities to obtain the accepted laws of delivery: he was informed, to his utter amazement, that no such thing existed. So he researched them by listening for wrong effects, and set down the simple laws his findings evolved. "But when anyone disputes one of these 'laws' he doesn't argue with me," says the Hawk. "I step aside and let him fight it out with Old Man Logic—and nobody has been able to dislocate one of them yet."

McKay found that only five basic elements are used in oral delivery: pause and inflection, the verbal punctuation; emphasis; and changes of pace and pitch. Mishandling these, he says, results in only about six different mistakes, aside from the faults of swallowing syllables and slurring-in-the-joints which exist in the no man's land between pronunciation and diction. These six delivery faults are: Wrong or omitted pauses and stresses, and the mistreatment of four kinds of word groups—series, parentheses, appositions, and the source-lines which tell where facts or quotes come from.

McKay found that the right or wrong handling of these few dictional elements determines why, irrespective of good pronunciation, some broadcasts come over the radio clear, vibrant, and colorful, while others are "so befogged and monotonous that you can use them to put babies to sleep."

McKay's Report Cards

With this simple technique worked out, McKay scored dozens of unsuspecting broadcasters, one after another, recording their errors on cards kept in his spook box. From time to time, he mailed these spook cards to the men behind the mike. Along with the critique invariably went a letter, explaining modestly what McKay was up to, no less than a one-man campaign to eliminate bad English from the ether waves.

"It was the first time they'd had pictures taken of how they really sounded at the mike," laughed McKay. "At first they thought I was a new kind of nut. When they tried to smack me down, they found I had the goods on them. We settled all pronunciation arguments by the dictionary."

McKay had a naïve idea that radio stations might jump at the chance to use his scoring and correcting system for their announcers and broadcasters. They didn't. Next he propositioned the broadcasters themselves. Some were not interested; some were too busy. But one up-and-coming newscaster, Phillip Stearns, of the Mutual network's station KFRC in San Francisco, a former actor who had always worked on the stage with a coach, engaged McKay to "catch bugs" during his two daily turns at the mike.

Stearns soon interested others in the critiques, and before he knew it, without leaving his den in Berkeley, McKay had become a professional radio Hawkshaw whom his victims dubbed "The Hawkear of Berkeley Hills."

Then troubles began piling up. Jawbreakers like von Brauchitsch, Dnepropetrovsk, Svobodnyi, Saracoglu and van Leeuwenhoek were creeping into the daily newscasts. Since pronunciation of many of these tongue twisters was not in reference books McKay enlisted the aid of foreign-born experts, in more than twenty languages to solve the problem. They were exchange students and professors from the countries involved, whom he located at near-by colleges and at International House on the University of California campus. Now McKay has a volunteer staff of nearly forty that can, in a two-minute telephone huddle, handle the name of any town or general turned into news by the warmad legions of Hitler or Mussolini or the Mikado.

Next McKay organized a volunteer corps of two-score skilled auxiliary listeners—professors, writers, radio speakers—all intrigued by his pure-speech drive. They listen in their own homes as deputy-Hawkears any time McKay calls on them for a corroborative opinion.

War in the Pacific has kept the radio sleuth on the alert from seven A. M. until after ten at night. The newscasters have been having a bad time with Far East names. McKay catches them saying Hi-rohito, when the Son of Heaven's name is He-RAWKH-hi-taw, with a faint guttural KH as in Reich; Lin-GAY-enn, when the former Philippine battle ground is Lin-gah-YAYN. They spoke of smiling, two-faced Mr. Kurusu as though he were kin of Caruso, the singer, when his name is KU-rusu, just as the ex-ambassador's name is NO-mura; and the Jap battlewagon is YAH-wa-tah, not Ya-WAH-ta. Hawkear's authority on Japanese names is Dr. Chitoshi Yanaga, of the University of California faculty.

Another jawbreaker is Sucru Saracoglu, the Turkish prime minister, whose name, the radio sleuth has ferreted out, isn't pronounced SOO-kroo Sara-COE-glue, as most of the radio boys had it, but Shü-CRÜ Sir-Roger-LOOH, believe it or not, with two French U's in the first name.

Newscasters' Nemesis

Hawkear has the newscasters talking themselves to sleep at night, practicing the Russian names, even common ones, such as Moscow, which shouldn't have the bovine ending, but is MOS-koe; while Budenny is, or was, Bood-JAWN-ny. Sevastopol isn't Se-VASS-to-pol, but Sye-vas-TAW-paweel; Rzhev is RZWAWFF; and Orel is Ur-YAWL, not like Max O'Rell. Among the Nazi big shots, little Joe Goebbels is GAY-bles, Hawkear says, and Goering is GAY-ring, both the GAY's being said with puckered, whistling lips; while the ill-fated general is VAHL-tair fawn BROWKH-itch, with the first syllable ending like the German Reich or the Scotch Loch. Over in the Chinese theater of war CHUNG-king ought to be pronounced CHOONG-KING, with both syllables stressed like Hong Kong, and Chiang Kai-shek is nothing less than DjeeAHNG-kye-SHEK, and so on.

By the end of the current duration, McKay hopes to have the broadcasters reeling off with the greatest of ease even such jawbreakers as Dnepropetrovsk, which, incidentally, is simple if you say

"My husband's hobby is photography"

GUSTAV LUNDBERG

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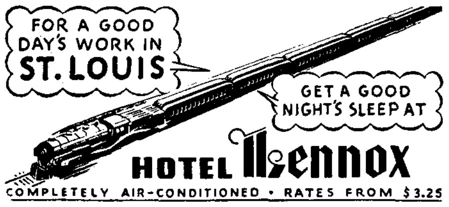
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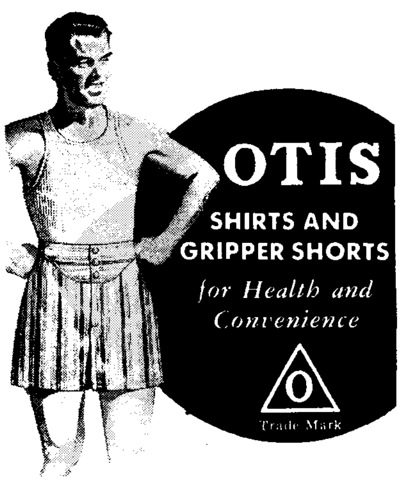

OTIS UNDERWEAR, 57 Worth St., N. Y.
BUY UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS BONDS AND STAMPS

DNYEP-ruh-Peh-TRAWFFSK. Try it when you're sober.

The ever-present baby xylophone in Mr. Hawkear's radio den always fascinates his callers. McKay added it to his sleuthing kit when he found there was no known way to describe an inflection accurately in written words. Now, whenever a newscaster goes haywire in his inflections, McKay taps out the weird effect on the muted xylophone, jots the music notes under the syllables in question, sends them to the language murderer with a memo, "Try this on the studio piano and see how funny you sound." A few minutes of chopsticks and the newscaster gets the idea.

Last year, to find out just how accurate human speech could be under pressure, McKay engineered a friendly radio speech contest between Mutual's Phillip Stearns of KFRC, San Francisco, and Bob Andersen of KSFO, then the Columbia network's station in that city. Veteran broadcasters, each man handled eighteen newscasts every week, hot off the teletypes, the toughest chore behind the mike. When the race started, both men batted around fifteen errors an hour, against a district average of close to fifty. As the contest developed, these tapered off until Andersen actually handled six successive broadcasts, totaling seventy minutes of speech, without a single error. He won the contest with a score of 4.1 faults per hour of speech. Stearns finished right on his heels with 6. Both men broke all existing records for speech accuracy, and today McKay's spook file, which covers mike-men from coast to coast, shows Andersen Number 1 and Stearns Number 2 in accurate radio speech for the entire country.

About this time, another ally came to Mr. Hawkear's aid. It was the Hooper Radio Poll, which is taken daily and published each month, to tell sponsors how many people out of a thousand called by telephone are listening to each program on the air at any time. This poll showed a decided increase in listeners for newscasters with the best speech ratings by McKay scores.

"The polls prove that the radio audience recognizes good English and likes easy listening," explained McKay. Impressed, Don Forbes, the Richfield reporter; Bob Garred of KNX, Hollywood; Ross Howard of KQW in San Francisco; Hale Sparks, the University Explorer; Tol Ware, the noted freelance radio actor; Austin Fenger, KSFO's Radio Rancher; and a dozen other Pacific Coast radio voices asked McKay to catch their bugs, too.

Diction—Tailor Made

Then Raymond Gram Swing, whom McKay rates one of the smoothest and most accurate speakers on the American air, joined the group, as did H. V. Kaltenborn and Fulton Lewis, Jr., whom Hawkear had to break of a slap-dash sign-off, to wit: "Thatsthetopofthenewsasitlooksfromhereladiesangentlemenuntiltomorroweveninggoodnight." "Now," says McKay, "Lewis bows himself off the radio stage like a Barrymore." With Mr. Swing, who averages only about four slips in each 2,000 words poured into the mike under pressure, the Hawkear had many interesting arguments via the airmails. Swing prefers the Oxford dictionary as an authority and McKay stands or falls by the Merriam-Webster for first reference.

Today, McKay is the critic for college presidents, lecturers, campaigners and political figures, as well as for newscasters and analysts. He coaches public speechmakers by telephone.

McKay has found that his fees for bug catching must vary with the broadcaster's ability to pay. One of his pet gripes is the poor wages the radio stations pay to so many of their hardworking announcers and newscasters. If a radio artist, or even occasionally a beginner, looks like a comer, McKay considers his income and budget, decides how much the client can afford for self-improvement, makes a deal whereby the fee goes up as the salary increases.

McKay did some of his best bug catching, he thinks, during the Roosevelt-Willkie presidential campaign, when the Baltimore Sun assigned him to compare the radio efficiency of the President and Wendell Willkie. This turned out pretty badly at first for Willkie, who was no match at the mike for an old campaigner like F.D.R. In his acceptance speech at Elwood, Indiana, Willkie stumbled and booted himself into the ranks of McKay's "minute men" with the phenomenal gross score, including duplications, of 88 errors in fifty-five minutes, an hourly total rate of 96. This included 38 mispronunciations and second choices such as "meDEEval" (for "medieval"), "sacrifiss," "owepressed," and "awratory," and nearly 50 bad slurrings. One of Willkie's prize slurs, says McKay, was the very job he hoped to land, the "PrezthinynitedStates."

McKay Clocks F. D. R.

In spite of his experience and his mellifluous diction, President Roosevelt scored a net rate of 20 errors per hour in his acceptance speech. However, McKay found that Mr. Roosevelt was something of an in-and-outer, and in a later Fireside Chat, Hawkear chalked up 34 total mistakes on the President for a gross score of 54, and a net rate of 26. Typical Roosevelt radio bugs are "a-gayne" and "EYE-ther," which McKay calls Britishisms, "uhfficiency," "my-nority," "moe-rale," "duh-tail," and "uhmergency." Once, McKay casually mailed a critique on F.D.R. to the White House. Missy LeHand, the President's personal secretary, acknowledged it with thanks. McKay doesn't know whether or not this was the reason, but in his next speech at Charlottesville, Mr. Roosevelt bettered his batting average by over fifty per cent. It didn't last, however.

Even so, it was Willkie who made the really amazing improvement in radio style. When the defeated candidate delivered his Armistice Day farewell talk to his supporters, the most Hawkear could detect was five net faults of language and diction for a net hourly score of 12. On the same day, F.D.R. batted 14 net errors an hour at Arlington.

Another McKay gripe is radio preaching. Every Sunday McKay listens to as many sermons as he can stand without swearing, and just about wears out his xylophone scoring what he calls the whining twang of the radio ministers.

The Hawkear has some results to show in this field, too. Dr. Chester C. McCown of the Pacific School of Religion has invited McKay to help on a program for turning out a supply of cheerful preachers.

McKay is also scheming to enlist the high schools of the country in his crusade to purify the language. He has several near-by California high-school English classes already monitoring local announcers by his scoring system. "Radio is the magic microscope for studying English," he says. "Simply turn a knob and you can bring in cross-sections of speech on all manner of subjects by all types of speakers from everywhere, for comparative study and analysis. Teachers using the method say it is the first time their classes have taken a dynamic interest in correct English. I hope to place our school system in the position of the policeman of radio. Then watch our studios touch up their sallow speech complexion!"

THE END

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Brood mares and their foals at the government Remount Depot at Front Royal, Virginia. Covering 5,000 acres, this is the Army's principal Remount Farm

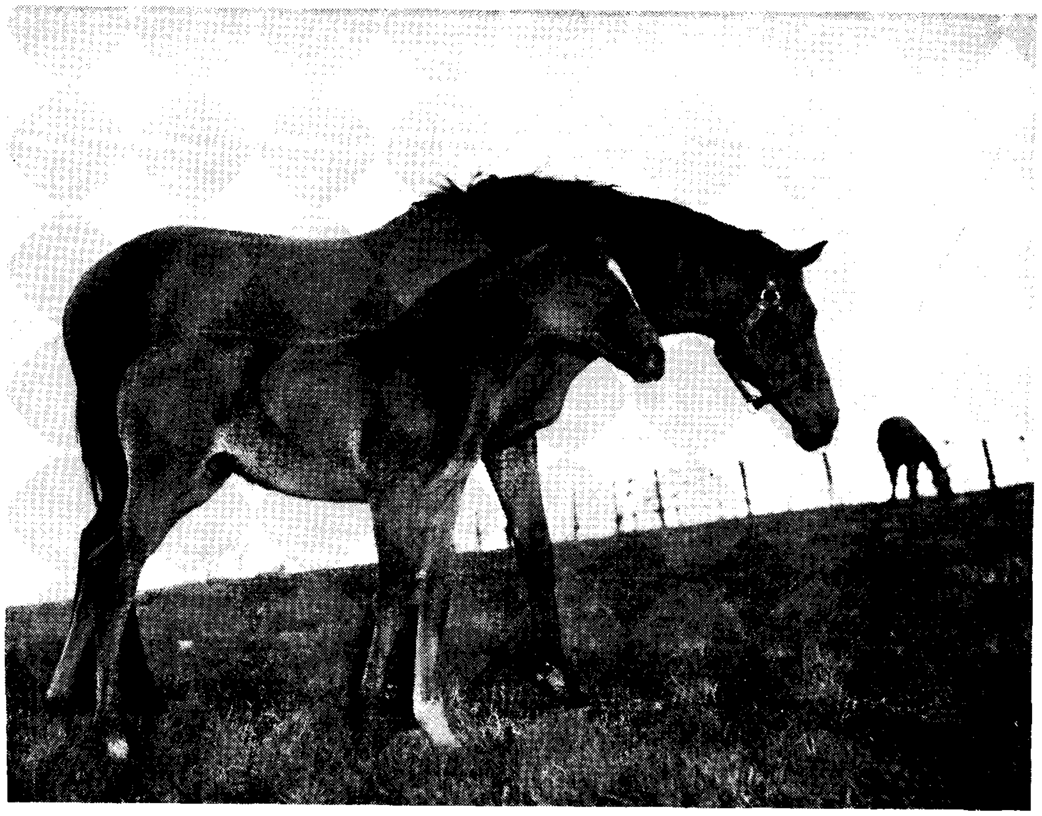
A FOAL AND HIS MOMMY

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE DE ZAYAS

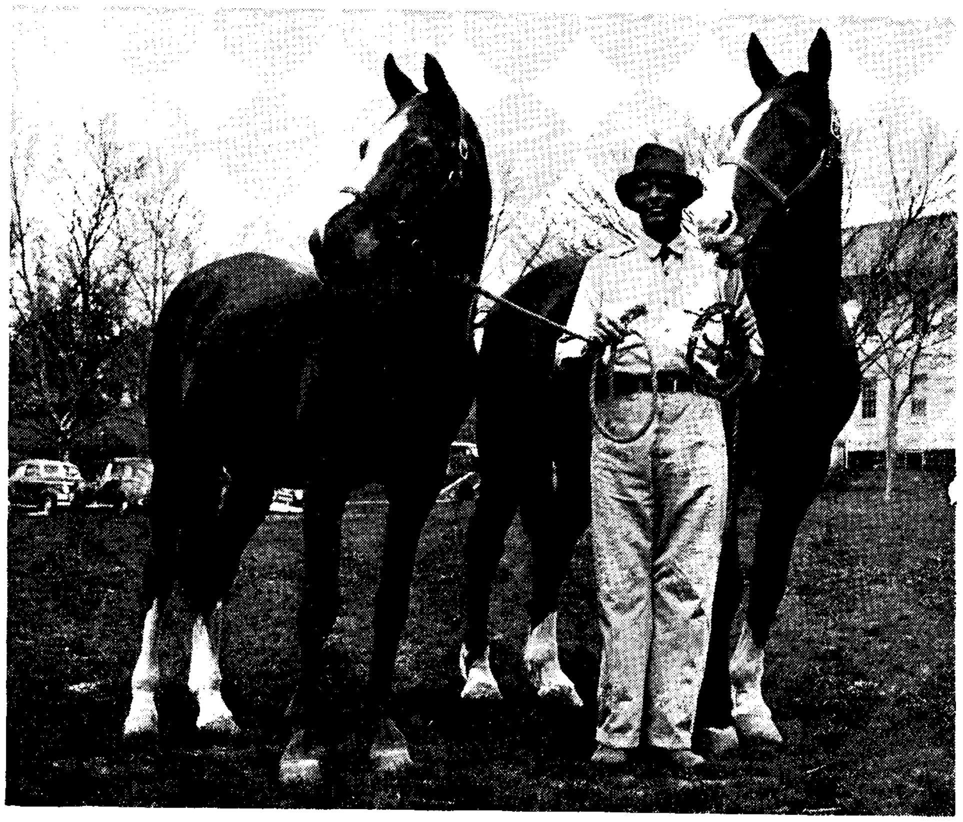
MODERN war needs the horse almost as much as it does the jeep. There are still some things a horse can do, places it can go, ditches it can jump, that a jeep can't manage.

The Russians recognized the value of the horse in their war machine. Their counteroffensive against the Germans, big horse-users themselves, was carried on horseback as well as in trucks and tanks.

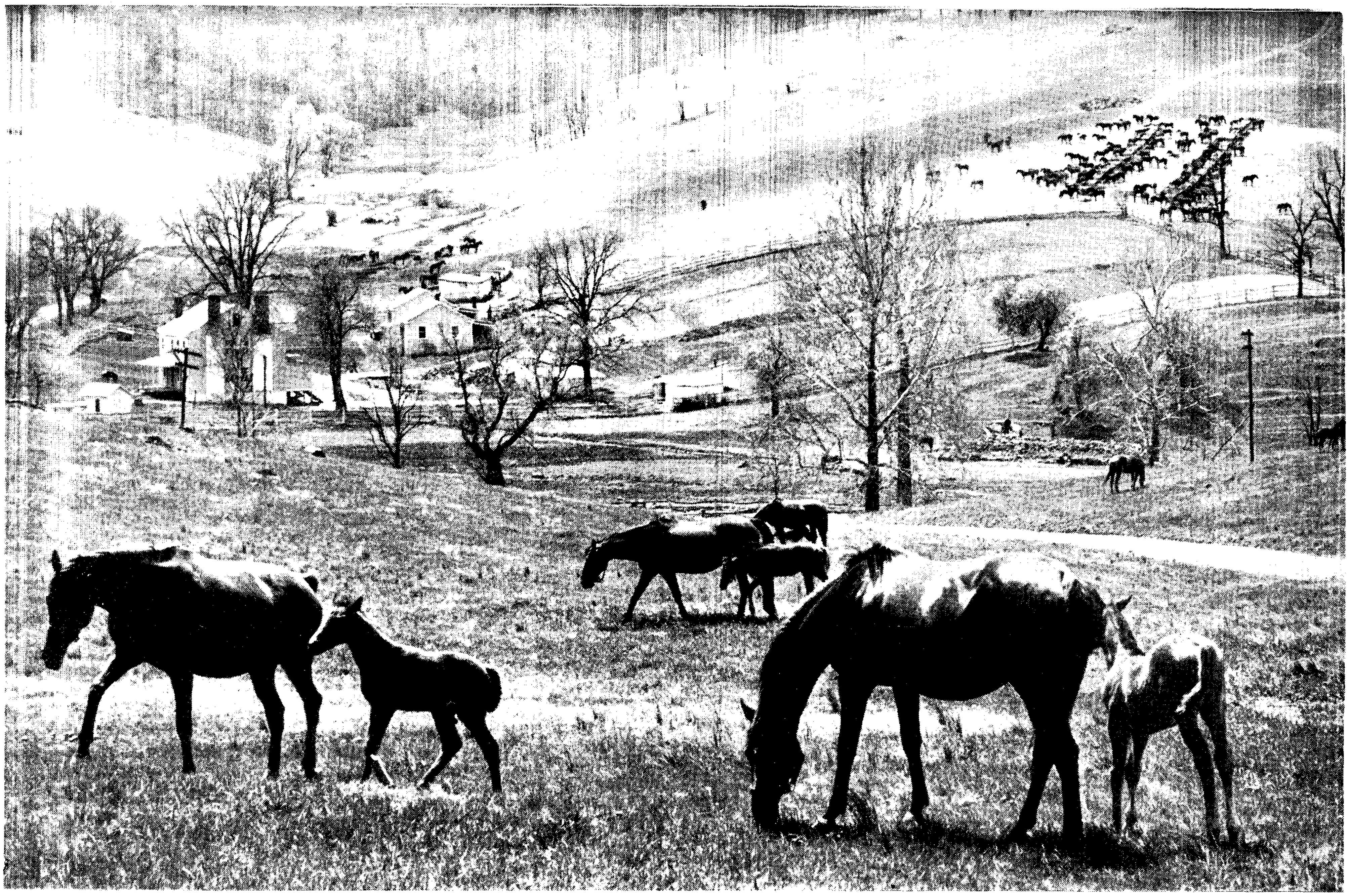
One of the Remount Depots is located at Front Royal, Virginia, in the Blue Ridge. It was set up in 1911 with the purchase of 5,000 acres by the government. The primary function of a Remount Depot is to receive, condition, train and issue horses as required by the



Hutwick with her foal, born March 21st. The sire was the track-famous Battleship, whose services were donated to the Depot by Mrs. Marion Dupont Scott



General Pershing's two famous old mounts: at the left, Kidron, donated by the French Government; at the right, Jeff, a gift to him from the A.E.F.

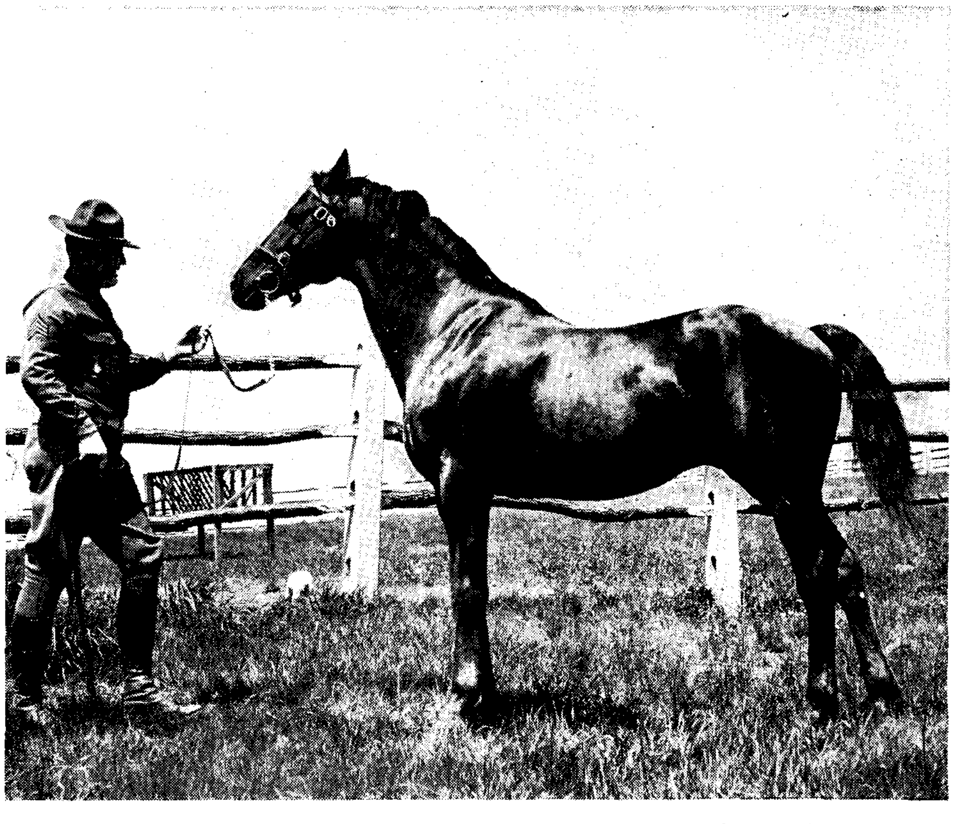


The thoroughbred colts shown here will eventually be ridden by Army officers. Enlisted men receive the less-perfect Issue horses shown in the distance

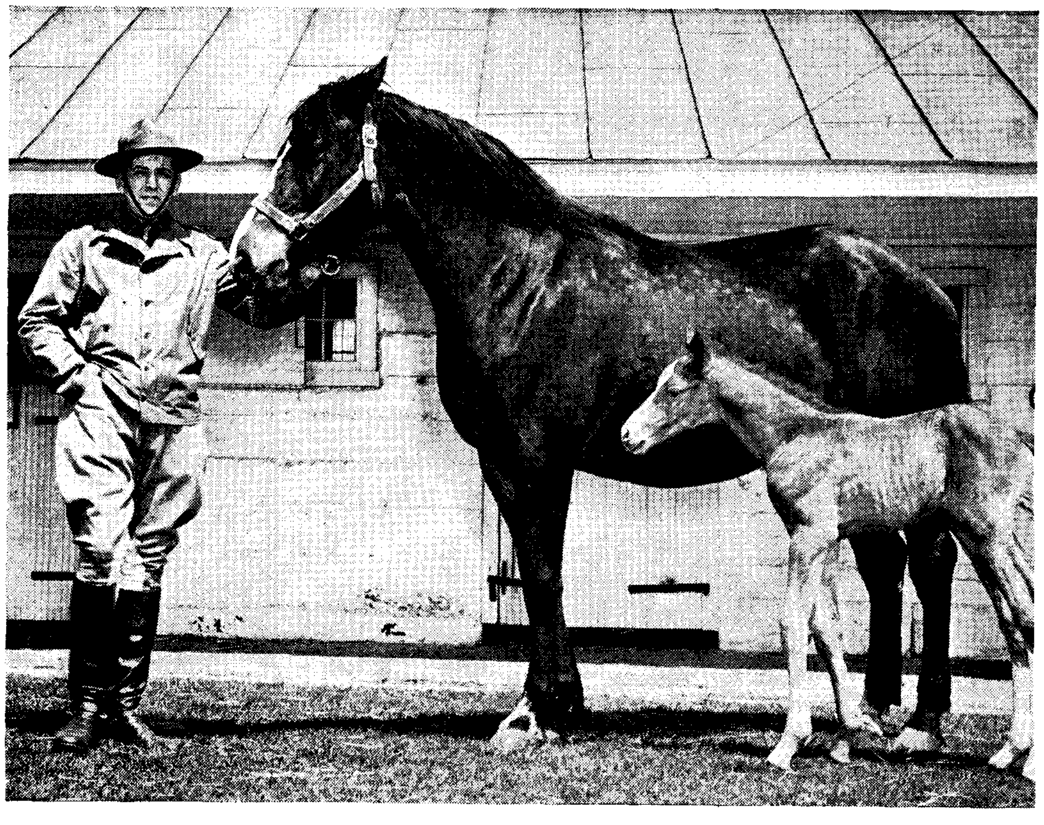
Army. Over 700 thoroughbred and pure-bred stallions are lent to farmers, ranchers and breeders who have proper equipment and agree not to allow the promiscuity of pasture breeding. These agents of remount stallions charge mare owners $10 a foal. To supplement the Army's horse-raising program, the government goes into the open market and buys mounts at an average price of $165 a head. Sellers know the remount buyers want a sturdy, clean-footed, straight-legged horse, that is a good mover, and has good bone, and has a short back for Army saddles. A horse that is three-fourths to seven-eighths thoroughbred, stands 15.1 to 16 hands high, weighs 1,000 to 1,300 pounds, is from four to eight years old, and gentle, is preferred.

Front Royal Depot is presided over by Colonel Paul H. Morris, a graduate of the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas, and the Hanover Cavalry School, Germany's university of the horse.

Occupying adjoining stalls at Front Royal are two former mounts of General Pershing. Kidron, aged 33, was presented to the general by the French Government and ridden by him in the Paris victory parade; Jeff, aged 32, a gift of the A.E.F., was ridden by Pershing down Fifth Avenue in the great New York parade. The old war horses, long since retired, are inseparable. ★★★



Flagpole is the principal stallion at Front Royal Depot—the home of many other famous steeds. He is thirteen, the get of Man O' War and Basmato



Janitress and her two-day-old foal by Flagpole—a new addition to the Army's yearly total of 11,000 to 14,000 colts. Captain W. S. Gabler stands at her head

Drive Does It

Continued from page 22

the only hookers to win the big prize in the last decade but it takes an exception to prove any rule. Goodman allowed for his roundhouse hook at North Shore in 1933 by aiming his drives toward the rough on the right, but this oblique sighting method let him down badly early on the last lap and he barely staggered home ahead of the fast-closing Guldahl when the intended hook didn't come off.

I was a hooker once myself—and how! From 1933 through 1939 my permanent address was "somewhere in the rough on the left." That's where golf architects with a grudge against hookers stick most of their traps. I visited all of those bunkers.

After failing to qualify for the 1938 Open, I went into a huddle with myself and decided to revise my whole golfing technique. That took considerable courage. It isn't easy for a 37-year-old golfer to ditch a habit-formed swing and revamp the mechanics of his game, but desperate situations require drastic remedies. As a right-to-left pull hitter, I was going nowhere fast. Sports writers had tagged me "the great runner-up." That sarcastic label rankled. Nobody ever remembers the guy who finishes second.

Now, mind you, I never felt sorry for myself nor did I share the rather general opinion that I was a victim of fate. If a golfer is honest with himself he knows it's his own fault when he repeatedly misses major victories by one thin stroke. I didn't deserve to win the close ones because I wasn't hitting the ball soundly enough. That rabbit's-foot stuff is just a pride-salving defense mechanism.

Well, when I changed from a hooker to a fader, my luck changed too. Whereas I had formerly opened my club face at the top of the swing and shut it at impact by rolling my wrists, I now reverse this process. Today my club face is shut on the upswing and slightly open as the ball is contacted, producing a left-to-right spin.

A fade is more easily controlled than a hook. In the lingo of the dice shooter, I had my rivals "faded to a frazzle" on those pinch-bottle Colonial Club fairways. If I live to be a hundred, I'll never forget the last drive I hit at Dallas with some eight thousand excited spectators milling along both fringes of the 18th fairway.

Resisting an Impulse

Standing on the final tee, I was comforted by the thought that a bogey 5 on this 427-yard hole would beat Denny Shute's posted figures of 287. Nobody else out on the course had a chance to tie that total.

How narrow that 18th fairway looked, framed as it was by a human border! I was tempted to ease one up there, but I resisted that safety-first impulse, remembering that a steered ball seldom obeys the rudder.

The moment called for devil-may-care abandon—what Tom Armour so pungently terms "the full treatment." I decided to shoot the works and throw everything into one explosive smash that would leave me merely a mashie flick to the green. Because I let myself go with no hint of flinching or any mental reservations, that was the best drive I've ever hit in tournament golf. My caddie paced it off later and told me it measured 306 yards.

The friendly Texans cut loose a rebel yell when that tremendous tee shot split the fairway. I was in—after all those years of frustration. Dick Metz, my playing partner, was 50 yards behind me on his drive.

A half flip with a number 8 iron left my ball twenty-five feet from the flag. The mob stampeded toward the green like a herd of longhorns before a dust storm. Their example was contagious. I found myself running too.

For twenty years I had dreamed of standing on the final green in a National Open Championship with three putts left to win the title. Now that dream had come true. Shouldering a path through the tightly packed crowd, I said to myself, "Craig, this is it!"

But I didn't need those three comforting putts; nor the conventional two, either. The knowledge that I had a safe margin encouraged me to go boldly for the back of the cup on that twenty-five-foot gobbler. "I'll finish this job with a flourish" was the thought which flashed through my mind as my blade rapped the ball. Well, that putt was in the cup all the way.

The ball had scarcely clucked in the tin before I snatched it out again. No souvenir hunter was to get his paws on this pill. It had a rendezvous with a glass case in the Winged Foot Golf Club trophy room.

As long as I can remember, I've wanted to be a golfer but, unlike most of my colleagues, I didn't get the chance to play regularly until I was twenty years old. My dad, who supervises Adirondack timberlands for a large paper-pulp mill near Lake Placid, New York, wanted me to be a civil engineer. Father frowned on golf as a trivial pastime for chronic invalids or wind-broken retired businessmen.

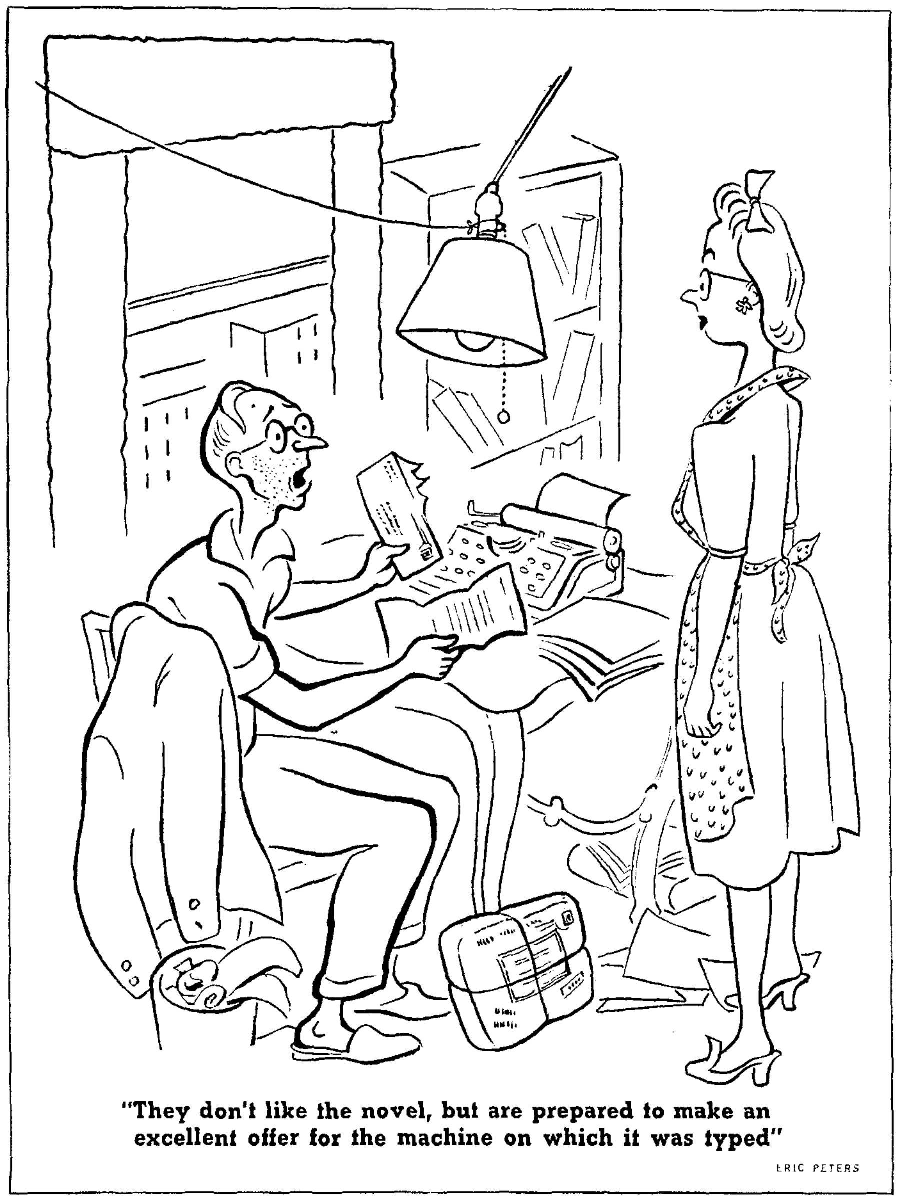
Dad did his best to make a slide rule thumber and tripod squinter out of me. I attended Dean Academy and later Clarkson Tech, but I'm afraid my mind was on bunkers, divots and mashies rather than on integral calculus, applied mechanics and quadratic equations. Instead of boning up on trigonometry, I used to sneak away Sunday afternoons and carry clubs on a near-by course.

Relying on Snap Judgment

If I do say so myself I was a good caddie. Caddying, incidentally, taught me how to gauge ranges on the spur of the moment and how to pick the proper club for a given distance. This faculty is a real asset in playing tournament golf. I rely a lot on snap judgment. You'd be surprised how many crack professionals underclub or overclub themselves.

At college I was a better than fair hockey player. Kids reared around Lake Placid cut their teeth on skates, which may explain why I made the Clarkson hockey team as a sophomore. At Dean Academy I dabbled in baseball and football but golf was always closest to my heart. Dad finally gave in to what he regarded as my perverse whim with a curt, "Well, Craig, since you're dead set on being a professional golfer, you've got to be the best in the business. This old world has no use for second-raters in any walk of life."

I never forgot dad's words and I never lost faith in my golfing ability or in my



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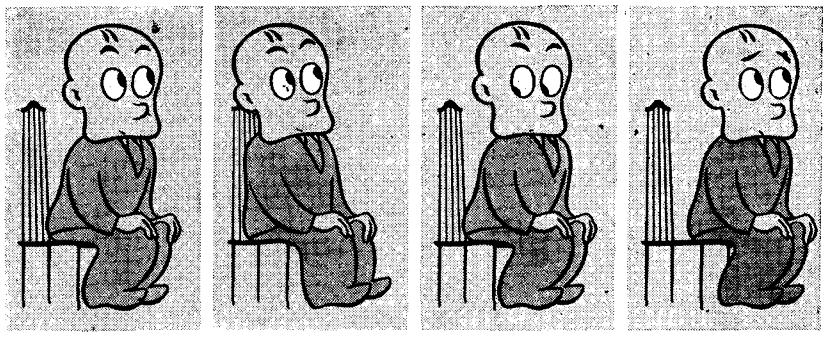

Antique Chair

CROCKETT JOHNSON

competitive destiny, even when my game went sour at the relatively advanced age of thirty-six—which so many golf pros regard as the time to retire from tournament play.

Forget all that twaddle about fate finally relenting and giving me a smile instead of a sneer. I ceased being "the great runner-up" when I learned how to get distance and direction off the tee.

It's human nature to blame the breaks, but self-pity doesn't get you anywhere in golf or in life. I won the Open when I deserved to win it and not a moment before. Sympathy may salve a wounded ego, but a 280-yard poke down the middle alley puts iron in the soul and groceries in the cupboard. I'll take my tee shots straight, thank you, or with just a dash of fade, and let the other guy gorge on a double portion of sympathy.

To give you an idea of what a big drive at the right time can mean, take the case of Tommy Armour, who though known far and wide as "the great iron player" actually won the National Open on the strength of his woods. Back in 1927 when the championship was held at Oakmont, Harry Cooper seemed to have the title sewed up with a score of 301. Only a few contenders were still to be heard from, and one of them was Armour.

When Tommy scanned those 457 yards to the home green and realized he had to get a birdie 3 to tie, he knew that nothing was going to help him but a gigantic drive. He had to get up there in two and he had to get close.

It's a matter of record that the Black Scot hit a mighty ball off that tee. It was 270 yards, if an inch, a masterful clout and smack down the middle. On that rock foundation, Tom could bring an iron into play and hit the green solidly. He did, holed a pretty fair putt, tied with Cooper and, the following day, turned in a 76 to win in the play-off by three strokes.

Bobby Jones, on Inwood's 18th in 1923, had a similar experience. A tremendous drive on the 18th hole of his play-off against Cruickshank was the crowning stroke of young Bobby's early days. That drive was the shot that made him champion for the first time. From then on to 1930, when he ceased competition, his driver (and, of course, his putter) made him the most feared man in golf. Bob could finish what he started.

Strange Tales of Mighty Shots

Golf history is full of tall tales about mighty tee shots in a pinch. It is also studded with stories of colossal failures, the most tragic of which were Roland Hancock's collapse at Olympia Fields, and, more recently, Sam Snead's blow-up at Spring Mill. In either case, a good, solid drive in the tight spot would have brought Roland and Sam victory. Back in 1933 I myself might have been British Open champion if I hadn't sprayed two drives on the last nine holes.

Of course there are occasions when Lady Luck can intervene. Naturally, it was Walter Hagen who figured in one of these strange occurrences.

This happened on the very last hole of the 1926 P.G.A. championship in Dallas. The Haig, trailing one down with only two holes to play, got a new lease on life when slim Joe Turnesa three-putted the 17th, the 35th of the match. Then The Haig strutted to the tee—and got away a soaring slice that curved around the barn into what everyone knew was knee-high rough. Turnesa coasted his drive superbly down the middle.

The Pay-off Stroke

For about four minutes Turnesa thought he had Hagen in the bag, but when the march around the barn was completed, the marchers had no trouble finding Hagen's ball. There it sat, bright and bold, on a lovely little patch of grass in a turf nursery. The Haig had sliced onto the only spot where he could get a good lie. In fact, he had a better lie than Turnesa and, to prove it, he slammed a spade shot onto the green and holed about a 12-footer for a winning birdie 3.

Yes, the drive is the pay-off stroke. This should be good news for three million Sunday golfers who enjoy clouting the pill. If your drive is properly placed and long, the play on any hole is made relatively simple, but if your tee shot is a dribble, a slice off into the rough and wilderness, or a hook into a bunker, you've got two strikes on you right there.

People talk incessantly of putts as if putting were the all that counted in golf. But since the ordinary week-end player is not a bad putter at all, since he'll get around a course taking only 34 to 38 putts, and since the topnotcher can't depend upon averaging any better than 30 putts (when his putter stroke is whetted to a razor edge), there is a tremendous gap between the star's low 70 score and the ordinary player's middle 90, that isn't explained by the difference between their putting.

True, the average duffer sprinkles his shots helter-skelter about the course but if he'll stop kidding himself and really analyze his game he'll discover that his troubles usually start in that most elemental, that elementary phase of golf which is overcoming distance.

I'll go even further and say that if the average player had a dependable drive that would put his ball 200 yards out from the tee and somewhere on the fairway, the day would be rare when he didn't break ninety. Give him a drive of 220 yards consistently and he gets down in the low eighties. Give him an average of 230 yards off the tee and he'll score in the seventies. One whose sole skill lies in putting just doesn't get anywhere in golf.

People seem to overlook the fact that a fairway 50 yards or less wide is a small target. Except on full brassie or spoon shots, the normal-sized green is relatively easier to hit than the fairway from the tee. A green 20 yards wide and

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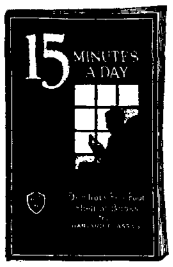

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Like Byron Nelson, I started driving with an iron. When the chips were down in our caddie vs. caddie battles, I'd use an iron in a pinch off the tee.

One day at Rumson, Tim O'Brien, who was having me test some shafts, asked, "Can't you fade one out there? Those hooks are horrible."

As a matter of fact, my hooks *were* bad. At the time I was controlling the ball but it was apparent that control would depart at any moment. On this type of hook, the club head comes in extremely late with a closed face. By dint of sheer labor, the player freezes his body and sort of pushes the ball out away from him. The shot starts on a direct line to the right of the intended mark and then curls in swiftly toward the left.

For a while I counteracted a tendency to get off quick, scooting hooks by using a brassie off the tee. The three degrees extra loft, which is really all the difference there is between driver and brassie, got the ball up in the air. I was using the brassie-and-push method as late as the championship of 1936 at Baltusrol, the year that fade player Tony Manero won the Open and set a new scoring mark of 282.

It really wasn't until 1938, when I was thirty-six, that I made up my mind to work out a dependable drive that, no matter how great the pressure, would stand by me. Here's how I worked it out:

I'm rather a big man, you know—weigh around 190 pounds. I've got fairly large, strong hands and I've always known how to make them work. So I decided to try out the idea of lining up my shot with the club face square with the hole.

The next thought was to take the club head back on a straight line—back away from the ball; not up and away, but back and away. When well back from the ball, the club head naturally rose and as it cleared the ground the face of the club opened.

How to Test Your Swing

Instead of taking the half swing that I had once used, I got to a position that was fully three quarters of the limit swing. Once the club head got that far back I concentrated on nothing but throwing that club head through on the path on which it had ascended.

There's no precisely similar motion in any other game. The nearest to it I can recall is the throw a shortstop uses in whipping the ball over to first for a put-out. It's an underhand movement. It's got no jerk in it. It's a whip motion.

And, by the way, if you try it, here's a way of testing the manner in which you are swinging. If, at the finish of your swing, your right hand seems to twist and lock over the left wrist you haven't got the idea. But if, at the finish, everything seems so smooth that the follow-through is made subconsciously—well, then you have it. A follow-through is a result. It's not a cause.

You've doubtless seen ballplayers hit and, seemingly, let go the bat the very second the ball is struck. The swing is finished, the object is hit, and there's nothing left to do but dash off for first base. Anything that encumbers you, like a bat for instance, is just so much excess baggage. Well, a forced follow-through in golf is also excess baggage. It gets you nowhere. It doesn't mean a thing.

I really labored on this idea of keeping the club face square with the objective as long as my hands could keep it that way without getting cramped. I had to put that labor into the job for, remember, I'd been using my other method of swinging for practically twenty-five years. Muscles pick up habits in that time and cling very tenaciously. Try changing your natural walk and you'll get the idea at once. You can do it but it takes effort.

At no time did I stretch for the ball. I maintained my old idea of addressing the ball as near to the power center as possible, and that center is the very end of the shaft you're swinging. This reminds me of one of the little tricks of a great putter, Tommy McNamara, twice runner-up for the National Open championship.

Tommy Mac always struck his long putts toward the heel of the club, to get the maximum force with the least amount of effort. For short and downhill putts—the trickiest type, the kind that demand almost a tender stroke—he struck the ball off the toe of his putter. He did that because he could then apply the minimum force with the maximum effort.

I point this out because so many ordinary golfers think that by backing away from a drive and applying the utmost leverage they can get the greatest power into a shot.

By the way, here's a good time for a sidelight on driving that may at first seem extremely discouraging but really isn't. The amount of power used in hitting a golf ball with a 200-yard carry is equivalent to lifting a 180-pound weight a foot off the ground. Since in golf, the point at which the driving force is delivered is about two feet from the player, the weight lifting is done at that distance.

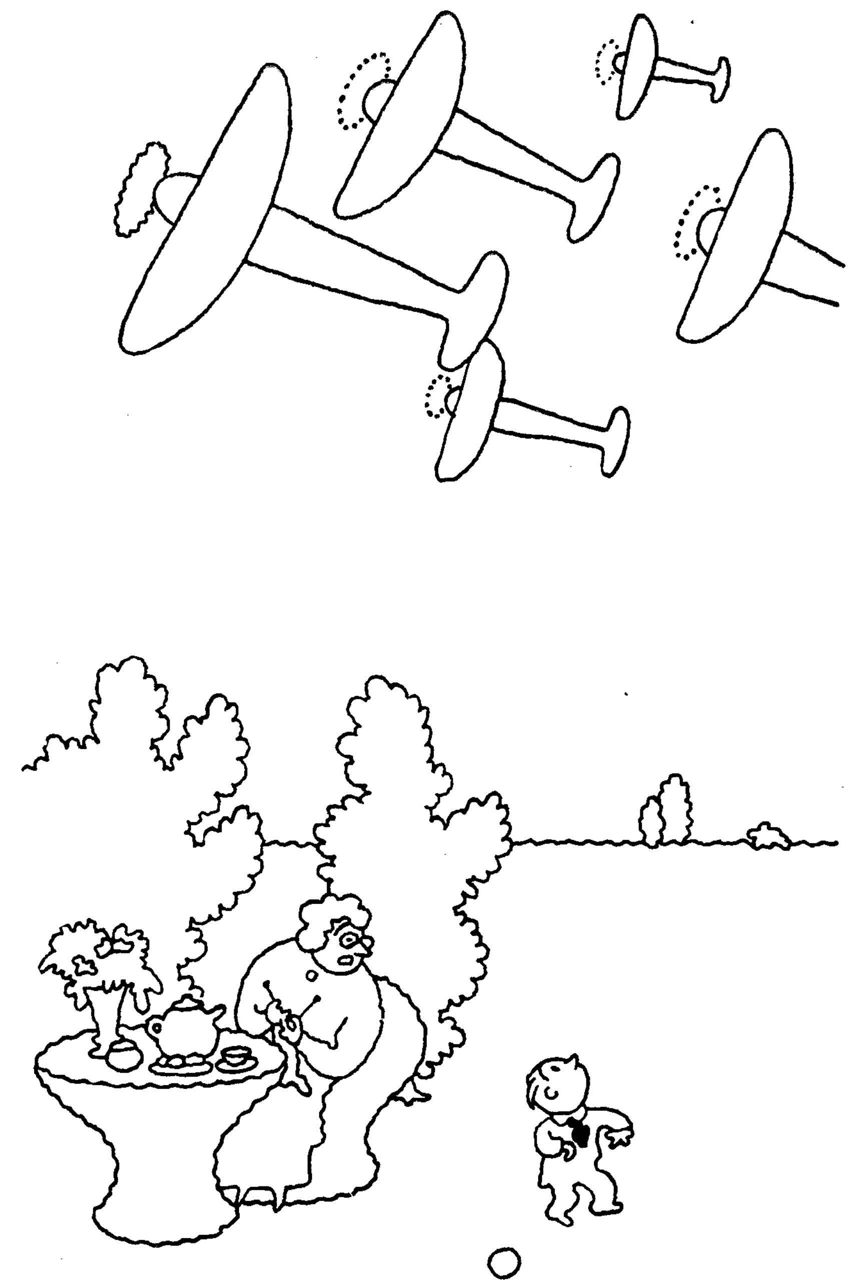
So, if you come home tired from a round of golf, and your wife asks you to mow the lawn—and can't for the life of her see why you should be tired when all you've done is whack an ounce and a half of golf ball across the bunkered landscape—just tell her that you did that weight-lifting act 14 times. That should stop her—for a few seconds anyway.

Power Means Distance

Oh, don't get the idea that hitting the ball with 200-yard carry is exactly the same as weight lifting. I merely said, "It takes the same amount of power." In weight lifting, the force is pull. In golf the force is explosive. To secure this blasting power, the driver shaft is the longest of any club in the bag. For the same reason, the head of the club is actually the lightest of all, and this explains why the swing is the fullest.

All three reasons stem from one thing, the desire to make that club head move just as swiftly as possible. Speed of club head—that's what counts. It's the explosive force that means distance, and without adequate length, no golfer can go far as a tournament competitor in this high-compression ball era when his rivals are pounding the pill a mile.

THE END



"Don't go too far away from Auntie, dear. One might fall on you"

Unity or Else

Continued from page 11

"The U. S. Navy, Miss!" he said. "Yerse!"

The maiden looked rapturously at Mr. Dunnevan. "Will you and your friend take me back to the hotel? It would be a fitting gesture of my contempt for soldiers and marines!"

"Whoa, now, Polly—"

"Miss Peters to you, Jeep! Bring me a copper basin filled with strong disinfectant. I would wash my hands of you and Chubby!"

THE soldier known as Chubby turned to Fireman Dunnevan and Seaman Linn, who was nonchalantly rolling a cigarette.

"Miss Peters is fond of melodrama," he said. "Our little disagreement doesn't concern you fellows at all—"

"It most emphatically does!" Polly Peters interjected. "A couple of gnat-brains from Stanford may not be concerned about winning this war, but I say your attitude—and Jeep's, too—is foully symbolic. And *I'm* joining the U. S. Navy!"

Chubby bowed with great dignity and bitterness.

"I never question a lady's taste," he said. "I leave you to the Navy. And I hope you and your boys in blue will always be very happy."

Whereupon, Chubby turned on his heel and walked off.

Jeep, the marine, was belligerent. "Don't believe I'm husky enough to handle Superman," he said angrily. "But I'm willing to take on little Joe Palooka!"

Fireman Dunnevan snorted. "Benny! You hear that?"

Seaman Linn gently shook his head, addressing Miss Peters: "I an' Tim has give up fightin' marines unless attackted with physical force in the interests of national unity, an' so on an' so forth."

"Ha! A sea lawyer!"

"*Benny*—you gonna take that? All marines is jest—"

"Pipe down, Tim!"

"Polly, with your permission, I'll—"

But this time the girl was peacemaker.

"Oh, Jeep," she said, stepping between Jeep and Benny, "I'll never speak to Chubby again. Do you want to force me to put the freeze-o on you, too?"

"You—you're really through with Chalmers?"

"Definitely and irrevocably. Furthermore, I feel another blizzard coming on—"

"No, Polly! You win!"

"Very well. Let yourself retreat," Miss Peters said.

"Okay. But surely you don't intend to be seen with these—oops, I won't say it!"

Miss Peters plucked Tim and Benny by the sleeves of their blouses. "We are going straight to the sea wall in front of the hotel," she announced. "I have a simply ghastly problem to discuss with the Navy. Shove off, Jeep!"

Fireman Dunnevan grunted his disappointment. "Ain't you gonna attack Benny?" he asked.

"Not just now," Jeep said.

Polly Peters had the last word: "Not ever, my dear Jeep. His arm feels like a piece of gnarled old English oak. I've saved you from complete disintegration!"

She pulled Tim and Benny rapidly toward the sea wall.

There, the girl released them and announced with dramatic abruptness: "I'm in a putrid predicament!"

"A-a—*whut?*"

"They elected me chairman of the dance committee—and it's just too loathsome because, look, Chubby wouldn't bring the soldiers if I let Jeep bring the marines. And Jeep said he wouldn't invite any marines if the soldiers came. That's what started the fight—and it's all so piteous. What am I going to do with a hundred and sixty girls on my hands?"

This question alarmed Fireman Dunnevan. He took several shuffling steps away and said, "I an' Benny gotta see a guy, so we'll be shovin' off ourself. So long, Miss."

"Hold it, Tim!"

"The Navy wouldn't leave a poor but honest girl in the lurch?"

"Naw. Supposin' we discusst the matter. I an' Tim might be able to help you out."

"But, *Benny*—"

"Listen, Mr. Sailors, this is deeply significant. I go to Miss Widdicomb's College for Women. We've had a spiritual renaissance—I mean but actually! About the terrible plight of all these poor boys in camps and barracks around San Diego. Grim is a weak, puny word for it! So we voted to give a dance. We practically had to wake the dead, persuading Dean Widdicomb and the chaplain. They thought we should have officers. I ask you—isn't that a revolting idea? Is this a democracy we're fighting for, or isn't it?"

"Yerse, but—"

"Quit interruptin', Tim!"

"Thank you. So I said, 'How would it look in print to have it appear that Miss Widdicomb's girls wanted enlisted men and the school authorities insisted on officers?' So Dean Widdicomb, the dear old dribble puss, said, 'Oh, but it won't appear in print,' and *I* said, 'It might, darling!' You see, my dad owns seventeen brazenly gossipy newspapers!"

Seaman Linn grinned. "You got a brain, Miss Polly," he said.

Polly Peters sighed. "But I'm practically in a suicidal position now. I'll have to go crawling back and admit that my boy friends in the Army and Marine Corps couldn't get together—"

"Yerse! You do that. Blame it on them—"

"Pipe *down,* Tim! Uh . . . lemme think—"

The maiden smiled charmingly. "I somehow have the feeling that *you* can perform miracles," she said. "How's about finding us two hundred nice sailors?"

"Ner, Miss! Y'see—"

Seaman Linn jerked his thumb groundward. "When do you want 'em?"

"Friday evening at eight o'clock."

"Okay. It's a deal."

"SAVED! I love the Navy, I love it, I love it! Come straightway to our halls of learning. I want to introduce you to Dean Widdicomb. She's a dear old relic—I mean honestly. Died in the nineties and just lingers on here below. Come along—my car's on the drive!"

"*Benny!* We gotta rent 'at motorsickle—"

"Get goin', Tim!"

In Miss Peters' expensive sports roadster, the girl said, "By the way, I ought to have your names. It makes for easier conversation, you know?"

"I'm Tim Smith from the Saratoga—ouch—"

"His real name is Timothy Dunnevan, fireman secont, Destroyer Trimble—an' I'm Benny Linn, seaman first, off'n the same ship. Holy Joe McCabe, the base force chaplain, knows us. Our skipper is

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Lieutenant Commander Herrick. Anything elst, Miss Polly?"

Miss Polly thought a moment, while the roadster yanked itself around a corner, all four tires howling from pain. "Yes," she said. "You're my Cousin Benny and you went to Dartmouth—just in case Dean Widdicomb gets nosy. Right?"

"Yes'm."

THE appearance of Miss Peters at Miss Widdicomb's College for Women, accompanied by two sailors, created only a mild sensation. A girl dawdling along a walk near the entrance to Dean Widdicomb's quarters looked up from a bag of popcorn and said, "Hi-yah, Polly. My, my, how many little playmates!"

"It's sailors, Friday night," Miss Peters said. "Pass the word."

"Sailors? Oh, goody!"

Miss Peters hustled Tim and Benny into Dean Widdicomb's living room, but not before three other girls had giggled and made remarks which reduced Fireman Dunnevan to agonized speechlessness. . . .

"Dean Widdicomb, this is my cousin, Benny Linn, a perfectly charming Dartmouth boy—and this is his friend, Timothy Dunnevan."

"Glad to know ya'," said Seaman Linn, with perfect poise.

"Yerse, howdy," said Fireman Dunnevan, "but I sure don't think you folks wants us sailors—ouch."

"Mr. Dunnevan is very shy, Dean Widdicomb," put in Miss Peters, hastily. "He's been at sea a good deal. Our original plan was to have soldiers and marines, as you recall, darling?"

Dean Widdicomb, a maiden lady about eighty years old, peered dubiously at Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

"Oh, dear—you've changed the plans?"

"Friction developed between the Army and the Marine Corps, darling. Cousin Benny says we mustn't think of mixing the branches of the Service. The dance committee agrees with him unanimously. Cousin Benny can supply two hundred sailors—boys from the very best families."

Nervously plucking at her lace fichu, Dean Widdicomb frowned.

"Friction—oh, dear. And now—sailors. And this labor trouble, too. I'm afraid—"

"Labor trouble, darling?"

Dean Widdicomb nodded vaguely.

"Between Mr. Sheehan and Mr. O'Melveny . . . some argument about Ireland . . . so they all stopped work and the lights and plumbing in the new gymnasium aren't in . . . so I fear we shall have to postpone the dance—"

"Oh, don't worry about that, Angel. We'll get it straightened out. I just wanted you to meet Cousin Benny and Mr. Dunnevan and approve our invitation to the Navy. Okay, darling?"

"But, Polly—I think we should settle this dreadful dispute between Mr. Sheehan and Mr. O'Melveny—"

Seaman Linn cleared his throat. "I could look into that matter, ma'am," he said. "Fact is, Tim here . . . Mr. Dunnevan is an Irisher hisself an' knows how to handle Irishers."

"Yerse!"

Miss Peters did some very fast talking. Before she was halfway through, Dean Widdicomb had begun occasionally to nod. Miss Peters got her to agree that Cousin Benny was a dear; that the dance could be held in the old assembly hall and that Mr. Sheehan and Mr. O'Melveny could be reconciled, whatever the cause of their silly dispute.

As a climax, Miss Peters gave Dean Widdicomb a kiss and a hug, exclaiming: "There! You decide everything. I don't know what we would do without you, darling."

Then, accompanied by Tim and Benny, she left the reception room.

An hour later, the motorcycle deal having been successfully closed at a garage in La Jolla's business district, Seaman Linn returned from several telephone conversations to discover Fireman Dunnevan glooming in the sidecar.

"Snap outa it, Tim! We got business!"

"Yerse?"

"A hunderd an' sixty college gals to sell, with all expenses paid in advance. God loves U. S. sailors if their hearts is pure, Tim."

Fireman Dunnevan climbed out of the sidecar. "I ain't in on this, Benny."

"W-what?"

"Ner, I ain't. Them college people is outa our class. We shoon't have no truck with um. Besides, that Miss Polly is a screwball that you can't understand half she says."

Seaman Linn looked hurt.

"I'm s'prised at you, Tim, I certainly am. So you want Hitler to lick us, hunh?"

"Hitler? Whut's he got—"

"You're against national unity an' defenst?"

"Now, whut they got to do with—"

"No brains, Tim, no brains. Do we get national unity jest talkin' about it?"

"Ner, but—"

"When Miss Polly an' them kids up at the college voted to give a danst for enlisted men, they acted a hunderd per cent, didn't they?"

"Yerse, but—"

"They done their part. So it's up to I an' you to do ours, ain't it?"

"Yerse, but—"

"This is big, Tim! It's the biggest thing we ever tackled. A swell unity ball at the college! Get it? Tickets sold for benefit of the United Service Organization. With a hunderd an' sixty classy college gals, we can sell at least six hunderd tickets—"

"*Sell* tickets?"

"Yeah—dollar apiece—easy—"

"But Miss Polly dint say nothin' about—"

"Does she know sailors? We couldn't give fifty tickets away. But at one buck per, the guys will know it's legitimate. Right?"

"Y-yerse."

"Okay. Climb aboard. We gotta work fast!"

SHORTLY after ten o'clock the next morning, Private Chubby Chalmers of the Coast Artillery was summoned to the orderly room of his barracks at Camp Callan.

A grim sergeant pointed to two sailors.

"Major Holmes said these guys could talk to you," the sergeant said. "Hold onto your watch."

"Yerse?"

"Yeah!"

"Pipe down, Tim. We got a important an' confidential matter to take up with Mr. Chalmers—"

"Ha! I'll bet!"

"It concerns a certain young lady, so that no names had better be mentioned—"

"Oh . . . all right. Come on outside."

Withdrawn to a discreet distance, Seaman Linn unwrapped a small brown parcel.

"It so happens that Miss Polly Peters ast us would we help her with 'at little dance at the college, Mr. Chalmers. She don't like details."

Mr. Chalmers sniffed. "Sounds just like her," he observed. "Has she put you on the faculty too?"

Seaman Linn smiled tolerantly.

"Miss Peters decided she would only invite marines to the dance, on account she's off'n you. Here's the tickets I an' Tim is supposed to take to Mr. Jeep Saunders at the Marine Base. They'll be a s'prise because he thinks she's still off'n him, too. Dean Widdicomb made Miss Peters set a limit of two hunderd tickets. So these is all they is."

Chubby looked at the tickets, grinning. "And sailors dearly love marines—" he said slowly.

"Ner! I dern't love them—"

"Pipe down, Tim. I think Mr. Chalmers is getting a bright idea. Maybe two hunderd soldiers could show up instead of marines. Of course, I an' you would hafta tell Miss Peters that we delivered the tickets to Mr. Jeep. It might work an' it might not, but Miss Peters is so busy I don't think she'd ever think to check up—an' if she did get wise it'd be too late—"

Mr. Chalmers nodded.

"How much for the tickets—*all* of 'em?"

"Fifty bucks, soldier. An' you agree to sell 'em for a buck apiece—the dough to go to the U.S.O. like it says."

"Fifty dollars to you chiseling, two-timing, gold-bricking—"

"I dern't love soldiers, neither!"

"Forty-fi'—take 'em or leave 'em to the marines," Seaman Linn said, hastily.

Chubby Chalmers paid forty dollars.

HALF an hour later, Mr. Jeep Saunders, the marine, was brooding over a glass of beer at the Elite Café near the Marine Base in San Diego. Two shadows fell across the table.

"Mornin', Mr. Saunders!"

"Yerse . . . hi-yah?"

Jeep got slowly to his feet. These sailors were out of bounds. He put his fingers to his mouth to whistle for the Marine Corps. But things happened too fast—

"Easy now, Tim . . . don't holt him too tight . . . we're his best friends, if he only knowed it . . . see these tickets, Mr. Saunders? They's a funny story about 'em. Maybe you'll see the point . . ."

At long last, Jeep saw the point.

"All right, you rats," he snarled, "I'll pay the thirty-five dollars and take over the tickets. But don't get Miss Peters wrong. She cares nothing whatever about Chalmers. He knows she's warmhearted and impulsive. Worked on her sympathy. I'm merely trying to save her from herself, understand?"

Seaman Linn nodded, his face bland.

"We figured you'd take it thataway," he said.

Marine Private Jeep glowered savagely.

"Not one word of this to Chalmers! Get me?"

"Yerse."

"I'm glad Polly had sense enough not to invite any sailors!"

"Not invite no sailors—ouch!"

"Come 'long, Tim. Good luck, Mr. Saunders. It sure oughta be a swell party."

Jeep's voice was cold. "With no dumbjohn soldiers or double-crossing gobs there, it will be!" he said.

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN, to put it mildly, had qualms. He balked again when Benny engaged Yeoman Webster to distribute two hundred tickets around the Destroyer Base. Yeoman Webster, an obnoxious youngster with a will-to-power complex, gladly paid ten dollars for the privilege.

"We shoon't do this, Benny," Fireman Dunnevan moaned. "Two hunnert soldiers, two hunnert marines an' two hunnert sailors—it'll be a massacree. They'll tear down the jernt. Maybe twenty or thirty marines will get kilt. You know what is apt to happen to us, Benny? We'll get sent to Portsmerth for a hunnert years. Yerse."

Seaman Linn made a vulgar sound.

"But *how*, Benny?"

The light of patriotic fervor sparkling

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in his bright blue eyes, Benny pocketed eighty-five dollars collected from Chubby, Jeep and Yeoman Webster.

"The way to get unity amongst the armed forces in this war is to show 'em a bad example. Remember them Irishers Sheehan an' O'Melveny that Dean Widdicomb told us about? I done a little askin' around about them guys. You know why they been fighting?"

"Ner. Why?"

"Sheehan don't want Ireland to get in the war on our side an' O'Melveny says Ireland should get in the war."

Fireman Dunnevan gulped. "Why, Benny, you nuts? Erland *is* in the war. I'm in the war. Chief Mulcahy is in the war. I can name you—"

"But Ireland ain't in the war official yet, Tim. They got a guy named Deeverleery who won't even lend us bases in Ireland!"

Breathing stertorously, Fireman Dunnevan shook his head. "I dern't believe it, Benny," he said. "It's jest German propagander." . . .

Dean Widdicomb of the College for Women felt quite bewildered—so she told reporters later—when Mr. Sheehan and fifty rough-looking men arrived to picket the school assembly hall forty-five minutes or so before the big Unity Ball was to start.

Her first act was to send Mr. Drumwalt, the janitor, for an explanation. Mr. Drumwalt returned with a preposterous report. He said that Mr. Sheehan told him word had reached the Keep Ireland Neutral Committee that Mr. O'Melveny was about to hold a big rally in behalf of the Irish Bases for The Allies Committee in the assembly hall.

"I fear you have been drinking again, Mr. Drumwalt," Dean Widdicomb said.

Dismissing him peremptorily, Dean Widdicomb summoned Miss Teasdale, her secretary. She instructed Miss Teasdale to obtain a correct estimate of the situation. Miss Teasdale came back with an even more astonishing report.

"I took Polly Peters with me," Miss Teasdale asserted. "Mr. Sheehan was extremely rude to us both. He refused to believe me when I said we were merely giving a dance for the sailors. He said we were all schemers trying to get Ireland to fight in England's war. He said that if Mr. O'Melveny dared to show his face near the school they would fix him!"

DEAN WIDDICOMB, now thoroughly alarmed, was trying to reach Judge McKinley, the school's attorney, by telephone, when Polly Peters rushed in.

"There's going to be a riot!" Polly Peters said. "Those crazy Sinn Feiners are threatening to fight Mr. O'Melveny—and Mr. O'Melveny has sent out a call for his committee. I'm going to call Daddy!"

This, Dean Widdicomb refused to allow. It would be, she said, most unfortunate publicity. Failing to reach Judge McKinley, Dean Widdicomb telephoned Dr. Hurlburt of the Board of Regents. Dr. Hurlburt was very soothing and helpful in the crisis. He said that the Irish controversy was a historical one which needed cool heads and tolerance on both sides. He advised Dean Widdicomb not to call the police. He would come right over and mediate.

Taking her cane, and accompanied by Miss Peters, Miss Teasdale, Mr. Drumwalt and Dr. Rowell, Dean Widdicomb started for the assembly hall. Then, without warning, a weird and staccato sequence of events fell upon Dean Widdicomb:

1. Mr. O'Melveny's men charged Mr. Sheehan's men yelling: "Get the pro-German renegades!"
2. Mr. Sheehan's men charged Mr. O'Melveny's men yelling: "Erin go bragh! No quarter to British imperialists!"
3. Fists flew.
4. Polly Peters yelled: "Look, darling, we're saved! Here comes the Navy!"
5. Two huge truckloads of sailors rolled down the street and turned into the main gate of the campus.
6. A big sailor and a small one jumped out. The small one yelled: "Lookit, guys—lookit them Irishers busting up our national unity!"
7. Just as this shout rang out, four more large trucks rumbled through the gate. The first two were filled with marines. The second pair were jam-packed with soldiers.
8. A marine yelled, "First to fight! Stop 'at scrapping, you guys, or we'll start!"
9. A dreadful scene followed.

Dean Widdicomb, peering at the melee, was heard to remark: "Dear, dear—I fear violence—"

She marched straight into her office and closed the door.

IT WAS past midnight in the storeroom brig of the Destroyer Trimble. Fireman Dunnevan sat staring at a set of badly puffed knuckles. Seaman Linn moodily fingered several cuts and contusions on his face.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"Was it you that sicked Sheehan on O'Melveny?"

"Yeah."

"That was smart, Benny, but they shoon't 've brung so many guys. An' didja see how quick them Irishers got together an' fought us?"

"Yeah."

Fireman Dunnevan walked over and slapped Benny sharply on the shoulder.

"It's okay, pal. You sure got unity amongst them Irishers—but you got unity on our side, too. Even them marines give us a hand. I dint think them sods would ever help us sailors in a brawl. But it was unity or else—jest like you said, Benny. Yerse!"

Nodding, Seaman Linn ruefully chewed a match.

"I guess the skipper will tin-can us for this. We're shoving off tomorrow—but I an' you won't be along."

"Miss Polly—she's got drag."

"No chanst. We messed up her party. She's prob'ly askin' the admiral to hang us."

A key rattled in the iron door. It swung open and Yeoman Webster stood there.

"Chief Mulcahy told me to let you out. He's too disgusted to look at you guys. A big war on and you hafta start a riot ashore. We had a swell dance after the cops took you away. Miss Peters gave me this letter for you. You guys certainly carry horseshoes—"

"Scram, Webster!"

Benny tore open the letter. Tim read it over his shoulder:

"Dear Cousin Benny and Cousin Tim:

"It was excruciatingly cute of you! All the girls vote it the best party ever—especially the riot which was super swell-o. Poor Chubby and Jeep are in jail, too. But I met the Man of My Life—a darling sailor from Princeton. I talked with Daddy and he promised to get you all out of jail. You are HEROES. Daddy says you have awakened American opinion. I feel this whole thing was ineffably symbolic. Harold agrees with me. I love you both beyond passion. Remember Pearl Harbor!

"POLLY PETERS"

"She loves us, Benny!"

Seaman Linn folded the letter reverently. "That ain't so important, Tim," he said. "The main thing is—God loves us!"

THE END

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"To Tokyo, Dammit!"

Continued from page 13

India remained distrustful of Britain, and unchanged . . . well, almost unchanged. Japanese bombs banged into cities on the east coast. Cripps went home, further from an agreement than on the day he arrived. Wavell worked furiously to marshal the defenses of this subcontinent. And Brereton chose this as the line on which to stand in defense of American interests in the Orient and in preparation for a counteroffensive against the Japanese.

Brereton never has to order anyone to do a job he can't handle himself. He has now built a new air force around the nucleus of veterans he brought from the Philippines and Java. He believes that the best defense is a strong offensive or, when necessary, the best offensive you can manage. He is out to repay many times over the Japanese who wrecked his planes on the ground last winter.

The Enemy Can Be Smashed

After watching progress in India for two months and accompanying Brereton on an inspection trip that included our principal base, I feel there is increasing confidence that the enemy juggernaut can be pounded until it is smashed. That was the feeling around headquarters when the big ships returned from their first raid on Port Blair and people began to say, "Now we're getting somewhere."

Here the sun beats down with burning intensity. Choking dust swirls along the streets of their tent camp. In the hottest season, the thermometer mounts to around 120 degrees even in New Delhi and the heat lasts longer than the normal summer in America. But Brereton, reviewing two hundred smart-looking boys drawn up on the field where our plane landed, praised them for the speed with which they had adapted themselves to strange conditions.

"It shows what kind of boys America has," he said warmly. But it also showed what careful preparations had been made to care for them in India. The kitchens were spick and span and carefully screened. The equipment was excellent and the food we ate at mess was better than that in many hotels in India.

The men know that there is a long and costly task ahead. The death of Lewellyn, Capt. Elmer L. Parsel and a top-notch bomber crew in a take-off accident emphasized how costly. Lewellyn, a reserve officer, left his stock-brokerage business in Louisville, Kentucky, and Cincinnati, Ohio, for active duty in 1940. He jokingly called his job as aide to Brereton being "housekeeper for the old man." Another reserve officer, Major Lee Hobbs of San Antonio, Texas, succeeded Lewellyn as aide, and Warrant Officer Jack Felton was promoted to be a lieutenant and a junior aide.

Other active figures at headquarters include C. V. (Sonny) Whitney, a pilot officer in the last war and now a liaison officer between the U. S. Air Forces and the Royal Air Force; Captain A. I. "Bing" Boyer, who sentimentally wears the wings of the Royal Flying Corps to which he belonged before we entered the war in 1917; and Lieut. Col. Harold B. Buckley, of G-2, who writes Hollywood scripts between wars. General Naiden, the chief of staff, is the man who at twenty-three years of age went to Italy in 1917 and organized the flying school at which Yale and Harvard volunteers learned to chauffeur Capronis.

On the administrative side at headquarters, two aides keep track of a paper torrent that flows over Brereton's desk. They are Mrs. Doris Jepson, wife of a Firestone Company representative at Ceylon, and Mrs. Lee Spencer, whose husband, a General Motors engineer, was lost in an aviation accident in Iran in March. A score of other American and British girls have come out from New Delhi to serve in other departments.

The American "invasion" of India was not without moments of international tension. The government of India requisitioned a large hotel building to serve as headquarters for Brereton and as quarters for most of the officers and newspapermen attached to his outfit. There was immediate and great indignation among the residents of the hotel who were ordered to move out of quarters that some of them had occupied for years. It was touch-and-go for a while, and it looked as though the Battle of India might start with an anti-American uprising, but firmness and diplomacy found solutions.

The next move of the American invaders was to install in a few weeks more air-conditioning apparatus than New Delhi had ever seen before. These machines began replacing the primitive Khaskhas method of making interiors livable in the hot season, but not even the Americans could suddenly bring about such a transformation in the hotel dining room. It is still darkened throughout the daylight hours by thick straw mats over its few windows. A sprinkler system keeps water dripping constantly over the mats (in many places urchins with buckets of water replace the sprinklers) and the consequent evaporation reduces the temperature inside to a marked degree.

A Question and Some Answers

The Americans are well equipped against the heat with enormous pith helmets, shorts and short-sleeved shirts, open at the neck. This is now the daytime uniform for the outfit and old stuff, although some of them felt a bit queer in their newfangled garb at first. Major Ed Backus now likes the uniforms so well that he is going to introduce Indian styles in his home town of Vernon, Texas, when he gets back there. Backus, incidentally, has seen a great deal of action in this war and led our dive bombers in their first operations off Bali in February.

So they're getting along fine, these fighting men from America. They know where they're going, as do all of the American leaders in India. When I was finishing this dispatch I asked the four men quoted at the beginning of this article to put down in plain words for Collier's what they would answer to the question: Where do we go from here?

"I'm returning to Chungking," Ambassador Gauss replied. "I work there, you know."

Brady said emphatically: "I'm going to stick right here until this job in India is finished."

Johnson's big fist crashed down on his desk to emphasize his reply: "We are going to victory sooner than at first seemed possible. It's time to quit retreating."

I found Brereton just as he was finishing reading a report on a raid his boys had made on Mingaladon airdrome, outside Rangoon. It was good reading for the general, and his reply was short and snappy and very à la Brereton:

"To Tokyo, dammit! Where did you suppose we are going?"

THE END

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EDS A FRIEND"

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CASK-MELLOWED
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Water Witchery

By Bud Sawin

TOP honors in U. S. women's swimming belong to this eye-filling collection of kids who constitute the 1942 Official Women's All-America Swimming Team selected by the Women's Swimming Committee of the National A.A.U., whose job it is to follow closely the performances of every American woman swimmer. Selections were made strictly on the basis of competitive performance. This is a champion team, each member of which is a champion in her own class, and ten of the twelve are still in their teens.

They come from New England, the Middle West, California, the Northwest. The outstanding quartet in the center are pool swimmers from Indianapolis, a city where water is available mostly for drinking purposes.

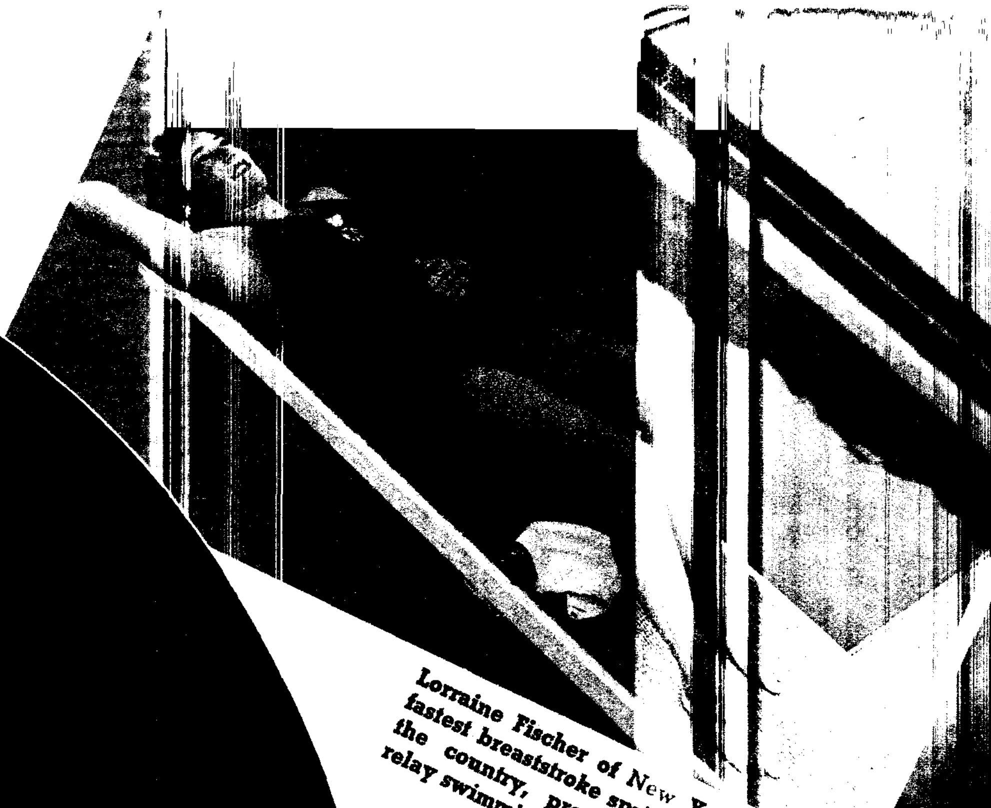
Their honors sit pretty lightly on these lissome kids. Their interests are still normal young-girl interests: boys, clothes, movies, dances, school activities. They're pretty well traveled, too; at one time or other each has visited practically every big city in the U. S. for competition or exhibitions, and each of them averages 4,000 miles of travel a year. ★★★

Dorothy Leonard of Worcester, Massachusetts, high point individual scorer at the 1941 Buffalo Indoor Championships, and present holder of the indoor 220-yd. free-style title

Ann Hardin, Patty Aspinall, Betty Bemis and June Fogle, all from Indianapolis. Miss Hardin is a distance specialist, holding the national championship; Miss Aspinall holds indoor and outdoor breaststroke titles; Miss Bemis is a free-style specialist, Miss Fogle is a consistent marathon winner

Anne Ross, Brooklyn, is a newcomer in national women's swimming. She won the indoor low-board diving event at the Buffalo indoor meet

Chieko Miyamoto, Maui, Hawaii, is 14, the youngest All-America, excels in individual medley and is already a superb breaststroke expert



Lorraine Fischer of New York is the fastest breaststroke sprint swimmer in the country, prominent in medley relay swimming for the past two years

Gloria Callen of Nyack, New York, a former free-style swimmer who turned to the backstroke. Holds outdoor title in the 100-yard backstroke. Miss Callen has broken many of the famed Eleanor Holm's records

Helen Crlenkovich of San Francisco is the present champion in outdoor springboard and high-platform diving. Many coaches consider her one of the best divers America has ever produced

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY THOMAS, GRIFFIN, OESER-SARRA, JORGENSON, GRAU, PARRISH, SMITH AND OKANO

Close harmonizers are Brenda Helser and Nancy Merki. Former is 100-meter champion; a free-style specialist; Miss Merki holds American 400- to 1,500-meter records. Both from Portland, Oregon

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SOOTHES AND REFRESHES

The Sweet Indulgence

Continued from page 17

the fixed logic of this. Cousin Gedog drank his coconut juice. The wife drank her coconut juice. Cousin Gedog put his coconut down with a click. The wife put her coconut down with a click.

"*Eh to!*" Cousin Gedog cleared his throat to warn Nia that he was about to speak.

"With war over and around us here," Cousin Gedog said, "a man is needed on each farm."

"Yes, a man is needed," Nia agreed.

"You have prayed for a son at Magic Bird Shrine?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You have prayed at Man's Hill Shrine?" he asked.

"Yes."

"You have spoken to the Merciful One?"

"Yes."

THE prayers sounded so much, portioned out in sentences this way. But Nia knew they weren't—not in asking for a son instead of that sweet, sweet luxury, a daughter, who, after all, is only a pretty visitor in her father's family until that day when she marries. But a son is a permanent possession—giving hand service and prayer service even after death, as do his sons and the sons of his sons through time.

"You made five-candle offerings at each shrine?" Cousin Gedog wanted to know.

"Yes," Nia said, wondering what he would say if he knew they had been ten-candle offerings.

"Quite enough for a dutiful wife!" Cousin Gedog pronounced.

"Quite enough!" his wife quacked.

"What of the crop you owe your son?" Cousin Gedog went on. "And if—if the child should be a daughter, and I inherit the land and live here as I will, what of the crop you owe me?"

"Yes, what?" the wife demanded.

Ah no, not that! Nia's heart begged. Not them living here. Never this greedy cousin walling these high-stepped dykes, working this hillside paddy. Never this bird-faced woman pecking out the day's measure of rice, and roosting on the soft mattress-beds at night while she, Nia, and the girl child slept on the floor, carrying water, threshing rice, grinding sago flour, to earn their food as maidservants. All through the *kindly,* the *benevolent,* the *paternal* generosity of Cousin Gedog, naturally. . . . No, dear Buddha! No! No! Give me a son! Give me a son!

"Oh, I will weed well," Nia promised, smiling so earnestly, smiling so fixedly, to keep from crying. "I will not let the crop fail. No, never!"

COUSIN GEDOG'S feet were heavy with importance as he walked the veranda to leave. He stalked across the yard with no extra words, and then, suddenly, he waved his arm affably. "M'm-mh!" he said. "That is good ginger you have in the house patch, Nia. Good enough to eat, I expect."

"Only ordinary," Nia deprecated. "Only ordinary. But perhaps you would deign to carry some if I pulled it for you?" Nia asked it knowing full well Cousin Gedog would say yes the shortest way.

"Well! A little, a little," he deigned.

Nia waded waist-deep between the bright rows of brittle leaves until she found the biggest. Three fat stalks she pulled, then four, and five, and still Cousin Gedog didn't say "Enough!" Longer than her hand, those pink roots were, and as big around as her wrist. Grated, or even sliced on rice, one would do a family for a week. What, then, did Cousin Gedog want with six?

But Cousin Gedog's eyes were busy measuring the patch from end to end. "It sits well for ginger," he said out loud to himself. "Holds the rain. Holds the sun. The best ginger patch I know, by far. A man starting early—say, in First Spring—ought to take two crops easily, and still have sun enough for drying before the rains."

"M'mh! M'mh!" his wife agreed, but she was looking at the soft veranda cushions.

Six stalks were all Nia could carry in her arms. She tugged them through the soft ground and set them carefully by the well. They had to be washed. Cousin Gedog couldn't carry dirty ginger, could he?

Maybe two drawings would be enough, Nia consoled herself, as she lowered the rope. The buckets got heavier each day now—lifting them all that long way started the pain in her back until, some days, she had to sit for an hour before she could walk again. She closed her eyes and pulled the wet rope.

She didn't know how it happened, just her clumsiness, she guessed, but the first bucket splashed as she set it on the ledge. "Be good enough to forgive," she said quickly.

Cousin Gedog wasn't cross. He smiled a remote forgiveness, stepping away from the well to brush wet drops from his jacket.

Nia scrubbed, hauled water, fetched straw for the tying, and made the root string. "Forgive me that I give you this burden," Nia said, handing him the string. "May you eat it with good relish!"

Cousin Gedog was at the gate. Nia bowed heavily. "Be careful of your health," she urged. "Be careful of your health," she bowed and urged of the woman.

Cousin Gedog and his wife bowed a short little bow together. "Praying for a son!" they said with their lips. And then they were out the gate and walking the road to the village—Cousin Gedog taking his long man's strides, and the wife hopping along beside him.

Nia had never sobbed in daylight. She had never sobbed outdoors. So she didn't now. There was the blue sky for comfort, and the warm yellow sun. And there were the flowers she had planted around behind the *godown.* She walked to them now—her dancing bluecups, the hedge orchids, the crinkled silk poppies—feeling their petals with her thumb, feeling their color with her heart—and wondered what a widow could do.

She heard a step behind her. She heard a man's voice say, "A woman needs flowers, doesn't she?"

It was Sagung, the stranger. Sagung, helper to the rajah's postman. He stood there looking at the flowers and looking at Nia, and smiled that hungry smile of his. He wasn't a country man, so he wasn't strong and bustling and noisy like the men Nia knew. His face was thin and long, with big eyes—big, big eyes—and the city paleness on it still. He was a poor sort of man. Nia wondered if that was why she felt easy with him, why she could speak to him without that aching breathlessness she always felt when she talked to a man, even to the husband, dead now, whom her parents had chosen for her.

SAGUNG was still a stranger, naturally, because he had only come to live in the village a year ago—a clerking man from Batavia, who had come to live in the country because of that lung sickness of his; a quiet, puttering man, always fixing and mending at the houses where he took letters. But not a man to farm.

No one knew the other things about him—whether he had a troublesome tooth, whether he flew into rages when he dressed in the morning, or whether he ate himself sick over a fine dish of roast seacow, or whether the bad spirits tormented him at night when he slept, for Sagung lived alone without womenfolk to tell these things that neighbors naturally want to know. Nia hadn't seen him often, only at the shrine festivals and the three or four times when he brought the tax papers.

He handed her one now.

"You have arrived," she bowed in greeting, thanked him, and thought he did not get enough to eat and that his jacket needed mending.

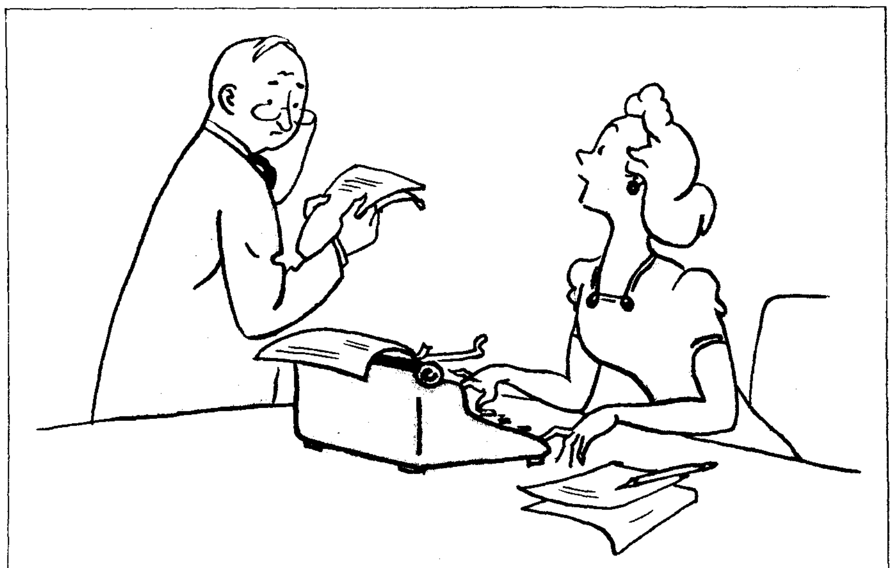
The man stood looking at the flowers, his eyes roving over them as though they were books and he was reading them.

"They have good color," Nia said, wanting to talk to him.

"Comforting color," Sagung said, understanding.

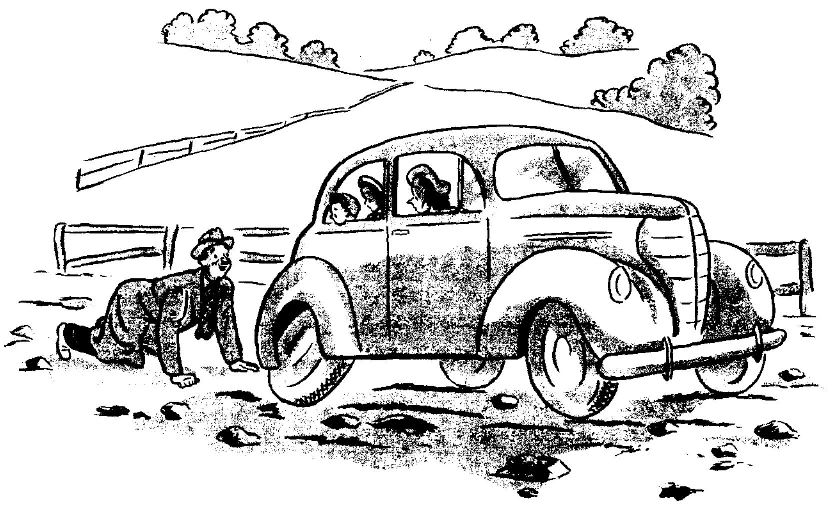
"I look at them in the morning, and again in the evening just before night closes." Nia, a farming woman, confessed this weakness, because he was a city man, because he was Sagung.

"But a seat for you? There is no



"Mr. Stern, which shortage is more acute so I'll know whether to use an eraser or take a fresh piece of paper?"

GEORGE SMITH



"Sure sounded like a blowout, but it's only a broken axle"

H. MIDDLECAMP

place," Sagung asked, "where you can sit looking and thinking?"

Nia shook her head.

Sagung glanced about the yard, measuring, with his eyes, the acacia stump by the tool shed, measuring the dried bamboo poles lying under the eaves. Then, in a minute, he was rolling the acacia stump to the place by the croton hedge. He sat upon it, moved it a hand's breadth, sat upon it, and moved it again.

"There," he said, satisfied, "the flower-viewing seat, Mistress!" He made a mock bow, and went to notch bamboo canes and fit them into a seat.

WHILE his jacket was lying there on the veranda edge, Nia picked it up and went with it to her needle. It wasn't a big hole to mend, just little frayed places on the cuff, frayed places on the front fold, that a man without womenfolk would have. She pushed the stumpy needle back and forth, and thought of this man.

She remembered the roasted sweet potatoes in the cupboard, and the cold fish cakes. They would go well with spiced juice for a man. "You will take time to drink a cooling drink, I hope," she called to Sagung.

He came, a little red in his cheeks. "Yes, there is time," he laughed softly, thanking her with his eyes. "No one waits anxiously for the mail in my bag today. An hour, two hours later, or even tomorrow, is all right for those tax papers!"

As he ate, the man looked at her often, at the paddy, at the shed with its nets and tools, and had something he wanted to say. The words did not come easy, though, and he seemed to shift them in his mind, practicing this way and that. And then, his cheeks red, he bowed, and went back to the seat-making.

"Drinking time?" he said later, crossing the courtyard to the well, asking a sort of permission.

Nia nodded. Only it was not for himself he drew the water. It was for the flowers. Four full buckets he poured, solicitously and painstakingly, about the roots, banking the wet earth, and plucking away low weeds. Nia stood watching, wondering a little at a man who would do women's work like this, but was strangely content.

She thought he might speak the words on the edge of his mind when he had the seat ready and she was sitting on it looking at the glistening flowers and he was standing beside her. But no, a mist seemed to come in his eyes, and he only said, "Bluecups like moss. I'll bring some from Seventh Hill the next time I take a letter there." Then, before she was ready to have him go, he picked up his mail bag, and bowed to her.

"Wishing you a strong son," he said. The words came from deeper than his lips.

NIA walked all that night to reach the Nursing Tree. It was better that way. It got her past Cousin Gedog's village without being seen, and it got her to the shrine before sunrise. She was afraid of the night air, she was afraid of snakes in the deep *alang-alang* grass, but she was more afraid of not having a son. The Nursing Tree was so sure. A woman could depend on it, if she but drank the dew dripping from it at sunrise, and said her prayers often enough, devoutly enough, the rest of that day and night. The Nursing Tree . . . why, the Nursing Tree had been granting women sons since time itself.

In the pale moonlight of dawn Nia pulled her heavy body up the last stone steps, and looked for a place to kneel. The tree was so monstrous, knotted and twisted and grossly pendulous the way it was, and yet the ground under it was alive with bending heads and upheld cups. Nia walked this way and that to find a place to kneel, a place close under the low-hanging air roots, a place where she would be sure to catch the magic drip. She went almost around the tree, stepping between and around and over those other kneeling women, before she found a bare spot.

Quickly Nia prepared. There wasn't much time before sunrise. She opened her piece of matting and spread it on the ground. She tugged the knots on her bundle open until she had unwrapped the wooden plaque. There on the matting she set it, face up, the quick-painted picture of a young woman holding a man-child in her arms—just so the Nursing Goddess would be sure what she, the widow Nia, wanted. She straightened her jacket, smoothed her sarong, her hair, her sleeves, and then, composing her face, she gravely and solemnly and momentously knelt.

SHE said the begging prayer distinctly. She said it through twice before she raised her cup and held it under the branch. After a while she drank. Then she said the prayer again. It was this way—prayers and drinking, prayers and drinking—until a window opened in the gray sky and an immense gold blaze shone forth. Nia closed her eyes in weary supplication. She had said her prayers before sunrise. She had drunk of the Nursing Tree drip.

"Help me! Help me!" a city woman kneeling next implored.

"Help me! Help me!" a woman ahead and a woman behind Nia pled.

"Help me! Help me!" the chanting murmur sifted and rose round the monstrous tree.

Would the goddess hear them all? Nia

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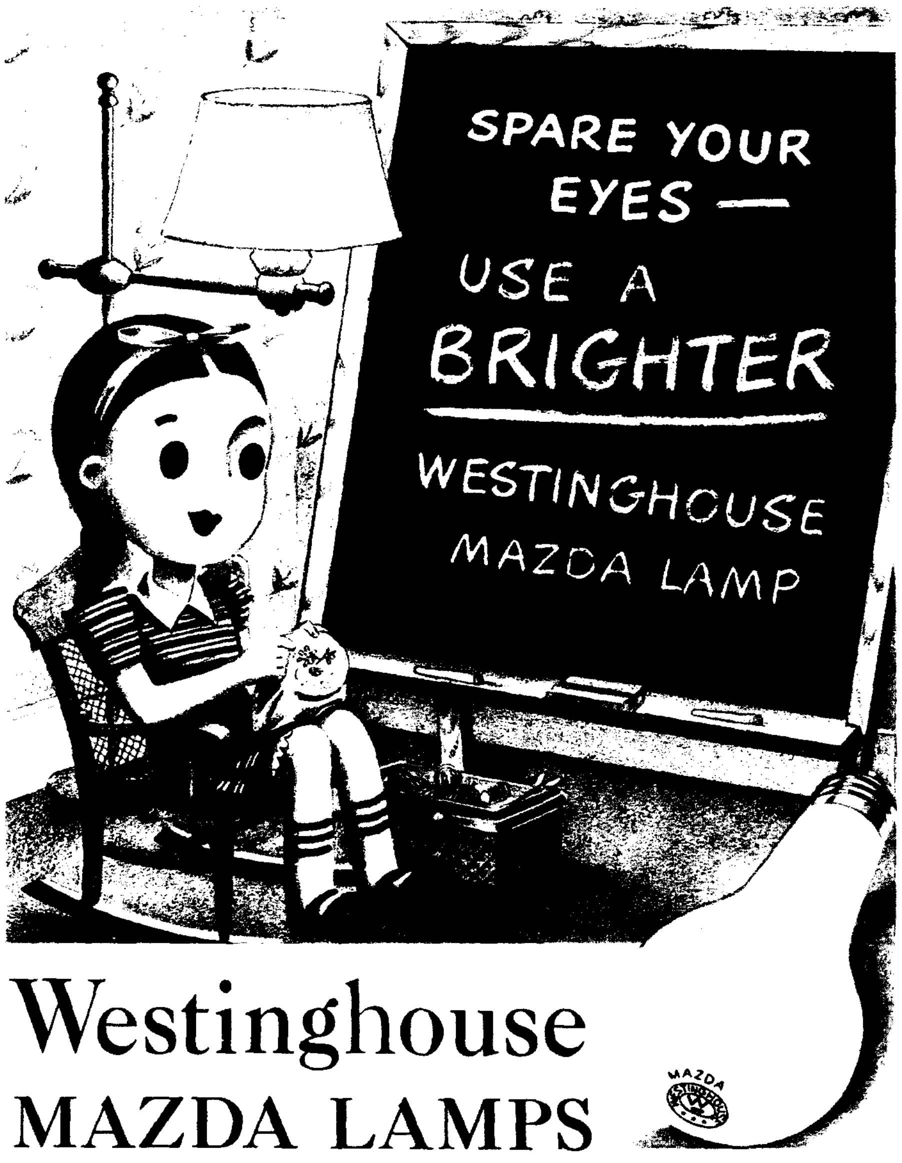

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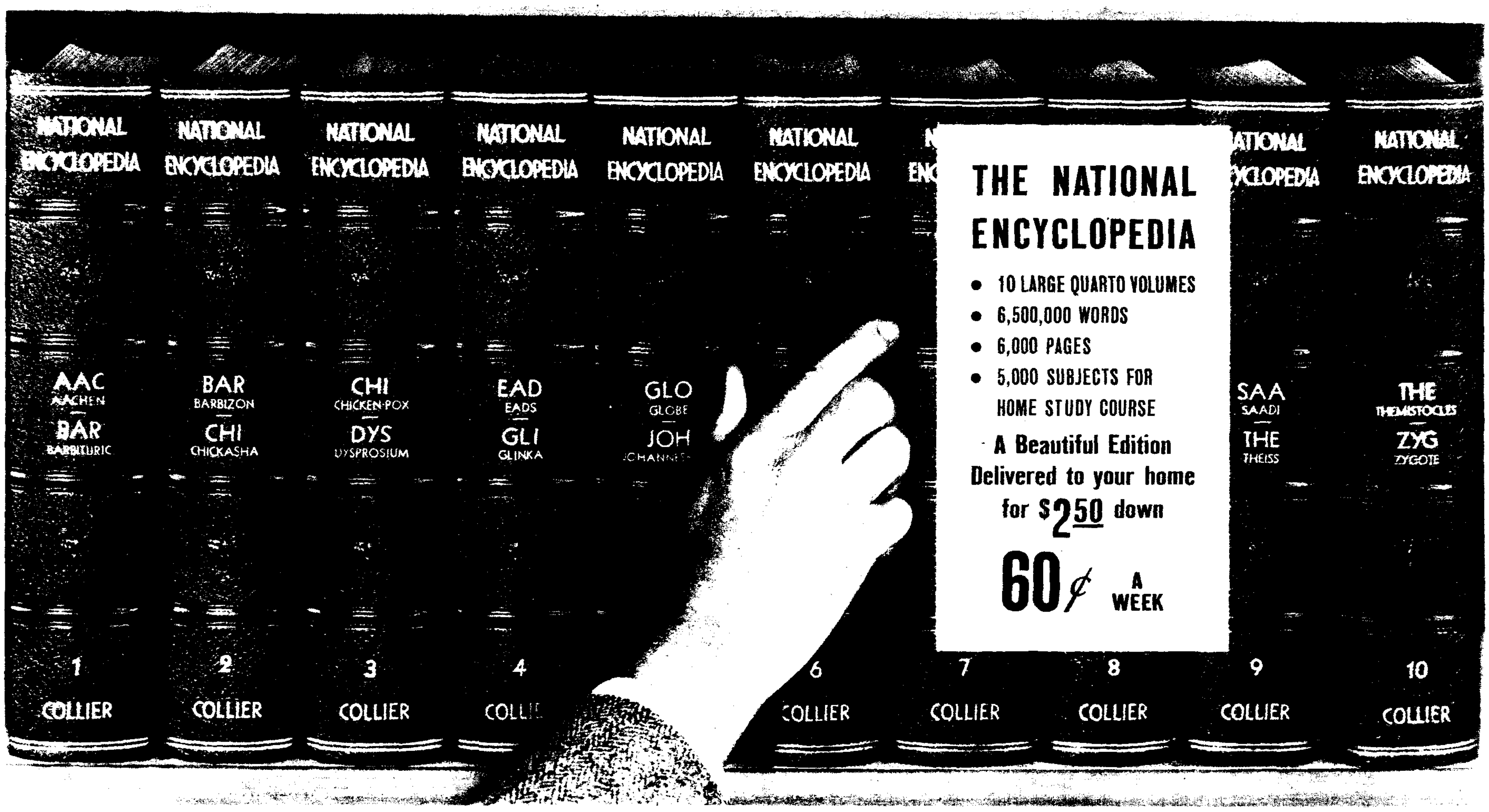

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wondered. And would there be sons enough?

The hanging kettle over under the pilgrim shed was boiling now. Nia went with her teapot and drew it full. Then she was back kneeling again on her matting. As she sipped her tea and bit her broadcake, she smiled at the woman near by, and the woman smiled back. Nia offered her a broadcake. The woman took it; and, with a city bow and city words, offered Nia a beautiful, beautiful ball of cold rice, wrapped so daintily in tender slices of raw fish, with a purple pickle in the middle.

Nia sighed comfortably, and settled back on her ankles. Oh, the gossip and the stories—between prayers—would be good today. And she would learn from this city woman here about wording prayers. . . .

Ah, Lord Buddha, what was that? The pain! The pain! No, not yet: not so soon. She hadn't prayed a day under the tree yet. She hadn't learned city prayer words. Wait! Wait!

But the pain came again. And again. Nia knew that the time had come, that this child would be a daughter, born here, here in the pilgrim shed of the Nursing Tree shrine. She bowed her head and apologized quickly to the goddess for disturbing her serenity with a prayer that was too late; then Nia rolled up her matting and walked, as best she could, to the pilgrim shed and laid herself there. And the women who were not busy praying, gathered to help.

DAYS after, Nia sat in the shade garden of her yard, on the flower-viewing seat, smiling at her baby girl, smiling at the flowers, smiling at the baby girl. "This doll! This thing for love!" she whispered. "The sea-shell face! The black light of those eyes! That tuft of lacquered hair! Ah, the sweet indulgence! The sweet, sweet indulgence!

"With my heart and my hands I must make it up to her that she has no father to pamper and coddle her, that she has no brother to keep the home for her, this Beautiful One! With my heart and my hands—" and then Nia looked at her hands and into her heart, and wondered what they could do.

Cousin Gedog would inherit the day this daughter was a month old, when it was politely, formally, obvious that a woman and a baby alone could not farm a paddy in these war years. Cousin Gedog . . .

There he was now, striding in the courtyard gate with sure, sure steps. He didn't come to speak to her: he didn't even bother to bow. After all, she would be his serving woman in another week. He flipped the lid of the bean bin down. He stood the mattocks up straighter, with a lingering possessive touch. He walked on his heels across the courtyard, humming, with the air of an heir. . . . H'm, his eyes said plainly, new and heavy thatch on the wide eaves. Good! Yes, the ridge tiles were solid. Good! And the size of the *godown* . . . Cousin Gedog stood stone-still.

"*Beli!*" he exclaimed as though his eyes were playing tricks. "*Beli!*"

Nia knew what it was. He had seen the flower patch beyond the *godown*. She gathered her daughter closer in her arms.

"*Beli!*" Cousin Gedog went on exclaiming. "Flowers in land that would grow sweet potatoes! Or beans! Flowers instead of a money crop!"

"Such a small space," Nia said in her smallest and poorest voice. "Nor did I spend money for the seeds! Oh, no! A New Year's present, they were."

Cousin Gedog paced the ground. "Not so small!" he contradicted. "Three rows would go in here. And three rows is three rows!"

"Yes, Cousin, if you say it," Nia nodded.

"Eating things!" Cousin Gedog shouted, his black jowls quivering. "I want eating things on my land!"

Nia bowed her head.

"Take them out," he cried, snatching a dozen flower heads in his hand and throwing them under his stamping foot. "Clear the patch! You, sitting there idle in the shade as though you were a man's wife!"

Suddenly, there was another man there. It was Sagung, with long wands of gray moss hanging out of his mail bag. He was a little out of breath, as though he had been running. He did not look at Cousin Gedog.

"Congratulations!" he said bowing to Nia. "Congratulations on this sweet indulgence! A daughter is good, isn't she, for she is there to teach sweetness to the men children that come to the home!" Did Sagung glance, ever so slightly, at Cousin Gedog? Nia thought he did.

COUSIN GEDOG made a face like a barracuda snapping on bait.

"I present myself, if you will excuse the liberty," Sagung said bowing and speaking quickly, "as husband material to the widow Nia, so that in these days of war she will have a man on her land. I will let her adopt me, to make it right and proper. I will take her dead husband's name. I will pray to his ancestors and keep their tablets bright. This I can do, for I have no land and no family of my own. I am the younger son of a younger son."

Cousin Gedog opened his mouth to speak, to shout, to scream—Nia never knew which, for Sagung went on quickly.

"Oh, I will ask my go-between," he said, "to call upon your go-between, in the formal manner. This is just our behind-the-gate talk." He turned toward Nia, saying to her, apologizing to her: "The thought is not new to me. Once before I almost spoke it to you, and then I knew I must wait to see if your child was a son—to see if you wanted a husband."

Nia looked long at him. A poor man he was, yes. A weak man. A man who could never plow and plant and hoe and weed and thrash like other men. But looking at him there, standing next to Cousin Gedog, Nia saw, suddenly, that he was a bigger man, a more important man—more important than any other man in that whole valley.

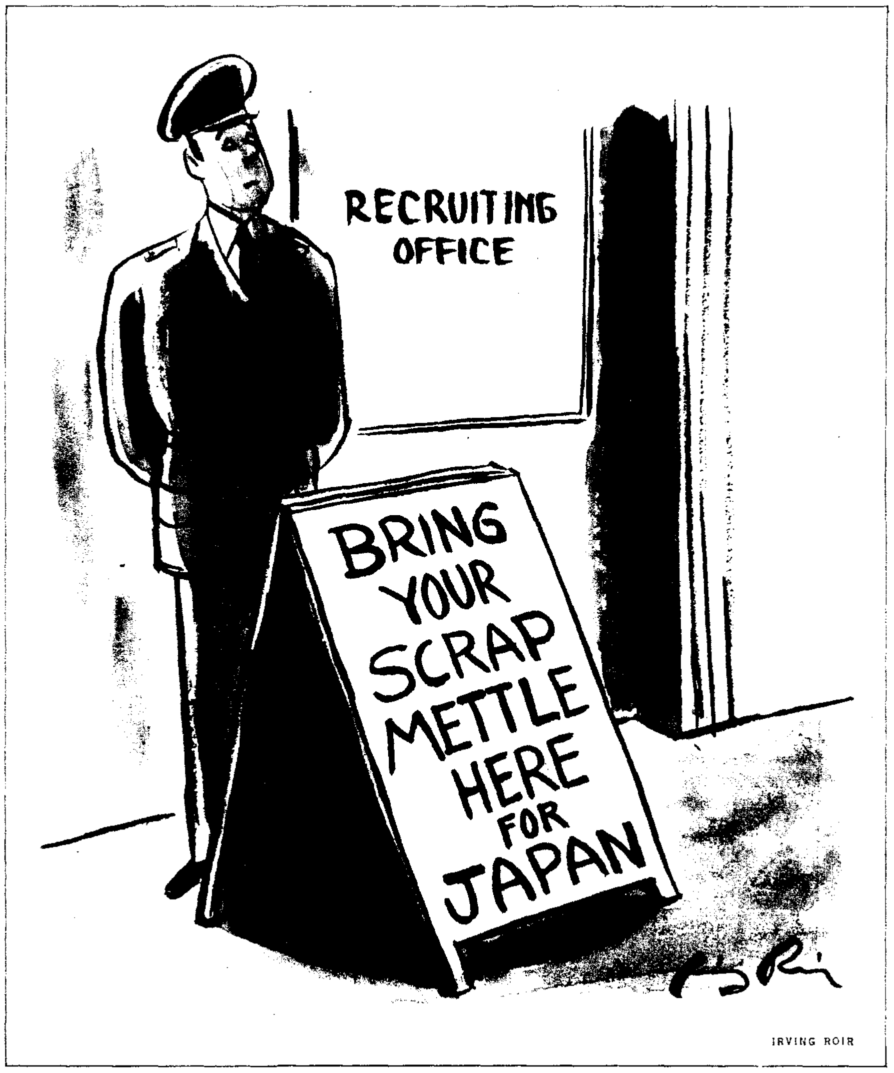
"Yes," Nia said, not frightened, not fearful now, and wanting to say this thing that was in her heart now. "Yes, I want a husband. I need a husband in these war years. And in choosing, I would choose you to—to keep this home a home, to pamper and coddle this sweet indulgence I hold, to . . ." but her tongue tripped. She couldn't say out loud "to father the sons I shall bear."

Sagung seemed to hear, though, for he smiled and nodded. "Yes," he said. "Yes. I can do that for you." He took the moss from his mailbag, put it around among the bluecups, patted it with a serene dignity, and then with both feet together, he bowed formally to Cousin Gedog, bowed formally to Nia. "My go-between, the rajah's postman, will call upon your go-between immediately," he said, and walked out of the yard.

Cousin Gedog stood there staring, grinding his heels hard into the courtyard earth. He chewed his tongue. He squeezed his hands and squeezed them. He looked as though he were going to cry.

NIA turned from him and sat herself, dreamily, on the flower-viewing seat, smiling at her daughter again, smiling at the flowers again. A long minute after, when Cousin Gedog said "Goodby" as though he were tearing a piece of cloth, Nia didn't even hear him. She was wondering about the wedding feast. Could she, could she possibly have for the main dish those beautiful, beautiful balls of cold rice wrapped so artistically in raw fish, with the purple pickles in the middle?

THE END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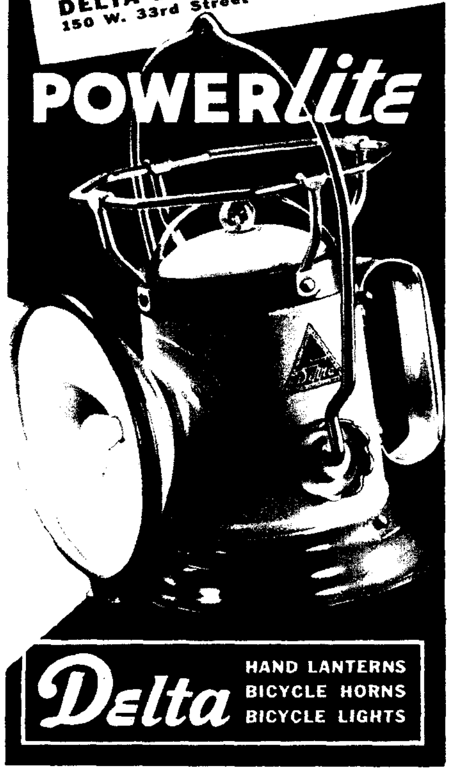

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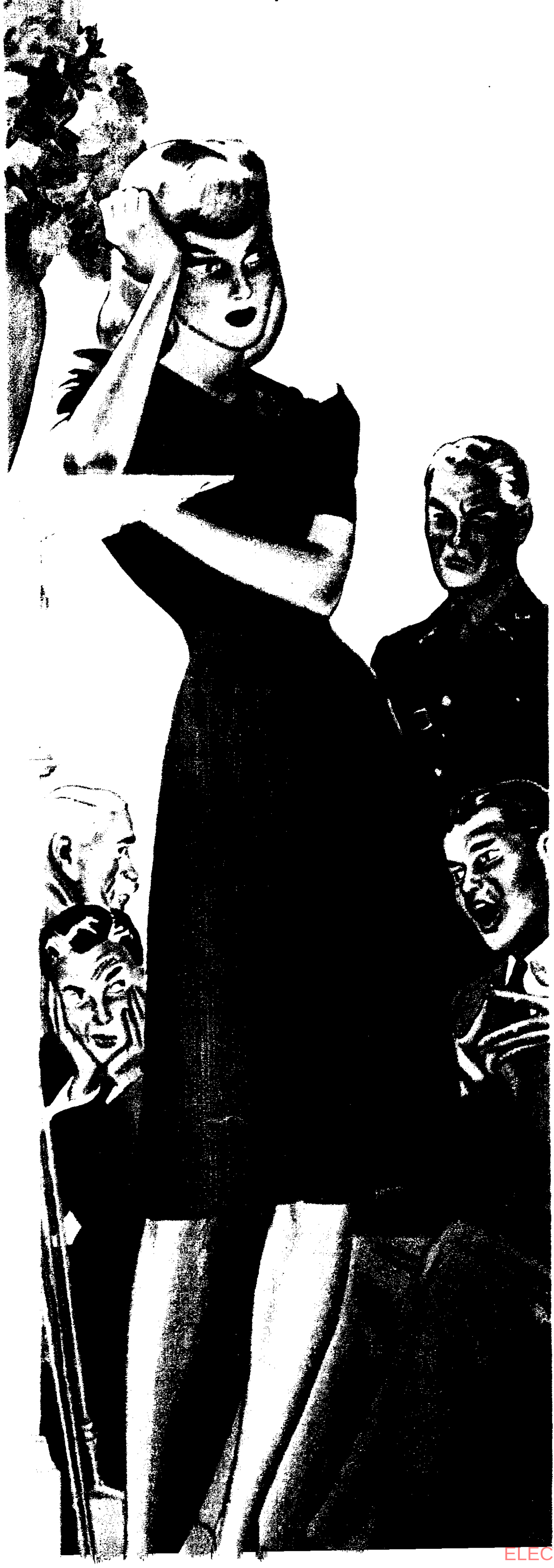
**A SHORT SHORT STORY
COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE**

There'll Never Be Another

By Richard English

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

Bill had talked too much and too long about himself. He was so tremendously interested in his work he hadn't noticed that, but others had



THREE months ago Bill Kirk would have laughed in the face of anyone who told him he would be standing there watching Carol coming down the aisle on her wedding day. It wouldn't have been a nice laugh because he was carrying the torch with both hands then and, up to a month ago, he had still been carrying it in one. When two people loved each other as much as they had they can't end it easily or even nicely, and there had been none of those fine false smiles and assurances that of course they would always be friends.

It was a high-noon ceremony and the church was crowded and Carol, clinging gently to her father's arm, was coming nearer and nearer. Beneath the bridal veil her face was pale and lovely and her eyes were the same soft blue as on the night when she had first told Bill she loved him, too. She had meant it so that it was still hard to believe that anything could have ever broken them up.

The muted tones of the processional music swelled into something that made Bill look away when she was almost beside him. Carol didn't glance at him and it was a good thing. For a man who had had to do so many things the hard way, this was the worst moment of all. Perhaps it was because his whole life had been far from easy that he hadn't known all the little things you're supposed to do and say when you've finally fallen in love with the right girl.

It had been so easy and so wonderful at first. He was a civil engineer, and a good one, and he had been back from South America less than a month when he met Carol. It was at a cocktail party where she was wearing a gay and foolish little Tyrolean outfit, and he had asked to take her home.

They had their first real date the next evening. They went dancing at a smart hotel and the piece they had liked best was *Piano Concerto*, which was certainly a strange name for a dance tune. But there had been so much to talk about in that tender and exciting discovering of each other that they hadn't danced much.

Later, when he had learned that different backgrounds and values can be far more deadly than any competition, he had wished he hadn't fallen in love so soon and that on their first date his head had been listening as well as his heart.

The reverend's full and solemn face was looking out over the audience and Bill became aware that the minister had something of the dignity that distinguished Carol's father. There was a quietness in his face, too, strangely like the one that had come over Carol the night she had told him it couldn't possibly work out. They had been sitting before the fire in the living room, and he had known that something was awfully wrong.

Their last few dates hadn't held that fine warmth and understanding and Bill had begun to wonder if every couple went through some sort of let-down on finding out they were really in love. Some of the fun was gone then, replaced by the knowledge that love meant marriage and when you thought of a lifetime together, you became sharply aware of what had once been only little differences between you. That lack of similarities in backgrounds and friends had made each other that much more exciting at first but now they were disturbing and to Carol, at least, they had become frightening.

"Carol," he had said, worried and a little bewildered, "let's not think about it too much. Let's just let it handle itself."

She tried to smile but it wasn't any good, and he did a very foolish thing then. Because he was Bill Kirk and liked things as straight and orderly as a project blueprint, he had to lay it on the line.

"I keep wondering if I've done anything to upset you. If I have, Carol, it would be better to tell me."

She tried to tell him, and at first the things that had been bothering her had seemed so minor that he wanted to laugh. Then he realized how serious and how frightened she was, and the laughter had gone out of him. She had mentioned the night of the Reynolds party when some of the men had wanted to know all about South America, not only about the Axis' chances there, but about his own work. Apparently he had talked too much and too long about himself. Because he was so tremendously interested in his work he hadn't noticed that, but others had. He had been a little blunt, too, and a little too sure of himself.

The slow color came into his face while he stared at her. "I wasn't trying to be the big man for them," he said unhappily. It hurt him to learn Carol cared that much about others' opinions. "I didn't know I was on exhibition as a prospective husband. I thought that was between us, and not them."

He had thought later that it would have been better if she had been angry. Instead she had been nice, trying to pretend that what others thought didn't really matter, but the more she talked the more it became apparent that she had been brought up to regard herself as a part of a pattern into which he didn't fit. To her, all the little niceties seemed as important as being honest and sincere and in love. That didn't make sense to him; he said so.

Carol stood up, her slender silhouette before the warm glow of the logs, her eyes bright with unshed tears. "I guess there isn't any more to be said, Bill," she said unevenly. "You're so content with yourself and your life that nothing could ever change you. The things that have happened to me are important to me, too. Maybe we had just better forget the whole thing."

He never even remembered walking out of the house. Nor could he recall anything of the month that followed, except it had been terrible. If his work hadn't held him in the city he could have fled from her and the telephone that was always too near, and all the places that reminded him of her. But he had lots to do before he could return to those air bases now being built in northern Brazil.

He hadn't begun to win his battle until he had suddenly, and with some shock, realized he couldn't have been entirely wrong. He had always been painfully honest with Bill Kirk, and finally that very honesty came to his aid, relieving the terrible pressure within him. It took two to make a mistake as well as a bargain, and, by the simple measure of resolutely turning his mind from those first wonderful weeks, he began to feel better.

HE HADN'T known he was practically well until he discovered that if he only remembered those last awkward dates, when their misunderstanding was widening into a breach Carol didn't think was worth filling, he didn't care whether he ever saw her again. Those last few dates hadn't been fun and it certainly wasn't all his fault. Until the very last moment she had been silently condemning him for what he was, without ever giving him the chance to break the little patterns of his life that didn't fit with hers.

He had so mastered himself that he could be coolly logical about everything that had happened. Carol was like a lot of people, he decided. They liked the bright and shiny medals that men sometimes won through coming up the hard way, but they didn't like the scars you might have acquired in winning those medals. They liked you to be honest and understanding and possessing that hard-won sureness but, if at the same time adversity had robbed you of some polish, making you too preoccupied with some of your life and past, they didn't like that at all. There was, he thought, only one disadvantage in such a complete recovery. If you could get over someone like Carol, how could you ever be in love again, knowing that if you had to, you could get over this new love, too?

The reverend cleared his throat, and Bill realized the church was suddenly painfully still. The minister was smiling and he repeated patiently, "The ring, Mr. Kirk."

Bill numbly took the ring his best man extended. He almost dropped it but then he had been all thumbs for the last month anyway. He had been that way ever since the day he had walked right into Carol on the street and one of them—they never did remember which—had said, "Oh, we were so wrong!" As he slid the ring on Carol's finger he realized he had been right about one thing at least. He had always told himself in those terrible days when he was having to get over it, that if it couldn't be Carol, there would never be another.

Eat and Look Young

Continued from page 18

some silver foxes for her experiments. And here she ran into an interesting side light.

For 44 days the foxes turned progressively grayer. Deciding they were disreputable enough, Dr. Morgan then began dosing them with rice bran. She expected them to grow new coats of glistening black. Instead they completely crossed her up, grew new coats of cottony white, and became real platinum blonds, sporting pelts of the same distinctive coloring as the fabulously expensive Norwegian platina, or platinum, foxes. These platina pelts had produced a sensation on the New York market two years before. They had sold at retail prices ranging from $850 to $1,500 per pelt. In Norway they had been regarded as accidents. Dr. Morgan now believes that a long-term slight vitamin deficiency may have taken the black out of their hair, leaving the creamy platinum blond. Her own laboratory-produced pelts were not equal in quality to the platinas. Nevertheless, careful manipulation of the diet of silver foxes may produce the same coloring in a quality fur. If so, platinas could be produced to sell at popular prices.

Now back to gray hair: Every day for the past five years has brought Dr. Morgan letters from people in all parts of the United States, Mexico, South America, Canada, England, Africa, Spain, and even India. Most of them have been requests for samples of the antigray vitamin. One woman tendered the compliment that she would rather be in Dr. Morgan's line than be President. A New Yorker wanted to know if the vitamin would make his head look as young as his heart felt. Several doctors asking for samples to use on patients also intimated they might take a little themselves if it would help their bedside appearance.

All the letters didn't ask for aid. Via the postman Dr. Morgan learned that following her first announcement people had started right in dosing themselves with brewer's yeast, liver and other Vitamin B foods. Many reported their hair was no longer turning gray.

The Doctor is Conservative

Still Dr. Morgan refuses to be stampeded. Afraid of arousing false hopes, she would rather stay away from the human angle and talk instead about her latest experiments. These have shown that, besides the antigray factor, the Vitamin-B complex contains a vitamin that controls *growth* of animal hair. The color and growth vitamins are present in the same foods.

Another B vitamin, pantothenic acid, apparently helps out the antigray factor somewhere along the line. In her experiments Dr. Morgan has shaved spots on the backs of rats grown gray because of antigray factor deficiency. Use of pantothenic acid in their diets has caused new black hair to grow in these spots while the rest of the hair continues to gray. Eventually the new black hairs also turn gray. This has led Dr. Morgan to believe that pantothenic acid is the middleman that mobilizes existing supplies of pigment, however small, and furnishes them to new hair.

More recently Dr. Benjamin F. Sieve of Boston City Hospital has reported marked darkening of gray hair in fifty human patients dosed with para-aminobenzoic acid, another B vitamin found in yeast. However, in twenty cases the patients also were given endocrine-gland products. What else they obtained in their own diets at home Dr. Sieve did not say. Possibly they were eating the antigray vitamin.

Dr. Morgan believes firmly that gray hair is simply an outward sign of internal changes taking place as old age creeps up on us. Pigmentation of hair is supposedly controlled by the thyroid and adrenal glands. Lack of the antigray vitamin damages these glands. Both gray hair and gland damage are signs of old age. It all adds up neatly and has convinced Dr. Morgan that the vital adrenal, thyroid and other endocrine glands are made relatively inactive by dietary deficiency. This failure of the glands, she believes, brings on the gray hair, skin disorders, and other symptoms we group under the one collective term of old age.

Refined Foods Hasten Old Age

For additional proof of the value of vitamins in preventing old age she has produced a strain of super-rats. Since birth they have eaten a balanced ration plus a daily supply of yeast filtrate containing the antigray and hair-growth vitamins. At two years of age, the equivalent of 60 human years, when ordinary rats lose weight and show signs of senility, these rats are of near-giant size. They are physically and sexually active. Only a slight graying has appeared in their hair.

Old age certainly cannot be staved off forever but modern living seems to bring it on more rapidly than necessary. Dr. Morgan lays much of the blame on modern cooking methods, our desire for white sugar, white flour and other refined foods, and the leaching, scouring, and blanching our foods receive in being prepared for market. If she reads the evidence correctly, our purified foods, their vitamin contents largely removed or destroyed, are hastening the day when old age grays our hair, stiffens our muscles, and mists our eyes.

The remedy seems to lie in isolating and identifying all the vitamins and including suitable sources of them in our diet. By suitable sources is meant primarily *natural foods*. They are the best and *least expensive*.

Natural food sources of the antigray factor are liver, several brands of brewer's yeast, whole wheat, wheat bran, brown rice, rice bran, rice polishings and unrefined cane molasses. A cheap and effective source is black-strap cane molasses with wheat bran added.

Good sources of pantothenic acid in addition to the foods listed above are egg yolk, split peas, peanut butter, whole grains, legumes such as peas and beans, salmon and even the much-maligned potato.

Like all other vitamin deficiencies, however, deficiency in the antigray vitamin cannot be cured completely by use of natural foods. Some more concentrated source, such as brewer's yeast or rice polishings, can be purchased at most drugstores and should also be used at first. Don't expect quick action.

This is one diet in which you don't have to worry about the size of the portions. You can't eat enough of any B vitamin to do you harm and they're all a cinch to do you good. If you're like millions of other people you'll feel better for taking them. And if the antigray vitamin keeps those gray hairs away or banishes the ones you now have, that's profit. Either way you can't lose.

THE END

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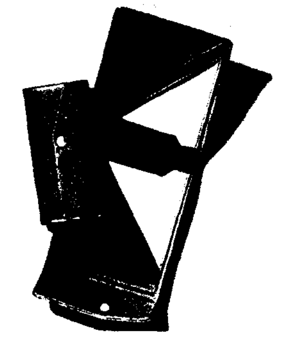

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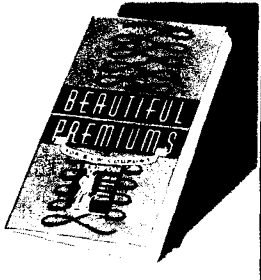

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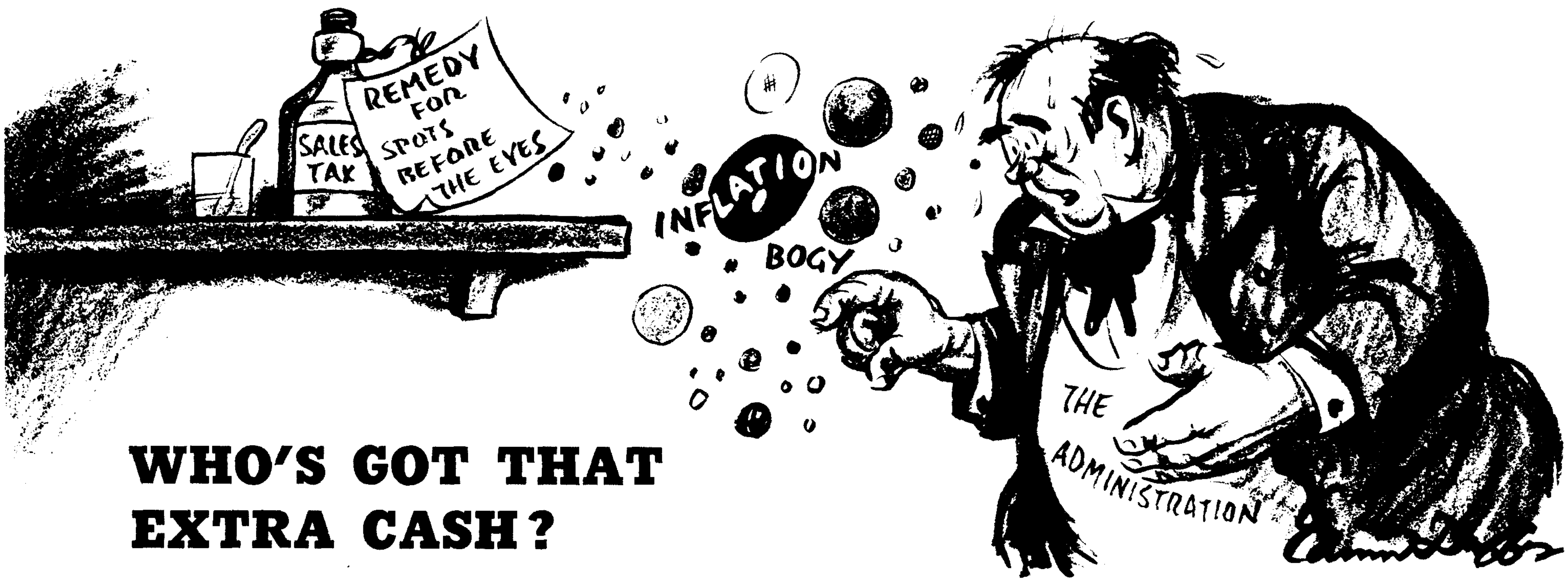

WHO'S GOT THAT EXTRA CASH?

AS MR. LEON HENDERSON never wearies of telling us, the war is forcing a lot of extra money into American hands and at the same time is cutting down the volume of consumers' goods which that money can buy. Hence, the government hopes to drain off this excess buying power in various channels, so as to keep prices of available goods from being blown sky-high by surplus-money pressure.

Okay; but who has the bulk of this new buying power?

The white-collar workers in stores and offices haven't it. Many if not most of the concerns that employ these people are being squeezed by goods shortages and price ceilings, so that it takes a nervy white-collar worker to ask for a raise and a lucky one to get it. Our horde of civil servants aren't getting raises except sporadically—a $2 word signifying that as a group they are lumbering along on the old salaries while the cost of living climbs. The well-to-do and the wealthy are being hit by stiffer and stiffer taxes—no trouble for the politicos to cut down *their* excess buying power, if any, since they haven't the votes to prevent it.

Well, then, who has all this extra cash, or all of it that counts as a stimulus to inflation? Just two groups: labor and the farmers. Labor is getting it because the Administration hasn't the courage to freeze wages. The farmers are getting it because the farm bloc in Congress up to now has proved stronger than the Administration.

Are we doing anything to drain excess buying power from these two enormous groups? The answer at this writing is no, not directly.

The most direct and one of the most effective ways would be a general sales tax of 2%, 4%, 5% or more on consumers' goods. That would really hit the mark; would really put a brake on unnecessary buying. Incidentally, it would raise heavy revenues to help pay for the war. Surveys indicate that most people favor it.

Yet the Administration has consistently frowned on the general sales tax idea, and it has yet to get to first base in Congress. We hear a good deal about how the government is far, far ahead of the people in its thinking about this war. In the matter of the sales tax as an obvious and equitable means of soaking up excess buying power, it looks as if the people are far, far ahead of the government.

FIGHTING MEN'S VOTES

WE'RE scheduled to elect a new House, one third of the Senate, numerous state officials, etc., next Nov. 3d. How about the votes of men in the armed services, now fighting all around the world?

In and after the last war, considerable discontent was kicked up by the fact that scrambled state laws on absentee ballots made it hard for many service men and impossible for others to vote in the elections back home. This discontent was capitalized afterward by politicians who found frequent chances to scream that if Our Boys had had anything to say about such-and-such it wouldn't (or would) have happened. The thesis was at least arguable that federal prohibition was put over because 4,000,000 young and youngish men were under arms at the time and couldn't register their sentiments in ways that would count.

The prospects this time are considerably better, we'd say, but still not good enough.

All but three states (Louisiana, New Mexico, Kentucky) permit absentee voting by service men in some way; but there are many and various ways. Fighters from Connecticut, Iowa, Maine, North Carolina and Ohio, for example, have to apply for absentee ballots by affidavits attested before commissioned officers. New Hampshire permits absentee voting in Presidential elections only, and then only for Presidential electors. Fighters from Oklahoma have to vote by proxies in their home districts. And so on.

The National Association of Secretaries of State has met and duly deliberated on the matter, but has decided not to try to obtain uniform state laws on it till time for the 1943 state legislatures' sessions.

That looks dilatory to us. How about some vigorous steps to get this business straightened out in all states now lacking simple, effective absentee ballot laws, before next November's elections?

If any considerable number of our fighters are prevented from voting in those elections, ammunition will be furnished to the faction which keeps saying that we're going to lose our own democracy while fighting for democracy all over the world. That will be no gain at all, either for unity during the war or for sound rebuilding afterward.

THE BLACK MARKET

INEVITABLY, with rationing and price control coming in for the duration, black markets will develop in this country as they have done in other warring nations. Not pretty; but some people just aren't going to stay away from the black market.

We think, though, that it is in order to point out that the situation now is different from what it was under prohibition. The alcoholic black market was a sporting proposition, by and large. An impossible law had been nailed into the lawbooks, and a law whose violation hurt nobody but the violator and sometimes his dependents. Such laws are destined to be broken.

These wartime restrictions are something else again. They are clamped on for two main purposes: to keep our fighting forces adequately supplied, and to deal the available goods for civilians around as fairly as may be.

Hence, when we patronize a wartime bootlegger of essential goods, we aren't doing anything smart or humorous, and we are violating a regulation which has sense and justice to it.

If we'll all bear this difference in mind, the black market problem can most likely be kept a minor one. If we take to patronizing the blacketeers in the carnival spirit in which we patronized the rum racketeers, we may do our entire war effort grave if not irreparable harm.

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Now tell me what's your choice?"
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I've heard it said that old "J. B.'s"
A vitriolic fellow,
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His eyes grew soft and mellow.
"My boy," said he, "You've got good taste,
For, that's my favorite blend."
I joined The Club, and ever since,
Old "J. B.'s" been my friend.

The House of Seagram occasionally publishes poems such as this, with the hope that they may pleasantly reflect some experience of your own — some moment when fine whiskey, moderately used, helped make lasting friendships.

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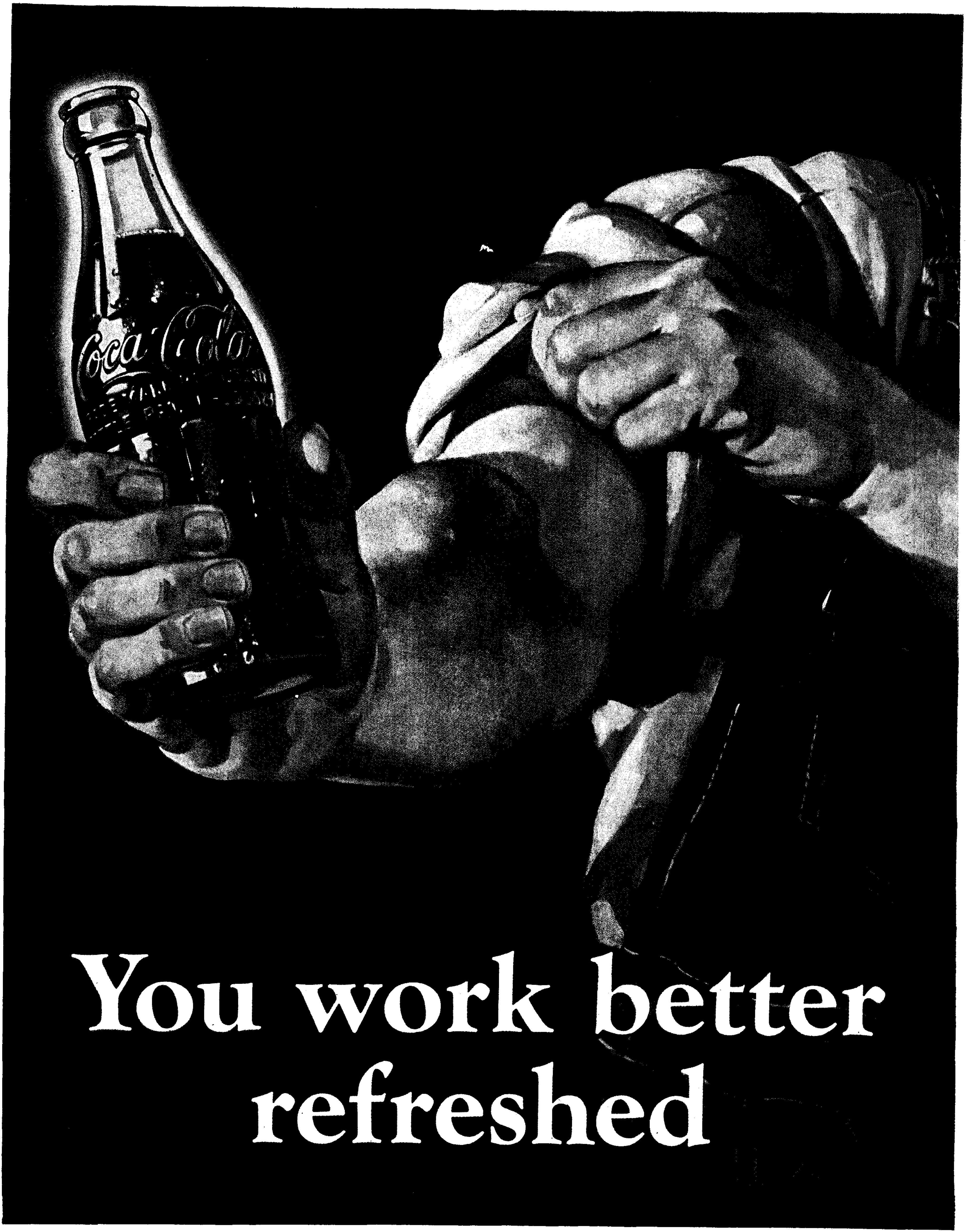
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